



OUR ANTIPODES:

OR,

RESIDENCE AND RAMBLES

IN

THE AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES.

WITH

A GLIMPSE OF THE GOLD FIELDS.

BY LT. COLONEL

GODFREY CHARLES MUNDY,

AUTHOR OF "PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES IN INDIA."

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P R E F A C E

T O T H E T H I R D E D I T I O N .

IN issuing an Edition of “Our Antipodes,” reduced from Three Volumes to One, the Author believes that a better Work, as well as a cheaper Book, will be offered to the Public.

G. C. M.

LONDON, 1854.

P R E F A C E.

"Australia is the greatest accession to substantial power ever made by England. It is the gift of a continent, unstained by war, usurpation, or the sufferings of a people."
—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"The land of The South that lies under our feet,
Deficient in mouths, overburthen'd with meat!"—*Punch*.

To publish a Book without a Preface, is like thrusting one's acquaintance, without the ceremony of introduction, upon some distinguished and formidable stranger. A few observations may be necessary, therefore, in submitting these Volumes to the Public.

Their contents, then, are taken from diaries extending over a period of more than five years,—five years of "Residence" in the city of Sydney, with various "Rambles," on duty or during leisure, into the interior of New South Wales, as well as to the adjacent Colonies of New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and Victoria;—the latest of these excursions having for its object the newly-discovered Gold Field of the Bathurst district.

The visit to New Zealand, its military posts and battle-fields, having been accomplished "on particular service," a slight outline of the late Anglo-Maori war has, almost insensibly, linked itself with the personal narrative.

The Author would have the Public bear in mind that, during the whole of his sojourn in Australia, he was their paid and of course hard-working servant. They will be pleased to contemplate him as part and parcel of his office-desk, plodding through returns and reports, records and regulations, warrants and articles of war ; exchanging an occasional dry word with his clerks perched on their long-legged stools, and enjoying only fugitive glimpses, over the rim of his spectacles, of more external and unprofessional affairs.

But although the reduction of his notes to what he would fain believe a readable form, constituted the recreation of his leisure hours, not the business of his days, he would beg to advance that no trouble nor care was on his part spared that he had time to devote to this object.

The Work is intended to be a light work ; the Writer nevertheless would hope that the opportunities he enjoyed of seeing more of these remote and interesting offshoots of his native land than has fallen to the lot of many Englishmen, may have enabled him to supply some share of information likely to be useful as well as amusing, and to furnish in a familiar

shape, a just conception, as far as it goes, of a portion of the world; destined to become every year more important to the British Empire.

Such further motives as may have actuated the Writer he would leave to be developed in the course of the Work, rather than swell a Preface by dilating upon them.

If he addresses himself to his task with any advantages, they rest probably in the fact, that he is wholly unconnected with, and independent of the Colonies and communities he strives to delineate; and that he has neither pique, partiality, nor prejudice to indulge, in thus recording the impressions he imbibed amongst them.

G. C. M.

LONDON,

March 31st, 1852.

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OUR ANTIPODES;

OR,

RESIDENCE AND RAMBLES

THE AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE OUT—BOTANY BAY—PORT JACKSON—SYDNEY COVE—THE CITY—GEORGE-STREET—PITT-STREET—THE BARRACKS—NATIVE BLACKS—ARCHITECTURE—HYDE-PARK AND HYDE-PARK BARRACKS—TEETOTAL MEETING—A DINNER PARTY—MY FIRST RESIDENCE—LAWYERS—LIGHTING, PAVING, SEWERAGE—DOGS, CATS, GOATS—PRICE CURRENT—MEAT DIET—HEALTH AND BEAUTY—CLIMATE—THEATRE—CABBAGE-TREE MOB—ORDERLY POPULATION—RIOTING—AUCTIONS—ADVERTISEMENTS.

A MAN must be leading in Europe a very sad, solitary, or unsatisfactory existence, who can, without many a pang of regret, many a sigh of painful separation, gird up his loins, shoulder his wallet, and clutch his staff, for a pilgrimage to Australia. Whether the sentence to be transported beyond the seas emanate in due course of law from a big-wig on the Bench, or in due course of service from a big-wig in the Colonial Office, the Horse Guards, or the Admiralty, he must be a hardened offender or an even-souled optimist who can hear it without emotion.

Life is but a span; and of that brief term few are the days which by a great majority of men, especially by Englishmen, and emphatically by younger sons and brothers, are destined to be spent in the home of their infancy, or even in the land of their birth. But however engrossing may be their pursuits in foreign climes—however vivid the excitement, cruel the misfortunes, or stirring the events wherein this portion of their

life is passed—the memory of home will be intimately interwoven with all. Like a sunny streamlet flowing side by side with the traveller's path, it will cheer his eye and sing in his ear as he plods along his weary way. In health or sickness, wealth or ruin, joy or grief, victory or defeat, it is from home he looks for sympathy; it is *at* home that he hopes sooner or later to display his laurels and enjoy his gains, or, should fortune have frowned upon his lot, to lay down his burthen of sorrows and reverses. The schoolboy blubbers openly, or manfully swallows his bitter feelings, as the chaise or train bears him off for a few weeks only, from home and holidays to Latin and Greek. The fair and happy bride, while the four greys are pawing before the home no longer hers, throws herself—all tears—into her mother's arms, though well aware that almost ere the honeymoon has waned she will embrace her once more. In such cases parting is but sweet sorrow. There is little saccharine, believe me, in the affair, when The Antipodes is the point of destination! The immense distance and the amount of time necessary to accomplish it, the tardiness of correspondence with home, the gradual alienation too surely springing from protracted absence, and the foreknowledge that this absence can only terminate by the repetition of the same tremendous voyage,—such are some of the drawbacks confronting him who meditates expatriation.

There are indeed two cases in which the shock of expulsion may fall with mitigated rigour—the one where the individual, having both merited and expected the gallows, finds himself expelled his country for his country's good, instead of passing through the hands of the hangman; the other, when a step of promotion and an honourable appointment accompany the fiat of expulsion.

Give me credit, kind Reader, for belonging to the latter class of exiles.*

* The Author had been appointed Deputy Assistant-General in the Australian Colonies.

The following anecdote was related at a regimental mess in Sydney by a gentleman holding a high official appointment in the Colony under the Crown.

Returning home on leave of absence about the year 1847, he got into conversation with an Irish cabman, who, recollecting his person, demanded respectfully "where his honour had been this long time."

"In New South Wales," was the reply.

"Botany Bay, is it?" pursued the driver

• "Exactly," said the gentleman.

After

On the afternoon of the 3d March, 1846, I arrived at Gravesend with a brother who had volunteered to see me on board, and took rooms for the night at the Falcon Hotel, from the windows of which we witnessed a somewhat ill-omened incident as a precursor of the voyage. Scarcely had we got the *Agincourt* within the focus of the hotel telescope, as she lay at anchor in the stream, when a hulking collier, lumbering along with the ebb tide, fell right aboard of the barque, snapping off her jib-boom like a carrot, and inflicting other more trifling damage. To find, to fashion, and to rig so considerable a spar, caused a delay of twenty-four hours,—during which nothing very worthy of note occurred, except perhaps that, having ordered a late dinner for my brother and self at the inn, and strolling into the coffee-room in quest of distraction from feelings full of gloom, I found one of the tables occupied by a solitary individual, who having already dined, and possibly discussed a pint of “Warren’s Jet” in the shape of inn port, seemed absorbed in the contents of a memorandum-book. Instinct prompting me, I addressed this gentleman with the words—“Sir, may I take the liberty of inquiring whether you are one of my fellow-passengers in the *Agincourt*, for Sydney?” He slowly raised his head, and with an expression of countenance as disconsolate as that of Liston in the “Illustrious Stranger,” when the procession, conducting him to a living tomb, crosses the stage, replied gravely—“I think, Sir, you might judge from the length of my visage that I am one of those unfortunate persons.”

Such was the commencement of an acquaintance—of a friendship I may say—which beguiled for me many an otherwise dull and tedious hour during the passage. Mr. F—— will recognise and forgive this little sketch, while he accepts the acknowledgments due to him as an intelligent and intellectual companion. In this capacity, as well as in that of the humorous editor of our newspaper, *The Weekly Weed*, my friend of the *Falcon* deserved the gratitude of “all hands” on board the good ship *Agincourt*.

After a short pause, Paddy’s curiosity overcoming his politeness, he whispered, “Might I make bould to ask, Sir, what took you there?”

“Oh! I went at the Queen’s expense,” answered the other, humouring his interrogator’s evident suspicions.

Here Paddy’s politeness recovered itself, although his suspicions were confirmed. “Ah!” said he, “there’s many a good man gone out that same way.”

A splendid summer-like Sunday was the 8th of March—*Agincourt* trying her paces successfully with twenty other large vessels, all taking advantage of a fresh N.E. breeze, as we rushed together in a body past the magnificent cliffs of Dover. At nine P.M. the following day we kissed hands to a light-house;—it was the last sight of Albion as we thought; but the wind proving unsettled, we were enabled to send letters ashore at the Start Point by a fishing-boat on the 12th, on which evening, we got fairly away—a shipful of strangers bound to a strange land.

If I were writing for any but English readers, I might be tempted to extract largely from my sea-log; but the passage of the Atlantic had nothing new for me; and almost every English family has at least one member who, while happy in an interim of home, can enlighten the fire-side circle with reminiscences rendering seafaring life a household subject in the most rurally secluded nooks of our blessed islands. Nothing, indeed, could well have been less eventful than our voyage. We had an excellent vessel of 600 tons and upwards,—well found in every particular; an active, skilful, liberal, and attentive captain, who had one very remarkable peculiarity as a “skipper;” he was never heard to utter an oath, nor anything approaching the nature of one, nor indeed any expression of harshness or abuse towards his people: yet the discipline on board was admirable.

We had a capital cook, who, roll and plunge as the vessel might, never failed us. No difficulty existed in the creation of the repasts. It lay in getting their components along the deck to the cabin-table, keeping them there when on, and receiving them thankfully and discreetly with the proper implements and through the proper channels. We had, moreover, a miraculous cow which, in spite of dry food and a wet berth, contrived to yield her daily dole of eight or ten quarts a-day during the voyage.

March 22d.—Passing Madeira, I hailed this gem of the sea as an old acquaintance, but felt no desire for a second visit. In a long voyage going ashore unsettles the mind and the body. Once at my oar I think only of the end of my pull, and have no wish to loiter on the way.

April 10th.—Crossed the equator.

• Neptune sent his usual message inviting himself and suite

on board for this afternoon. Our captain, however, an enemy to any species of tom-foolery liable to end in drunkenness, riot, and ill-blood, snuffed out the affair at once; and the passengers, approving of his decision, collected a bonus of 5*l.* to indemnify the crew for the loss of their frolic.

On the 4th May we sailed right through the group of Tristan Da Cunha—passing “Nightingale” and “Inaccessible” Islands on our right and left—the latter at the distance of half a mile; a rock-scarped table-land covered with a stunted shrub-like gorse. Several fine fresh-water cascades—one of them apparently as considerable as any in Switzerland—were seen leaping down the whole depth of the cliff, probably five hundred feet. About six miles to our left appeared the chief island of Tristan Da Cunha, with its snow-capped mountain in the midst. It is probably the most utterly secluded spot inhabited by man. Here resides the so-called Governor of the Group, Corporal Glass, and twenty or thirty other Europeans—most of them descendants from the one or two patriarchal pairs who were originally wrecked there. *Agincourt's* approach to this solitary cluster of islands gave occasion for a forcible editorial article in *The Weed*. In the doubt whether the corporal had been duly accredited from home, or had usurped the supreme authority, it was proposed to effect a landing, and to impose upon the united islands a new constitution concocted during the editor's cigar and gin-and-water hours. The only feature of the meditated scheme of government, worthy of record perhaps for the benefit of future statesmen, was the mode of election of the governor and his principal officers. Parties ambitious of public employment were to be invited to tender their terms. The best man—that is, the lowest contractor for the work required—would be chosen, and good security would be exacted for the due performance of his contract—a business-like notion, not repugnant to the dictum of Sir Robert Peel, “that the very best men that can be found should be placed in the administration of Colonial affairs!” One of our fellow-passengers, remarkable for rather desultory habits, was nominated to the pluralist post of collector of revenue, registrar of births, &c. &c., and commissioner of woods and forests for “Inaccessible Island”—there not being a stick, a stiver, or a specimen of mankind on that utterly desert rock! Fortunately the breeze

freshened to half a gale of wind, and Corporal Glass had no opportunity of repudiating our bran-new constitution, as he would certainly have done—if for no better cause than his perfectly natural preference of despotic rule to a form of government of a more responsible cast!

Thus wiled we away, as well as we could, the tedious and monotonous hours of a voyage to the Antipodes.

I say nothing of storms and calms, breezes fair or foul, light or stiff, weather bright or hazy, hot or icy, thunder, rain, or hail, tumid clouds or minacious billows. We had our share of all these. And indeed no slight variations of climate were crowded for us into a short space; for, singular as it may appear, in nine weeks we ran fairly through the seasons. We had winter weather at Deal, overtook spring in the vicinity of Madeira, plunged into midsummer on the equator, found autumn in latitude 35° ; and, soon after passing Tristan Da Cunha, winter helped us on with our pea-jackets again.

June 20th.—Land ho! Cape Otway twenty miles distant. At this first indication of our destined bourne, those of the passengers who had previously visited New Holland, or who had adopted it for their country, began to show strong symptoms of excitement and impatience, and indeed they had occasion to suffer the pangs of hope deferred, for the slashing breeze that had brought us as straight as a crow's flight from the Cape of Good Hope, suddenly deserted us in Bass's Straits, leaving the good ship to drift about like a log within view of the islet of Rodondo, the Devil's Tower, and Hogan's Group.

After forty-eight hours, however, the wind again arose, and carried us forth from this dangerous though picturesque Archipelago.

For myself, the yearning to step upon the strange land likely to be my place of sojourn for some years by no means affected me to a painful degree. Although tired of the sea and ship life, and eager to plant my foot once more on *terra firma*, the "*Terra Australis Incognita*" of the old navigators was not precisely the choice I should have made—if I had had one; for in all that land there was not one human face, as far as I knew, that I had ever seen before.

Meanwhile the *Agincourt* rounded Cape Howe, the south-eastern point of New Holland, with a favouring breeze. On the 24th, I found myself in my solitude of the main-crosstrees,

—solitude rarely disturbed by any of my brother landmen,—sweeping with my telescope the forest hills of Twofold Bay—beyond these the huge salient promontory of the Dromedary with the pretty Montagu Island at its foot—and the long dim line of scarped and inhospitable coast stretching away to the northward of these points.

Early on the morning of the 25th June we were gliding past the entrance to Botany Bay, and with the glass could distinguish the monument erected to the memory of poor La Perouse by his compatriots, on the northern shore of that extensive basin;—Botany Bay! so undeservedly yet indelibly branded as the head quarters of exiled felony—the terrestrial purgatory of Britain's evil-doers; undeservedly, I say, because this harbour, originally chosen by Captain Phillip for the first convict settlement in New South Wales, was, on trial, found unfit for the purpose, and was accordingly in a few weeks abandoned for the neighbouring position of Port Jackson.

Shortly before midday, the *Agincourt* passed close under the lighthouse of Port Jackson, perched upon a horizontally stratified cliff, descending plumb 300 feet into deep water; and precisely at 12 o'clock we entered "The Heads," that grand and appropriate portal of one of the noblest harbours in the world. Working against an adverse wind, under charge of a pilot, the good ship zigzagged her course along the seven miles of inland water connecting The Heads with Sydney Cove; and at 3 p.m. of an Australian mid-wintery but splendid day the anchor was dropped in that snug little haven, within a biscuit's cast of the spot where, in the year 1788, the first Governor of New South Wales pitched the tents of the first British plantation in New Holland.

In spite of the undoubted beauties of Port Jackson, its glorious expanse of smooth water, its numerous lovely islets, its sweeping bays and swelling headlands, wooded down to the water edge and crested with handsome villas, there is to the stranger's eye something singularly repulsive in the leaden tint of the gum-tree foliage, and in the dry and sterile sandstone from which it springs. The stiff hard leaves, which seem expressly formed to resist the chill wind and powerful sun of an Australian winter, although nominally evergreen, but little deserve the epithet. On this day there was no want of cheerful accessories in and about the harbour. Its bosom was

studded with swarms of pleasure-boats; the coves were crowded with shipping. As our vessel neared the shores in the process of beating, we saw parties of horsemen and horsewomen cantering along the crescented slips of sand, carriages appearing and disappearing among the trees; and, on a headland close to the town, were promenading groups of well-dressed people, amongst whom might be seen the uniform of officers and soldiers, making up a gay prism of colours in the bright sunlight. The weather must have been by the colonists considered cold, although we, after the alternations of a long voyage, did not find it so.

The Health-officer and a Post-office functionary came off to us in a boat pulled by prisoners. I believe I expected to see these men chained like galley-slaves to their oars; and was a little disappointed, perhaps, when I found them differing in nowise from an ordinary boat's crew, except in their bad rowing. So, likewise, on finding myself dodged from deck to cuddy, from cabin to poop, by a keen-looking young man, who addressed me in a low earnest voice, I expected to have my pocket picked; when, turning sternly upon him for explanation, I discovered his intentions to be strictly honourable. He was a newspaper reporter, doubly anxious for news because the *Agincourt*, being the March mail-packet from England, had arrived before the February packet. This sharp caterer for the Sydney quidnuncs, had heard that I had brought on board at Deal the latest English journal. I handed it to him, with the request that it might be returned when done with. He vanished over the ship's side, and I never saw him nor my newspaper again.

Like the generality of mercantile towns, viewed from the sea, Sydney, although containing nearly 50,000 inhabitants, presents from this aspect no very imposing appearance. It might be Waterford, or Wapping, with a dash of Nova Scotian Halifax. The main streets, built along the crests and flanks of two or three highish ridges trending inland, are unseen from the shipping; but this very peculiarity of its site gives to Sydney a greater extent of deep water frontage than, perhaps, any other commercial city in the universe. These spines of land, or rather rock, subdivide the south shore of Port Jackson, at the spot where Sydney has arisen like a huge mushroom, into numerous small and deep basins, among

which the principal are Woolloomooloo Bay, Farm Cove, sacred to H. M.'s ships; Sydney Cove, and Darling Harbour; the whole presenting capabilities for natural wharfage, such as I have never seen equalled. The new Government-house, a really handsome structure of stone, with its gardens and home domain, occupies the promontory between Woolloomooloo Bay and Sydney Cove; and thus, although close to the town, its privacy is completely secured by a park paling drawn across the neck of the peninsula. Beyond this fence the outer domain, an extensive government reserve, acts as one of the lungs of Sydney. Its circuit embraces nearly four miles of carriage-road and foot-path, cleverly and tastefully planned by Mrs. Macquarie, wife of the governor of that name, and executed under her direction by convict labour. To this lady the citizens of Sydney are indebted for a *plaisance* such as few of the capitals of Europe can surpass in extent and beauty. At the head of Farm Cove, encompassed by the outer domain, are the Government Botanic Gardens, comprising several acres of shrubbery and flower-garden, in which specimens of the vegetable productions of almost every part of the globe are assembled for the study of the scientific, and for the instruction and wonderment of the uninitiated. But let us set foot upon the soil of Australia before we attempt to sketch its features. It will be honest, I think, to lay open to my reader first impressions as they stand noted in my diary of 1846. He will find, probably, that the more my acquaintance with the colony became matured, the more benignant became my feelings towards it—a progressive appreciation, surely more satisfactory than an over sanguine first view, chilling by degrees down to zero.

A most kind offer of bed and board from an old friend of my family met me ere I disembarked; but preferring independence, I declined this hospitality; and landing solus at the bottom of George-street, I strolled, stick in hand, my man following with my portmanteau in a cab, up to Petty's hotel, a respectable, quiet establishment, where I remained about a fortnight, ere my tent was permanently pitched in Sydney. I passed my first Australian evening in rambling slowly up George-street, the main artery of the city, and down Pitt-street, the second in rank; and should have been truly astonished at the immense extent of the former thoroughfare

—the Broadway and Oxford-street of the Antipodes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long—and at the endless succession of well supplied and well lighted shops in both, but that certain Sydneyites, my fellow passengers, had in so loud and high a key chanted the praises of their adopted city, that, on actual inspection, I had nothing to do but to come tumbling down the gamut until I reached my own pitch note. What greater injustice to man or matter than this super-laudation! Niagara cannot bear it—what more need be said?

Passing through the Barrack-square to mine inn, shortly before nine o'clock I found tattoo going on, the drums and fifes of the 99th regiment rattling away Mrs. Waylett's pretty old song of, "I'd be a Butterfly," in the most spirited style, just as though we were not 16,000 miles from the Horse Guards! It was the first note of music I had heard since leaving home; and I do not know when a more soothing and agreeable sensation pervaded my mind than at that moment, as I stood listening under the bright moonlight of this "far countrie" to a parcel of old well-remembered airs, that had been discarded by the London butcher-boys a quarter of a century ago.

June 26th.—Sydney wants the foreign and exotic interest of other of our colonial capitals. Neither the aborigines themselves, nor any object belonging to them, nor the natives of any other country, mix with the nearly exclusively British population and products of the place. Now and then, indeed, a Chinaman, with his pig's-tail and eyes, and his poking shoulders, crosses your vision as if he had dropped, not from the clouds—although the Celestials have a right to be expected thence—but from a willow pattern soup-plate. Perhaps a specimen or two of the New Zealander, brown, broad, brawny and deeply tattooed; may occur. In the outskirts of the town, a chattering, half-besotted group of the wretched natives of New Holland itself, tall, and thin even to emaciation, with great woolly heads and beards and flat features, may be seen, grinning and gesticulating in each other's ugly faces in loud dispute, or making low and graceful bows, worthy of the old school, whilst begging a copper, or "white money," from the passengers, as they loiter near the door of some pot-house. Sydney is, I think, more exclusively English in its population than either Liverpool or London. Were it not for an occasional orange-tree in full bloom or fruit in the back yard of

some of the older cottages, or a flock of little green parrots whistling as they alight for a moment on a housetop, one might fancy himself at Brighton or Plymouth.

The construction of the buildings is blameably ill-suited to a semi-tropical climate,—barefaced, smug-looking tenements, without verandahs or even broad eaves, a fault extending to the Government House itself, whose great staring windows are doomed to grill unveiled, because, forsooth, any excrescence upon their stone mullions would be heterodox to the order or disorder of its architecture. Surely a little composite licence might have been allowable in such a case and climate. Many of the private residences of Sydney and its suburbs are both handsome and comfortable,—most of them crowded with expensive furniture, therein differing from the practice in most warm countries, where the receiving-rooms and bed-rooms contain little beyond the muniments necessary for sitting and lying, and those of the plainest, hardest, and most undraped description. The majority of the public buildings evince proof of the profusion of fine sandstone on the spot,—for a house may here be almost entirely built of the material dug from its foundation,—as well as of the solid advantages arising from convict labour, especially when so powerful an agent is wielded by a governor of such strong masonic predilections as he whose name is affixed to the façades of most of the Sydney public institutions.* These edifices suit their purposes, no doubt, but have nothing, I think, to recommend them to the eye.

On the subject of public places, the fact that the “Hyde Park” of Sydney is merely a fenced common, without a tree or a blade of grass, and the “Hyde Park Barracks” a convict *depôt*, grates somewhat unpleasantly on the feelings of one lately arrived from London.

June 29th.—The well-known hospitable spirit of the Sydney society developed itself in my favour this morning, in the shape of a mound of visiting cards, interlarded with numerous invitations to dinners and evening parties.

I dined with my respected chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Maurice O’Connell, at his beautiful villa of Tarmons; and I mention the circumstance merely to have an opportunity of remarking, that there were brisk coal fires burning in both dining and drawing-room, and that the general appliances of

the household, the dress of the guests and the servants, were as entirely English as they could have been in London. The family likeness between an Australian and an Old Country dinner-party became, however, less striking when I found myself sipping doubtfully, but soon swallowing with relish, a plate of wallabi-tail soup, followed by a slice of boiled schnapper, with oyster sauce. A haunch of kangaroo venison helped to convince me that I was not in Belgravia. A delicate wing of the wonga-wonga pigeon with bread sauce, and a dessert of plantains and loquots, guavas and mandarine oranges, pomegranates and cherimoyas, landed my imagination at length fairly at the Antipodes.

July 1st.—House-rent in Sydney is very high, and vacant houses are very scarce. The first I took consisted of seven small rooms, without stable, courtyard, pump, kitchen range, or even bells to the rooms: rent £100 per annum for the bare walls. It was situated in the heart of the town, or at least in its pericardium. The street contained, I think, upwards of three hundred houses; and I was compelled to be particular in giving my address — Street *North*, because its other extremity tapered off into impropriety. I had fallen by accident into the legal quarter of the city; indeed my house had been built expressly to form two sets of chambers for gentlemen of the long robe. The door-posts of nearly all my neighbours were scored with the names of barristers, attorneys, solicitors, notaries-public, and other limbs of the law, who, albeit rivals in the trade, contrive to play into each other's hands to the detriment of the public pocket. My street abutted upon the Supreme Court, and I was perfectly astonished to see the number of sleek and spruce and bewigged personages, who soon after breakfast came swooping down from their rookery upon the field of their daily labours.

Litigation is the luxury of young communities, as it is of *parvenus* who have only just acquired the power to afford it. New South Wales early took the epidemic in its most virulent form. It was fatal in many instances to the fortunes of those infected; and some nice little incomes were picked up by the leading advocates and their providers. It is but just to add, that these were for the most part as freely spent as quickly gathered. I have been assured by an influential member of

the profession, that the palmy days of the law have passed away in Sydney. There are probably more gleaners of the profits; not, I should imagine, a thinner crop of "cornstalks" for the harvest,—some of them as long in the ear as could be wished.* In a country where highly educated men are comparatively rare, those brought up to the law are valuable public servants. Several of the ablest and most prominent members of the Legislative Council,—certainly those best worth hearing,—are of the forensic order. .

The prospect from my windows was anything but agreeable; for they looked upon the backs of a cluster of St. Giles-like tenements, across a piece of waste ground, unbuilt on because litigated, which seemed to be the central *dépôt* for all the nuisances of the *arrondissement*,—where all sorts of rubbish might be shot, or at least *was* shot, from a load of soot to a proscribed cat or the decimated fraction of a litter of puppies. Here, in the warm summer nights, many a drunken outcast of the pot-houses took his rest without fear of the watch-house: nor had he much cause for fear; the solitary policeman crawling stupidly along the middle of the street, and the solitary lamp dim twinkling in the shadowy distance, were little likely to discover or disturb his slumbers.

The lighting, and still more the paving of the Sydney streets, are a disgrace to the city and its corporation, as well as to the people who tolerate the ill-performed duties of the latter well-paid body. The *trottoirs* are full (and were to the last day of my residence in New South Wales) of the most ingenious traps, dangerous to the limbs, if not to the lives of the passengers. The sewerage of the town is also shamefully bad, though no city possesses a site more favourable for that essential. The thoroughfares are infested by an innumerable host of apparently ownerless dogs—innumerable in spite of the Dog Act, which has been in force ever since the Government order fulminated against the canine race in 1812. The lawless brutes range at will the town and suburbs, to the torment and terror of the lieges. The horseman, who presumes to indulge in any pace faster than a walk, has, without any ambition of becoming a master of hounds, a pack at his heels so addicted to "riot," that he may consider himself fortunate if he escape Actæon's fate. Many a luckless

* Cornstalk is the national nickname of the Australian white man.

wight have I watched flying along the street in a cloud of dust and dogs, fresh detachments of curs debouching upon him from every alley and court, until they vanished together round a corner, leaving me to imagine the finish. But more serious consequences arise sometimes from the stray dogs. Two or three times I have been the horrified witness of attacks upon children by large and fierce dogs, which would have ended fatally but for the prompt help of passers-by. I once saw a powerful mastiff seize a horse by the throat, between the shafts of a gig, and pull it to the ground; nor did the ferocious beast quit its hold until killed by a blow with an iron bar.

Some of the Newfoundland dogs in this country are the finest I have ever seen—much larger and handsomer than the true Labrador dog, which is neither very tall, nor very curly in the coat. Hound-like dogs, with a good deal of the shape and colour of the English fox-hound, but with none of his countenance, figure here as street mongrels. The Danish dog, the privileged attendant of aristocratic equipages in Europe, is seen in twos and threes under every baker's cart, or joining in the foraging parties of nameless curs. I have seen, too, with amusement, pointer puppies in the streets "drawing" up to poultry and pigeons, thereby unconsciously betraying their descent from some poaching ancestor, transported probably, together with his master, for that crime so heinous at all times in the eyes of country gentlemen and justices—now so lightly punished. From my sitting-room, in ——— Street, I have often witnessed more of a good run, and without any expense of nerve or horseflesh, than many of the loudest post-prandial sportsmen can boast with truth of having done in a Leicestershire winter. I have seen poor Tabby "found" in an area entrance or stable-yard; "un-kenneled" cleverly by a volunteer pack ranging in height from that of a donkey to a turnspit; and, after a ring or two on the bit of waste land opposite, "run into," "killed," and "broken up," in undoubted style! With varied success have I, *Quixote-like*, sallied forth to the rescue of some poor goat, whose piteous bleat called eloquently for help;—pleasing meed of my broomstick's prowess when I received the blessing of some warmhearted old Irishwoman, for saving the life of her "bit of a kid—the craythur!"

That picturesque animal, the goat, by-the-by, forms a conspicuous item of the Sydney street menagerie—amounting to a pest little less dire than the plague of dogs. Nearly every cottage has its goat or family of goats. They ramble about the high-ways and by-ways, picking up a hap-hazard livelihood during the day; and going home willingly or compulsorily in the evening to be milked. Woe betide the suburban garden whose gate is left for a moment unclosed. Every blade of vegetation within and without their reach has been previously noted by these half-starved vagrants. In an instant the bearded tribes rush in; and in a few seconds, roses, sweet peas, stocks, carnations, &c. &c. are as closely nibbled down as though a flight of locusts had bivouacked for a week on the spot; and the neat flower-beds are dotted over with little cloven feet, as if ten thousand infantine devils had been dancing there—a juvenile sabbat.

July 22d.—It has often been remarked that the profuse meat diet of the English in this country tends rather to injure than to fortify the health, and to diminish rather than augment the physical power. The inhabitants of Sydney struck me at first sight as looking pale and puffy compared with their fellow Britons at home. Many of the Cornstalks, or Colonial-born men, are tall and large-boned, but the majority of those attaining a standard above the middle height are spare, hollow chested, and have a certain weather-worn and time-worn look beyond their years. If one sees a ruddy face, it is sure to belong to a seafaring man, an up-country bushman whose cheeks are burnt by exposure into an uniform red bronze, or to the rubicund Boniface of some tavern, whose ever-blooming roses have been well irrigated by strong waters. The women of the poorer classes look prematurely old; yet appear to delight in tawdry dress. The children in the streets and lanes are, on the contrary, so lovely, that it is almost impossible to believe them the offspring of the hags, their mothers. Poor hard-working creatures! poor faithful helpmates! well may youth and health and beauty early wither before the manifold troubles, mental and bodily, that fall to their lot in this colony. The day-labourers of Sydney are notoriously idle, drunken, and dissolute. Earning 3s., 4s. and 5s. a-day, they will work perhaps four out of the seven, and during the remainder squander their gains in drink and riot, leaving their wretched

families to feed themselves as they can. The climate, too, must be highly inimical to feminine good looks, at least as far as complexion is concerned. At this season the atmospheric changes are very great, and very sudden. A bright sun scorches you, a dry cold wind cuts you in two. You shrink from the ardent rays of the former, yet in the shade you shiver. Both in summer and winter the well-known Australian dust, especially in the sandstone districts, keeps the face and eyes in constant irritation. Your hair feels like hay, your skin like parchment. Unless you be a very even-souled fellow your temper even grows gritty under the annoying infliction. Yet with all this it is a glorious climate!—glorious in its visible beauty—glorious in its freedom from lethal disorders—priceless, with respect to this latter feature, in the eyes of those who have known what it is to serve in countries where Death multiform rides on the wings of the wind, lurks in forest and swamp, and riots in the crowded emporium.

August 1st.—Sydney is not without its public amusements. Of the Theatre I may fairly say that, as far as dramatic talent is concerned, it is conducted at the least as well as the generality of provincial houses in England. To be sure, we are compelled to be satisfied all the year round with the efforts of stationary performers; for it must be an eccentric Star indeed which would shoot so far out of its orbit as to reach New South Wales.

In decency of demeanour the audience of the Sydney Theatre Royal is a prodigy compared with that of similar establishments in the seaport towns of the old country. The “gods” are particularly well-behaved. The dress-boxes are always unpeopled, unless an impulse be given by a bespeak or by the benefit of a favourite. These appeals act as a sort of mental gad-fly on the society. The herd rushes together with *one consent*, and *disports itself in crowded discomfort*; and *once more, for a month perhaps*, the play-goer, whom a love of the drama only attracts, has the house all to himself.

In the pit of the Sydney Theatre one misses the numerous bald heads of an European *parterre*, for the people of New South Wales have not yet had time to grow old. On the other hand, the eyes of the stranger wander with surprise over the vast numbers of new-born babies—three or four dozen little sucklings taking their natural refection, whilst

their mothers seem absorbed in the interest of the piece; their great long-legged daddies meanwhile sprawling over the benches in the simplest of costumes,—a check shirt, for instance, wide open at the breast, moleskins, and a cabbage-tree hat. It was a pleasant thing to see these good folks thoroughly enjoying themselves in this manner on a Saturday night—a week's wages and the door-key in their pockets, and all the family cares deferred till Monday morning. Every one knows—at least every foreigner knows—how cold and un-demonstrative is an English audience. Perhaps the warmth of the climate infuses a degree of fervour into a Sydney 'house.' It would be a lesson to the used-up man of the world, to witness the raptures with which some of the public favourites, and their efforts histrionic, musical, and saltatory, are received and rewarded. Oh! it is delicious to mark the gratified countenances, and to hear the thundering plaudits which are especially awarded to the latter branch of theatrical art. Well may Madame * * *, the Sydney Columbine and Maitresse de Danse, most spherical of Sylphides, bounce like an Indian-rubber ball; well may Signor * * * *, Harlequin and Dancing-master, half kill his fatted calves in acknowledgment of so much flattering approbation!

There are to be found round the doors of the Sydney theatre a sort of "loafers," known as the Cabbage-tree mob—a class whom, in the spirit of the ancient tyrant, one might excusably wish had but one nose, in order to make it a bloody one! These are an unruly set of young fellows, native born generally, who, not being able, perhaps, to muster coin enough to enter the house, amuse themselves by molesting those who can afford that luxury. Dressed in a suit of fustian or colonial tweed, and the emblem of their order, the low-crowned cabbage-palm hat, the main object of their enmity seems to be the ordinary black headpiece worn by respectable persons, which is ruthlessly knocked over the eyes of the wearer as he passes or enters the theatre. The first time I attended this house, I gave my English servant, a stont and somewhat rascible personage, a ticket for the pit. Unaware of the propensities of the Cabbagites, he was by them furiously assailed—for no better reason apparently than because, like 'noble Percy,' "he wore his *beaver* up," and, his hat being driven down over his eyes, in his blind rage he let fly an

indiscriminate "one, two," the latter of which took effect upon a policeman! "Hinc!" a night in the watch-house, and the necessity of proving in the morning the "glaring case of assaulting a constable in the execution of his duty" was not intentional and "of malice aforethought."

Much has been spoken and written by influential persons in England about the hideous depravity of the Sydney populace. I do not think they deserve that character. Although the streets are ill lighted, and the police inefficient in number and organization, Sydney appears to me to have on the whole a most orderly and well-conducted population. Public-house licences are so profitable a source of public revenue, that perhaps too many of these conveniences for crime are permitted to exist; yet drunkenness is kept quite as well out of sight as in English towns; and, although a pretty strong squad of disorderlies figures in the morning reports of the Police courts, the better behaved inhabitants are but little annoyed by their misdemeanours. All strangers notice with praise the extreme tranquillity of the streets at night. Whatever debaucheries may be going on "*à huis clos*"—and Sydney is no purer perhaps than other large seaport towns—they are not prominently offensive. If a noctambulist yourself, you may indeed encounter, towards the small hours, an occasional night-errant wandering in search of adventures, or having found some to his great personal damage; but he is an exception to the general rule of the social quietude of the Sydney thoroughfares. I do not believe, in short, that person or property, morals or decency are more liable to peril, innocence to outrage, inexperience to imposition, in Sydney, than in London or Paris. On the contrary, I am convinced, that from our own country, not only *might* come to New South Wales, but actually and frequently *do* come, individuals of every order of society;—from the practised *debauché* of high life to the outcast of the London back-slums—capable of giving lessons in vice, in their several degrees, to the much abused Sydneyites, and who do absolutely astonish the colonials by their superior proficiency.

Sept. 1st.—The number of auctions daily going on in Sydney is quite extraordinary; not auctions for the purpose of selling off the houses and effects of departed or departing persons—though these happen often enough, too often for

one's belief in the permanent prosperity of the community—but for the disposal by wholesale of imported goods, or by retail of tradesmen's stock on hand. A stranger would almost suppose that the buyers and sellers of the colony were too idle to transact business without the intermediation of a paid agent. From the sale of an allotment of Crown land, or the lease of a squatting run, to a "prime lot" of pork, pickles or curry powder, all are equally submitted to public outcry.

The newspapers teem with advertisements such as these:—

"ABSTRACT OF SALES BY AUCTION THIS DAY."

"Messrs. * * * and * * *, at their Mart, at 11 o'clock, 150 doz. kangaroo skins, a second-hand gig, ship biscuit, baby-linen, damaged ironmongery, bottled fruits, castor oil, Canary birds, Bohemian glass, accordions, and the effects of a deceased clergyman, comprising robes, &c."

Again—

"Mr. * * * will have the honour to offer to public competition, at 12 o'clock on Monday, the 4th inst., the Crow's Nest Station, in the District of Moreton Bay, with 10,000 sheep; after which, arrowroot, blacking, lime-juice, lozenges, ladies' companions, jams, bath-bricks, damaged gunny bags, Turkey figs, tooth-brushes, 12,000 feet of prime cedar plank, a four-roomed house, an anchor and chain, a mare, a horse and twenty pigs.

"At 3 P.M. precisely, the newly rigged copper-bottomed clipper, *Mary Anne*, well known in the trade! one gross of egg-spoons, a bass-viol, a superior Europe feather-bed, two lots of land, two bales super calico, Old Tom, soup and bouilli, toys, cutlery, and a cottage piano."

The chief attendants at these public sales are brokers and keepers of miscellaneous stores, many of them Jews either by persuasion or by descent. The Sydney gentleman has no chance at these auctions; for he is known and watched by the brokers and jobbers aforesaid, and is either "bid up" to a ruinous price, and left to carry off his dearly-bought whistle, or is "bid down," and cowed out of his lot by the apparently fierce resolve of his professional rival to have it at any cost. On one occasion, when venturing a diffident bid for a pair of carriage-horses, I was informed by a spectator that it was "no use," for that "the stout party in the yaller veskit, over yonder, wanted them very bad, and would have them." So after lifting the animals to a figure considerably above their worth, I was fain to yield to inexorable necessity and to the wealthy emancipist and whilom bankrupt, who had resolved to drive the highest steppers in Sydney.

During the first year or two of my residence in Sydney, the sellings-off of families going home or into retirement

were very numerous. An auction at a house of this description is quite a fashionable lounge. Gentlemanly auctioneers, whom you hesitate whether or not to admit on terms of social equality, address you by name, assure you that the article is one of undoubted *verlu*—that you cannot let it go at a price so absurdly low—that you cannot do without it. You buy something because the salesman is eloquent, because he has flattered your taste, because the late owner was a good fellow—not because you want it. Thus articles of household furniture in Sydney become migratory, and are recognised as old acquaintances bought and sold twenty times over. I do not mean to hint that Sydney has not a fair share of permanent and well-rooted residents; but there do occasionally happen meteor-like apparitions and disappearances—perfectly astounding to quiet people drawing a quarterly or monthly salary and living within it. An unusually grand ball or fête is, in such cases, a virulent symptom;—the crisis is not far off!—the torch flares up—goes out; and all the world, except those most concerned, are left in the dark—as to the cause.

On the subject of street sales of miscellaneous wares—which I have said are not lucrative pursuits to the inexperienced frequenter—I have a little anecdote “to submit to public notice,” unique in its way, and “a genuine article.” A young military friend of mine, strolling one morning down George-street in desultory quest of amusement, stepped from mere curiosity into an auction-room where a sale was going on. Whether he did or did not nod his head at the salesman, is still doubtful; but it is a fact that a lot, comprising “50 gross of bottles of mixed pickles,” was knocked down to him ere he had time to cross himself. Startling dilemma for a well-dressed young gentleman, revelling in a salary of five shillings and threepence per day, drawing his pay from the paymaster and his pickles from the messman! “Some have greatness thrust on them,”—but imagine six hundred bottles of mixed pickles, to be paid for on delivery, being thrust upon a subaltern of a marching regiment! Ninety-nine out of a hundred youngsters would have been taken aback, would have loudly denied the transaction, or made some other false movement betraying perturbation. Not so my cool-headed young friend. Treating the sale as a matter of course, and awaiting the close of the auction, he commissioned the auc-

tioneer to "put up" his newly-acquired property in several small lots. The result proved that the military purchaser was not quite so green as the gerkins he was dealing in; for he realized a handsome profit, and left the Mart, followed by the admiration of the oldest auction loungers present.

The night auction was common when I first arrived in New South Wales. It seemed specially intended for the disposal of articles "that love the shade," and for the spoliation of the raw emigrant. The *locale* of the night auction was usually some small open stall. A ragged old pauper was seen and heard ringing a large bell opposite the door. A shabby, but sharp-looking salesman, leaning over a horse-shoe counter, under the light of a huge but blear and smoky lamp, arrested the passengers by a display of his wares. The idlers gradually curdled into a crowd. Delusive eloquence and a dim light did the rest.

But it is not only to public sales that newspaper notices direct the public attention, and stimulate the public indolence. Merchants, traders, agents, shopkeepers of all grades promulgate their wants or their goods on hand through these channels. Master and servant invite and proffer service by this means. At the head of a few of these entries, cut out of a file of journals before me, should be placed the following one: published in England and Ireland, this advertisement alone, which has frequently appeared, should ensure to New South Wales what the colonists call "a copious and continuous stream of immigration."

"J. K. CLEAVE, wholesale and retail butcher, will supply beef and mutton of good quality at 1*d.* per lb."

Think of that, ye Dorsetshire day-labourers! Think of that, ye Tipperary turf-cutters! Think of that, ye poor starving London needle-women, who

"Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

Now for a *macédoine* of advertisements—to all concerned. They are word for word as entered.

"WANTED, immediately, a Blacksmith, a pair of Sawyers, a Man Cook, a Governess, and a Housekeeper.

"(Signed) * * * General Agency Office."

"FUNERALS.—Mrs. B——, Undertaker, has removed from * * * to * * * street, and continues to conduct funerals with respectability and solemnity on moderate terms."

The following notice, lamentable to relate, is only one of scores of similar-import that catch the eye of the newspaper reader.

"CAUTION.—Whereas my wife, Margaret ——, having left her home without cause or provocation, all persons are hereby cautioned against giving her credit on my account."

"To STONEMASONS.—Wanted, immediately, six good hands; wages, 6s. 6d. per day. Apply to John Revell, Cole's-buildings, Upper Fort-street, Sydney. February, 1852."

John Eldridge, dyer and scourer, advertises himself as "The man who dyes for the ladies."

"The Art of Fencing."—Mr. Hardman, professor of fencing, late sergeant-major in H.M. 80th Regiment of Foot, after setting forth in glowing language the benefits of this "useful art," proceeds to state his terms:—

"TERMS (for two lessons each week).—Gentlemen set up, taught marching and fencing, 1½ guineas per quarter. Young Ladies set up, taught to square their toes, march, and enter a room gracefully, 1 guinea per quarter."

The two next appeared in the order in which I have left them.

"LIGHT-HOUSE HOTEL.

"MR. A. GRAY begs to remind his old friends and the lovers of harmony, that he has re-opened his Free and Easy on Saturday evenings. A professional gentleman presides at the pianoforte from 8 to 12.

"The chair will be taken by Mr. Emerson at 9 o'clock.

"Bathurst and Sussex-streets."

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"RIGHTEOUS PATH SOCIETY.

"FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER, to take place at Mr. Harris's, Jew's Harp, Brickfield-hill, on Monday, November 5, 5610.

"Tickets to be had at Mr. Harris's, and of the Honorary Secretary, 601, Lower George Street."

"W. L. PYKE, *Hon. Sec.*"

"CAUTION.

"I HEREBY caution all persons from purchasing any cattle from Frances Cavin my wife or her son or any other person branded HC on near rump running at Buckamell Creek Station district of Liverpool Plains.

"September 30.

"H. C."

"TO ALL TRUE BRITONS.

"A BARON of beef and Plum Pudding will be on the table at Entwisle's Hotel at one o'clock this day, Sept. 28, 1848."

"BOARD AND LODGING for a single Gentleman, with use of a saddle horse and pianoforte, at one guinea a week. Apply, &c."

"MEDICAL CONTRACTS—TO THE TRADESMEN OF SYDNEY.

"A MARRIED Medical Man of long standing, and *great practical experience* in his profession, and who has *no intention of leaving the colony*, is desirous of entering into contracts with a draper, grocer, butcher, baker, and shoemaker, to supply them and their families with professional attendance and medicine *upon terms of mutual advantage*. Private families contracted with upon moderate terms, and the highest testimonials and references submitted. Address, A. Z., (post-paid) *Herald Office*."

'SLATES! SLATES!! SLATES!!!'

If it were not for the above heading, the political economist might deduce from what follows that the Imperial Government were about to make a frantic effort to rid the Old Country of certain objectionable members of the nobility—to establish an aristocracy in the colony—and at the same time to remedy the present inequality in the sexes in Australia!

"10,000 Duchesses, with nails.
5,000 Countesses, slightly damaged.
12,000 Ditto, much ditto
The whole without reserve!!"

A kindred announcement of a batch of "Damaged Grey Domestics" being in the market, suggests the idea of a consignment of superannuated housekeepers and "stumpt-up" butlers from home—quite good enough for colonial consumption;—whereas in fact it relates to some household cloth rendered "filthy dowlas" by land or sea accident.

Need it be noted, that the quack professor of the day has a branch business in this colony? His advertisements announce a head-quarters agent for Sydney, with subalterns at different out-stations, each having in charge expense-magazines of pill cartridge, sufficient to sweep from the earth whole regiments of diseases—or patients. A nominal roll of the former—commencing with "Ague," and running through the alphabet to the V's and W's of nosology,—attest the efficacy of the preparations. These nostrums are in great request among the hard living denizens of the distant interior, and, in the absence of doctors and druggists, are no doubt very useful antidotes to bad rum and indigestible "damper."

I close the subject of Sydney advertisements with the following notice:—

"THE HANGMAN.—This official left Sydney yesterday for Bathurst, where work awaits him; from Bathurst he will proceed to Goulburn."

CHAPTER. II.

[1846.]

SYDNEY SHOPS—GAMES—CRICKET—OLD ENGLISH BOYISH GAMES—PRIVATE EQUIPAGES—PUBLIC CARRIAGES—GOVERNMENT DOMAIN—BOTANIC GARDENS—HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION—SOUTH HEAD ROAD—WILD BUSH FLOWERS—RIDE TO BOTANY BAY—WATER—BRICKFIELDER—HOT WIND—SAND-STORM—EYE-BLIGHT—OYSTER HUNTING—FISHING CLUB—PICNICS—SYDNEY SOCIETY—THE “FREE” AND THE “FREED”—EMANCIPISTS AND EXPIREES—RICH ONES—REFORMED FELONS—INSOLVENCY—A HERALD-OFFICE FOR EX-CONVICTS—TRANSPORTATION—COCKATOO ISLAND.

THE shops of Sydney are well supplied, although the supply is sometimes uncertain; and it is this very uncertainty which causes, and perhaps in some degree excuses, the two price system which so disgusts the old country customer. “What is the price of those sugar-tongs?” Answer: “Five-and-six, sir.” “Very dear for Britannia!” “Well, sir, say three-and-nine, although that price don’t remunerate me.” “Perhaps not,” mentally ejaculates the purchaser, “for such barefaced roguery must be expensive to keep up!” “It was never manufactured at that price,” is the common and often veracious comment of the colonial shopman; and the complacency arising from a good bargain is clouded by the reflection, that the poor operative at home is the aboriginal and main sufferer. However dear the majority of imported goods may be, “slops,” (shade of the polished earl, shudder! for the “Chesterfield wrapper at 7s. 6d.” is included in that term,) slops are nearly always cheap, for they are mostly the work of the wretched sisterhood of London needlewomen!

There is no necessity for persons coming to New South Wales to cumber themselves with a huge amount of baggage. There are excellent and skilful tradesmen of every sort in Sydney:—coachmakers and tailors, who can build you a carriage or a coat that you may put yourself into with comfort and complacency; and boot-makers, who will turn you out a pair of

kangaroo skin Wellingtons, the softest of all leathers, that will do justice to your foot—all at Regent-street prices. If you are not particular, or if you are in a hurry, or prefer putting on your clothes with a pitchfork, there are fifty warehouses where you may rig yourself, “my lord, from top to toe,” in two minutes, and “at a very low figure.”

The out-door games of old England are kept up here with greater observance than in any other colony of my acquaintance. It is amusing and pleasant to see the minor games of the minor people come round in their seasons. In the keen weather of July the hoop has its sway. As a pedestrian spectator—if you preserve a green recollection of your schoolboy days—you criticise with a bland and protective feeling the skilful inch-driving of the urchin’s one-wheeled coach; but when, on horseback, you see the emblem of eternity abandoned by its guide just when it most needs his care, wabbling across your path, how differently do you regard this innocent toy and its innocent owner! The weather grows warmer, and the peg-top comes in, followed by marbles—both games of an exciting nature. The earnest little gamblers—for the winner, as you may recollect, pockets a handful of marbles as well as his opponent’s “taw”—knuckle down in the middle of the street or pavement, and if you disturb the state of the game—look out, that’s all! In the cricket season the male portion of the rising generation are perfectly engrossed in the study of that noble game. Every possible imitation of a wicket forms the target for every possible object that school-boy ingenuity can compel to do duty for a ball. Your milk-boy sets his can down, in open day, for the vegetable lad to have “only just one ball” at it with a turnip; and old women are continually seen scolding and threatening because their legs have, quite accidentally of course, been treated as a set of stumps.

One of the peculiarities of Sydney is the multitude of its gay equipages. In an English provincial town the handsome barouche or chariot rolling down the main street attracts a certain degree of attention. It belongs, of a surety, to some civic notable or provincial grandee. In George-street or Pitt-street at three or four o’clock there are crowds of such carriages. Gay I have called them, and gay they are indeed, for the vehicles themselves are smart, and the fair ladies within

them are often very smart; but they—the carriages—are generally ill-appointed and ill-driven, a fact by no means suprising, since many of the coachmen have tried every earthly trade before taking to the box. I myself possessed one whose previous calling had been that of a muffin baker. After he left my service I heard of him as a street watchman, a turnkey, and an office messenger. From the bread-cart to the brougham may indeed be legitimate promotion; but that the shop-boy who has been accustomed to handle the ribands behind the counter should *eo facto* be capable of maintaining them with propriety and safety behind a footboard and a pair of blood bays; or that the runaway carpenter's apprentice should, *ex officio*, be eligible for the hammercloth, are *non sequiturs* too apparent to need comment! Fellows like these come out to this colony with the most vague and aimless ideas, whereof I shall have to give some illustrations under the head of Immigration. Many of them, fit for nothing at home, are worthless here. Dodging from employment to employment, and suited to none, they only gain a livelihood in the absence of a really useful body of immigrants.

On the subject of equipages, the public carriages—cabs, as they are called—are certainly the best in the world. Generally clarences, with a pair of well-fed active horses, they have nothing of the old English hackney coach about them; and though some of the drivers are thorough-bred ruffians, they are kept in pretty good subjection by the regulations. Mrs. Meredith it is, I think, who lashes with her clever pen the habit of the ladies of Sydney to make the dusty streets their favourite drive or walk. The fact is as true as it is astonishing—for I know of no town in the universe where fresh air is more necessary for the inhabitants; and there are few towns of co-ordinate consequence so bountifully supplied with breathing places close at hand. I have spoken of the Government domain. Its several entrances are close upon the town and suburbs. Here are nearly four miles of drives through alternate open and wooded grounds, the greater part exposed to the sea-breeze, and opening upon cheerful views of the splendid harbour; shady paths, held sacred to foot-passengers, winding among the "tea-scrub," or skirting the rocky shores; a spacious grassy plain, where a battalion may manœuvre, and where the band plays for the amusement of the public once

or twice a week. There are the Botanic Gardens, divided into two compartments; one laid out in formal squares, containing the floral produce of many widely distant lands, flourishing together here as they flourish nowhere else; the other more in the English pleasure-ground style, embracing a wide circuit of the picturesque Farm Cove. There is a drive or ride of twelve or thirteen miles, to the lighthouse at the South Head and back, passing through such lovely scenery that, although enjoyed a thousand times, it never palled on my taste; and for the equestrian admirer of the wild and dreary there is the wide expanse of hill and swamp between the city and Botany Bay. All these healthful outlets from Sydney dust and heat exist, and yet, with the exception of the attendance at the band, a score of persons can rarely be counted in any of the spots I have enumerated. I may except also the Gardens on a Sunday afternoon, when the shopocracy—a wealthy and comfortable class—resort in considerable numbers to catch a puff “of the briny,” and take the creases out of their best suits. The Botanic Gardens at such times present a cheerful and pretty sight from any of the surrounding eminences, from a boat in the bay, or from the shipping.

The scene is still more lively on the annual or half-yearly Exhibition of the Australian Botanic and Horticultural Society, when many thousands assemble to inspect the fruits, flowers, vegetables, and other colonial products, and to listen to the music of the band, sitting or strolling under the shadow of the trees of many climes, and looking forth upon the calm glassy cove dotted with boats, the opposite ridge of the Inner Domain crowned with the vice-regal palace, the frigates riding at anchor off the Point, the less trim merchantmen in “the stream” waiting for a wind, with the woody hills of the north shore in the back-ground.

There is immense competition amongst some half-dozen gentlemen and market-gardeners for the prizes given at this Exhibition. Some of the producers evince their fealty to their native land by exhibiting specimens of her weeds, or more properly field-flowers, strangers to the colony, and difficult to rear in the climate. I found myself adoring a buttercup, idolizing a daisy, and ardently coveting possession of a glorious dandelion, which, classically labelled “*Leontodon taraxacum*,” occupied one of the high places of the Exhibition, •

and was treated as an illustrious foreigner. For myself, I know no more pleasant lounge than the public gardens, sheltered as they are by the heights of Darlinghurst from the chill south winds of winter, and in summer shaded from the sun's rays by the trees. The view of so many vegetable natives of distant regions, within a small space and all in the open air, is both pleasing and surprising. Plants from the Cape and China, Peru and Japan, Madagascar and North Britain, South America and the Canary Isles, Van Diemen's Land, Hindostan, and New Zealand, are thriving within a stone's throw of each other. The oak and bamboo, the hawthorn and sugar-cane, the Scotch fir, plantain, and mango—the last, however, not looking happy—almost mingle branches. In a rabid attack upon the estimates by the opposition members of the Legislative Council in 1849, this pleasant place of public resort ran imminent risk of being permitted to go to waste for want of the annual vote of money for its support—a small instance of legislative wantonness, such as the intervention of a second Chamber would serve to control.

The drive along the southern shore of the harbour to the Heads or entrance to Port Jackson, and thence back to Sydney by the "old South Head Road," about thirteen miles, has hardly its equal for picturesque beauty. The harbour itself rudely resembles, in its projections and indentations, the form of an oak leaf—or, to enlist a monstrous simile, it may be likened to the gaping mouth of some huge antediluvian saurian, the bluffs and inlets representing the teeth and the interstices between them. The eye, following the profile of the two opposite shores, cannot but perceive that if the said enormous sandstone jaws were, by some geological miracle, to snap together again, so neat would be the fit that there would remain but little more than a serpentine line of demolished rocks and gum-trees to mark where was once Port Jackson. The views of the harbour from the higher points of the road, over the tufted tops of the forest, and the glimpses of its glittering waters between the boles of the enormous gum-trees, are truly beautiful. So completely is this great port shut in from the ocean, that I know of no spot a mile within its gates from which the stranger would even surmise the position of its mouth—were it not for the tall bluff of the North Head, which lifts a hundred feet of its sheer, wall-like profile above

any of the interior headlands. I cannot describe botanically the trees, plants, and shrubs among which the eye of the rider wanders, well pleased, on either side of the road. The Eucalyptus, and other gums of infinite variety, form the larger growth of "the bush." But there are trees distantly resembling in aspect the European ash, the holly, larch, and myrtle, with a luxuriant undergrowth of ferns and lichens, and a multitude of flowering shrubs clad in spring and autumn with blossoms so lovely in form and hue as to justify the name of "Botany," conferred by Dr. Solander as a title of honour on the neighbouring bay. There is the Correa, with stiff stem and prickly leaves, but with a string of delicate little pendulous flowers, red, orange, and white, something like the fuchsia, but, in my mind, a hundred times more brilliant. The native rose has the colour but no other resemblance to the European queen of flowers. It is one of the few bush-flowers possessing any odour. Wafted on the passing gale, it commends itself pleasantly to the senses; but, strange enough, on closer acquaintance there mingles with the rich perfume an undoubted scent of the fox! a scent which, however creative of rapture in "the field," is ill adapted to the boudoir.

The South Sea myrtle, or *Leptospermum*, grows in fine round bushes, spangled with white stars. Of the heath-like *Epacris* there is an infinite variety, among which I name the *Styphelia* because it possesses the rare quality of a green flower. The *Boronias* shoot up their slender stems, among the roughest rocks and stubbornest plants, towards the sun, their wax-like petals showing every delicate shade between deep pink and snowy white. All these shrubs are evergreen. Amongst their branches and those of the higher trees the most beautiful creepers wreath themselves. The *Kennedya*, with a purple vetch-like blossom, is among the most graceful. There is also a white variety, whose flower is so small, that a microscope is necessary to examine its minute beauties. I must not forget the Bottle-brush, one of the most characteristic plants of the bush. It has rough, twisted branches, and a leaf something like the holly. Sir Joseph Banks gave it the botanical name of *Banksia*, and his butler, perhaps, bestowed on it the vulgar appellation by which it is generally known. The upright, conical flowers with which this eccen-

the looking shrub is thickly covered resemble pretty closely that useful implement of the pantry. When at its prime, the deep orange hue of the flower makes it almost handsome. In the swamps is a smaller and prettier kind of *Banksia*, of a softer fabric and with a flower of rich crimson. I used to fancy that my favourite charger loved to wear one of these brilliant natural rosettes in his headstall. There are several pretty iris-like bulbs in the moister soil; and in the low lands of the Botany Scrub I noticed a crimson and orange flower, like the foxglove in form, very handsome, but so hard and horny in texture that the blossoms actually ring with a clear metallic sound as the breeze shakes them. It might be the fairies' dinner-bell, calling them to their dew and ambrosia! Alas! there are no "good people" in Australia; no one ever heard of a ghost, or a bogle, or a fetch here!—all is too absolutely material to afford a niche for imagination or superstition!

Perhaps the greatest ornament of the bush, however, is the *Acacia*, of which there are many varieties. In autumn the trees look as if a golden snow-storm had fallen on their branches, bending down with their burden of blossom towards the earth. Some of the acacias possess a delicious almond-like perfume. The bark is extensively used for tanning.

A bouquet of bush-flowers is highly ornamental in the *épergne* of the dinner table, for they do not soon fade, and keep better out of water than in it; but he who would not implant a thorn in the bosom of beauty will never desire to see them worn in the ball-room, for, with scarcely an exception, they are harsh and thorny as the holly itself.

As the flowers of Australia are generally beautiful, but scentless, so are the birds for the most part as gorgeous in plumage as they are harsh in song. Indeed, they have no sustained melody, although isolated notes of great sweetness do occasionally break the silence of the bush.

On Sundays, there is a general rush of horsemen and chaise-men and women towards the Heads,—the Christian part of the community because it is their sabbath and holiday, the Hebrews because they make it the latter. A well-known tavern near the lighthouse, however, seems to be the chief attraction; and the wholesome salt breezes of the ocean are so modified with cigar smoke, that this weekly airing can but little profit the Sunday jaunter.

If I have a hundred times taken the ride above described without meeting a single soul of the 50,000 sweltering in the city and suburbs, I may say the same with regard to the ride to Botany Bay. There are two good hotels on the north shore of this basin, called after Sir J. Banks and Captain Cook; and the point on which La Perouse's monument stands may be nine miles from Sydney. To the former there is a pretty good turnpike road, besides innumerable tracks for equestrians across the stunted scrub-land. To the latter there is nothing that can be called a wheel-road, but a sandy galloping ground for horsemen, soft as the riding-school tan. It must be the pure love of fresh air and exercise that tempts the rider in this direction. Barren, hopeless, unblessed tract; scrubby, rocky, sandy, and boggy by turns; except in the short season of the bush flowers, one would suppose that it had been named "Botany" in bitter irony. Unlucky name! retained, to the discredit of the whole colony, by reason of its associations in the popular mind! I cannot but agree with Dr. Lang, that Banksland, or any other title, ought to have been substituted for its original one. The shores of this fine inlet are still as unpopulated as if it were a thousand miles from the city. Perhaps gentlemen selecting a place of residence may feel a squeamish dislike to have their letters addressed to Botany Bay! By direct and legitimate inheritance "Tyburn Terrace" ought to have been the designation of the present Hyde Park Gardens in London. The sterile desert lying between the bay and Sydney contains the greatest treasure—the life-blood, it may be called,—of the metropolis. Without a fresh water river, built on a rock unfavourable to well-digging, without tanks to catch the unfrequent rain, Sydney would die of thirst, and die unwashed, if it were not for the Lachlan Swamp.

From some of the more elevated points of the country through which the South Head road is conducted, the views of the harbour are truly splendid. It was from one of them, during an afternoon ride, that I saw town and country for the first time under the influence of a Brickfielder. There had been a morning of terrible heat; the sky was free of clouds, yet not bright; a hot wind had raised the thermometer to 102° in the shade. Towards the afternoon the wind fell, a sullen and sultry calm came on, and, ordering my

horse, I cantered towards the Heads, to meet a breath of air from the ocean, if breath might be had. Turning my eyes casually towards the town, I was astonished to find that it had disappeared. It had been swallowed up in clouds and columns of red and white dust, which, rising madly on the winds and sweeping across the harbour, gradually veiled from my sight also the pretty suburb of St. Leonard's on the North Shore. Around my station—about five miles from Sydney—the trees and shrubs even to the minutest spray were motionless, and a little bay below me was unruffled as a mirror; yet I distinctly heard the fierce roaring of the tempest as it rushed through the city and the country beyond it, lashing the upper portion of the harbour into white foam. The boats were flying for shelter in all directions, and one, with calm-weather canvass spread, heeled over, filled and vanished! Soon the line of road from Sydney towards my post, hitherto hidden by the bordering bush, became visible in all its curvatures by thick coils of dust; the tall still trees bowed their heads, and the expanse of bush before and below me seemed to put itself in motion and to rush towards the hill whereon I stood. Then a torrid gust, like the blast of a furnace, caught my face, almost stopping my respiration; and the dust which had ridden on the wings of the wind for so many miles came flying into my eyes and grated in my teeth. In a few moments there was once more a perfect calm.

During the progress of the dust-storm a black battalion of clouds had been rapidly collecting on the southern horizon. Rolling and coiling about in confused masses, with mutterings of thunder and half-smothered flashes of lightning, their intention and direction were soon developed. Torrents of heavy rain and hail, accompanied by a chilling tornado, came drifting horizontally over the face of the country, whilst an ebon mass of vapour right over head poured a perpendicular flood full upon my crown. The lightning became fearful in its vividness and apparent proximity; the thunder, stunning in its magnificent diapason, reverberated from the bluffs around. Joining in the general uproar, the surf on the north shore flung itself madly up the steep cliffs to their very summits, seemed to stand suspended in the air for a space, and recoiled slowly and unwillingly to its wonted level.

This was "all very fine" certainly, but so unsuited to a

"patent ventilating gossamer hat" and a filmy paletôt by Nicol, as to drive me at length to a temporary shelter. The thunder-storm, satiated with an incursion round every point of the compass, rolled away sullenly in the distance. Its rear-guard of light cumulus closed up to the main body, and disappeared at length in the north-east, leaving only one heavy stationary mass—a sort of army of occupation—just above the setting sun, which, shooting its last rays from a bright stripe of sky over the distant Blue Mountains, and behind the long ridge where Sydney stands, showed the mere *silhouette* of a city—the council chamber, the infirmary, the staff offices, the spire of St. James', the barracks, and the gaol—in strong hard relief upon the rose-coloured haze. The valleys across which I rode on my way home, and the deeper ravines, were already in darkness, while the slanting sunbeams still gilded the hill tops, the wet shining faces of the rocks, and the milk-white boles of the gigantic gum-trees. Night followed quickly—for there is but little twilight at the Antipodes.

Such is a slight sketch of a Sydney hot-wind, and its constant follower the Brickfielder, or, as the Port Jackson boatmen call it, the Sútherly Búster! No words can do justice to the degree of discomfort inflicted by the first upon the Sydney citizens during the season of its prevalence. Luckily the rush of wind from the colder regions, displacing the more rarified air of the preceding "hot-wind," brings back a respirable atmosphere to the gasping inhabitants, while the floods of rain carry away all accumulated impurities. On the occasion I have just recounted the thermometer fell at once from 102° to 53°. When I started on my ride the lee side of an Indian tattee would have been luxury itself. Two hours later I was well pleased to "take an air," as the Irish say, of the kitchen fire. Subsequently, however, I witnessed instances of a much greater variation of the glass. One morning, while the hot-winds were raging in Sydney, I walked to the Australian Library, facing with some difficulty the scorching gale. Seating myself in the large room to read, I was soon seized with a chill shivering, and, looking at the thermometer within the apartment, was surprised to find it as high as 81°. The instrument outside the window in the shade stood however at 110°. Thus the sudden change of temperature from a superlative degree of heat to a merely positive one, gave me as

decided a case of catarrh as I ever got by a plunge from the hot-
aired club-rooms of London to the frosty streets, or *vice versâ*.

In October 1848, as I find by my diary, I witnessed a fine
instance of a nocturnal Brickfielder. Awakened by the roar-
ing of the wind, I arose and looked out. It was bright
moonlight, or it would have been bright but for the clouds of
dust which, impelled by a perfect hurricane, curled up from
the earth, and absolutely muffled the fair face of the planet.
Pulverised specimens of every kind and colour of soil within
two miles of Sydney, flew past the house high over the chim-
ney-tops in lurid whirlwinds, now white, now red. It had all
the appearance of an American prairie fire—"barring" the fire.
Had the "wild huntsman" and his skeleton field and pack
galloped past along with this fierce commixture of earth and
air, I should have taken the apparition as a matter of course!

One of the greatest miseries of the Southerly Burster is,
that (welcome to all animated nature as are its cooling airs,) its
first symptoms are the signal for a general rush of house-
maids to shut hermetically every aperture of the dwelling.
The thermometer in the drawing-room, and one's own melting
mood announce some 86° of heat; while the gale, driving so
refreshingly past your windows, is probably 30° lower; but
if you have any regard for sight and respiration, for carpets,
chintzes, books, and other furniture, you must religiously shut
up shop until the "chartered libertine," having scavenged
the streets of every particle of dust, has moderated its wrath.
Even then, however well fitted may be the doors and win-
dows, the volatile atoms will find their way everywhere, to
the utter disturbance of household and personal comfort.
Hot winds and sand-storms, sirocs and simoons, are common
to many countries; in the deserts of Africa they are, as we
know, a deadly visitation. In New South Wales these storms
sometimes cause the eye-blight, or sand-blight, as the malady
is indifferently called, than which, as experience taught me,
nothing can well be more painful and irksome, involving
actual loss of vision while inflammation is at its height—a
loss sometimes, though rarely, as permanent as that occasioned
by the Egyptian ophthalmia.

Considering the unrivalled suitability of Port Jackson for
aquatic pursuits, the citizens of Sydney appreciate pastimes
on the water little more than they do the rides, and drives,

and gardens. There is, however, connected with the shores, and islets, and coves of the harbour, one pursuit peculiarly congenial to the tastes of the people—a pastime half jaunting, half sedentary,—a little sea air, a very little personal exertion, and a large amount of gastronomic recreation; I mean, oyster-eating. Every inch of rock from Sydney to the Heads is thickly colonized by these delicate shell-fish; that is, every inch would be so peopled, but for the active extermination incessantly going on. On any fine day select parties of pleasure-and-oyster seekers may be seen proceeding by water or land, furnished with the necessary muniments for an attack, or actively engaged in it. A hammer and a chisel, an oyster-knife, a bottle of vinegar, and the pepper-pot, with a vigorous appetite, sharpened by the almost impregnable character of the foe—such are the forces brought into the field, and the inducements to distinction. It is needless to add, that the garrison are quickly shelled out of their natural stronghold. I enrolled myself more than once in an expedition of this kind, and only regretted that “my great revenge had stomach” for only one-half of the luscious victims demolished by my companions. The small rock-oyster of New South Wales is excellent in its way, although inferior to the Carlingford. The great mud-oyster of the rivers is too unctuous for delicate appetites, although it is swallowed *ore rotundo* at the street-corners by those who prefer quantity to quality.

I know no spot in the world better formed for picnic parties than Port Jackson. When any of Her Majesty’s ships happen to be in harbour, these excursions are tolerably frequent. The navy ought to feel flattered by the manner in which they are always received by the Sydneyites. The appearance of a man-of-war in the cove is the signal for all sorts of gaiety and hospitality. It is indeed pleasant to see the vigour which, fresh from the sea, and exclusively virile society, the members of our sister profession throw into their enjoyment of shore-going amusements. Their life and spirit infuse, as it were, salt and pepper into the insipid materials of a society rendered dull by monotony of life and absence of incident. No wonder their advent is hailed with rapture by the fair!

Having stumbled upon the word society, let me devote a few remarks to that of the New South Wales capital.

That the society of Sydney is cut up into parties and cliques, the frontiers of which are not the less arbitrary because they are not very apparent, is a truth which applies quite as justly to any other community without an hereditary aristocracy ; I shall say no more therefore on that head. The remark is not more applicable to Sydney than to Liverpool, New York, Montreal, Calcutta, and by this time, I dare say, to the capital of the Auckland Islands, whatever its name may be.

There is one grand feature of the social status of Sydney, however, which is almost exclusively peculiar to itself—I mean the convict infusion. A person newly arrived here feels no little curiosity, perhaps some little uneasiness, on the subject of the degree of influence exerted on the social system by the numerous body of affluent emancipists, which the lapse of time and their own amended characters have formed in the community. It seems almost incredible that, living in the very midst of this community—in many cases in equal, and even superior style to what may be called the aristocracy—possessing some of the handsomest residences in the city and suburbs—warehouses, counting houses, banking establishments, shipping, immense tracts of land, flocks and herds, *enjoying all political and material immunities in common with those possessing equal fortunes, of the more reputable classes*—they are, nevertheless, a class apart from the untainted. There is a line of moral demarcation by them peremptorily impassable. The impudent and pushing, and these are few, are repelled. The unobtrusive and retiring are not encouraged. Their place on the social scale is assigned and circumscribed. They belong indeed to the common flock ; but they are the black sheep of it. They are treated with humanity and consideration, but in a certain degree they are compelled to herd together. The merchants and men of business meet them on equal terms for the negotiation of affairs in which their wealth, intelligence, and commercial weight sometimes necessarily involve them. They do not presume on this partial admission to equality, but fall back into their prescribed position when the business which has called the two orders into temporary contact has been completed. Official juxtaposition does not bring with it any plea for social intimacy. The “conditional” or “free” pardon of their sovereign appears to entitle this unfortunate section of society to traffic

on equal terms with their fellow-man, but yields them no licence to pass from the counting-house to the parlour.

The strong common sense and right feeling of our fellow-countrymen seem to have, at once and without hesitation, adjusted this difficult domestic question—quietly, firmly and irrevocably; no cruelty or undue assumption of superiority on the one part, no fruitless resistance on the other. The barrier is complete.

As I write this there passes my window a well-known individual of this class in a smart new barouche, with a showy pair of horses caparisoned in plated harness, and a coachman and page in livery and laced hats. If the spectacle of a wealthy ex-convict rolling by in his handsome equipage, grates unpleasantly on the feelings of those who are blessed with competence, how galling must it be for the good man suffering poverty and struggling for a precarious subsistence for himself and his family!—and yet this is a thing of every day occurrence in Sydney. The indigent and honest man has literally to “eat the dirt” thrown from the chariot wheels of the branded felon. Had the fortunes of all these persons been made since the termination of their bondage, the contrast between their success and the penury of the more deserving would not, perhaps, appear so repugnant to poetical justice and the divine right of honesty. But the contrary is, almost without exception, the fact. The wealth of the majority of the “Old Hands” was accumulated in different manners, but chiefly by monopolies, during the period of their punishment—or rather of their banishment, for of course it is only whilst in the comparative freedom afforded by the “Ticket-of-Leave,” or “Assignment” to private service—indulgences earned by good conduct under probation—that opportunities for acquiring property were open to them. Certain it is that in many instances as much industry and probity have been exercised by persons who have been prisoners of the Crown, as by any order of men labouring for wealth in the colony. When such amendment becomes apparent, a charitable spirit is, as I have said, universally evinced towards the individual; and, whatever mortification he may occasionally receive by chance shots, no intentional or deliberate reproach on the subject of “old stories” is ever aimed at him by his fellow-men. Indeed, the forbearance

practised on this point amounts even to delicacy. A convict, *eo nomine*, is seldom mentioned in New South Wales. He is "a prisoner of the Crown," an "old hand," a "government man," or, he was "sent out." This tenderness of expression, it will readily be believed, is practised not so much for the benefit of the actual offenders as for that of their innocent descendants—sufferers for the sins of their fathers, moral bastards, whose position is certainly deserving of all consideration from those more happily born. "In all mixed society," says Bulwer, "certain topics are proscribed." It is needless to particularize the forbidden topics of New South Wales general society.

I have never had, never desired, access to the records of the Convict department, but such cases as the following, of convicts' attainment to wealth and consequent power and station, are constantly before one's eyes in Sydney.

The first is a rich capitalist, and a landowner to the extent of a principality. He was a smuggler, a "fence,"* aided in the escape of French prisoners during the war; made some money in these pursuits, and was "transported beyond the seas." His money, following him, quickly accumulated, as it always did in the good days of the colony. He is not respected, but he has a good head for business and plenty of money, and commands therefore a place in a commercial community. Another case.—A Jew, professing a desire for conversion to Christianity, gains access to the plate-chest, &c. of a proselytizing family. The plate is indeed quickly converted—into cash. He desired no better than a trip to Australia. He is carried there at the expense of the taxpayers of England; dies in the odour of sanctity; and his next descendant attains high civic honours, becomes a justice of the peace, and no doubt well merits his success. One day, whilst riding with the Governor, I drew his attention to a carriage of peculiar form and colour, evidently an exact copy of one brought by his Excellency from England. His Excellency, although not easily moved, appeared far from flattered at finding that for the future he must be content to share the peculiarity of his equipage with emancipist Mr.—. There were the graceful bends of the vice-regal phaëton, even the very shade of the aristocratic yellow closely imitated.

Receiver of stolen goods.

There was a crest, coat of arms, &c. &c. ; and, for aught I know to the contrary, the worthy proprietor may have adopted, in profound ignorance of its import, the bar sinister of royal descent, borne on the shield of the ducal family whose scion now rules the colony. The same armorial bearings, I understand, are blazoned on the wire window-blinds of this ambitious gentleman's residence. I am glad to add that he has the character of a good man and a charitable, and has given land and money for the building of a church.

One very "swell" member of the "swell mob" was transported for robbing His Majesty's mail of a large sum ; but, previously to his apprehension, he was enabled to transfer the money to his wife, who followed him to Sydney under a feigned name. And here arose one of the worst glaring instances of the abuse of the Assignment System ever known. He was assigned as a servant to his faithful partner ;—an indulgence which placed husband and wife in a singular and awkward mutual relation ;—for, if he offended, she by application to the nearest magistrate could have him well flogged ; and, for a more serious act of domestic insubordination, sent to work in chains on the public roads !

The career, from a state of pauper crime to wealth and independence, of an emancipated prisoner, was, in a few words, as follows :—He offends against his country's laws, is "sent out," is assigned to service, gets his ticket-of-leave, finally his conditional or free pardon ; or, becomes free by servitude of his sentence. He takes a public house, dabbling meanwhile in various other money-making pursuits. He buys up cattle when the market is down, when their value might be reckoned by shillings, and sells them when ten or twelve pounds may be their price. He lends money on good security, and at usurious interest. He builds, buys, and sells houses. In the height of his prosperity, his house-rental alone brings him in 120*l.* a-week ; for, liking quick returns, he counts his income hebdomadally. He purchases shares in a great banking establishment, well known although not openly designated as the Emancipists' Bank, a most safe and respectable house, (the writer banked there himself.) He possesses huge storehouses in the city, a beautiful villa in a fashionable suburb. He drives a splendid equipage, flashing with silver harness and new varnished panels, and a fast trotting pair of

days, with which he takes pleasure in passing and dusting the government officers and other less opulent respectables on their way to church. The above is no fanciful portrait. It is from nature.

In one of my journeys in the interior of the colony, I inquired of my companion the history of a beautiful place about half a mile from the road-side. The moment he told me the name of the proprietor, I recognised it as one inscribed a hundred times over in the charts of New South Wales (and New Zealand, if I mistake not,) as a possessor of allotments. Transported as a lad, he served apprentice to a bricklayer, who employed a number of other prisoners. The sober and penniless boy saved up his daily ration of rum, then a scarce article in the colony, and, selling it to the other prisoners, laid the foundation of a fortune which enabled him a few years subsequently to eclipse the richest merchants of Sydney. Yet, when possessed of wealth sufficient for every luxury, he never indulged in personal expenses. Living on "damper,"* beef, and ration tea, in a brick-floored room, his highest luxury was getting drunk on East India rum at home, or at the neighbouring road-side tavern on colonial beer. He always, however, had an acute head and a vigilant eye for business; and mercantile, pastoral, and agricultural affairs flourished under his management.

Exactly opposite, across the public road, lies the property of a gentleman of high station and character, whose avocations compel him to reside in the capital. He must keep up a degree of style, and exercise a degree of hospitality, commensurate with his position. His distant estate is neglected or mismanaged. At present a few horses and horned stock run wild and almost unreclaimed on the still uncleared land; the fences have fallen into disrepair; the property is a loss rather than a gain to the owner. The "old hand" is making money, in short; the old soldier spending it. The one is debarred society and its incidental expenses; the other is compelled by his duties to society to live expensively.

In 1849 or 1850, a friend of mine, desirous of returning permanently to England, and of parting with his property in the colony, advertised it for sale in the public prints,—an

* Unleavened bread.

excellent country squire's house and offices, with a beautiful farm around it, close to a large town. Considering the depreciation of landed property, many tolerably handsome offers were made; but the highest bidder and eventual purchaser was a man who had been a convict, one of about a hundred prisoners employed by the father of the heiress of the estate. By steady behaviour this person became the overseer of the assigned men, gradually acquired money, freedom, and independence; and, still in the vigour of life, purchases the house and property of his late master as a dower for his only daughter. However completely reformed, however respectable in life and conduct, he cannot be a very agreeable neighbour for the numerous branches of the clan * * * still resident in the country, amongst whom he has thus settled himself.

I could enumerate not a few similar instances of convict prosperity. Some rose to wealth by honest industry, some by industry unfettered by probity, and others by downright roguery, defrauding their creditors by dint of the Insolvent Court, after having made over the bulk of their property to their wives or other trusty relatives. Those unfortunates whom they had cozened were compelled, and still continue, to go a-foot, while successful and brazen-faced rascality "rides in coaches." In mentioning the Insolvent Court, it is only fair to say that enriched convicts were by no means the only class of persons who fled to that city of refuge.

I will adduce one satisfactory instance in connexion with the subject of wealthy emancipated prisoners of the Crown.

— was not only transported for a heinous offence, but, while under probation, had the character of the most unruly and incorrigible of the chain-gang he belonged to. Every kind of severity and indignity was heaped upon his obdurate spirit. Yet he reformed—who shall say through what agency? Perhaps the devil was whipped out of him. Perhaps reflection cast the foul fiend out—for the reprobate had a long head on those same fustigated shoulders. At any rate, in process of time, and by a mixture of good conduct, good luck and address, the branded and scourged felon, the manacled slave, became a wealthy capitalist. At the time of the general money-quake he fell like the rest—failing for an immense sum; I do not know the amount, but certainly not less than—(probably twice as much as)—50,000*l*. Unlike his compeers in

mischance, bond and free, who sheltered themselves in the Court, by a strong effort he succeeded in paying up twenty shillings in the pound; and, having thus reduced himself almost to beggary, he recommenced life undismayed and with that resolute energy which, ill directed, had formerly made him foremost among the bad. This man, like some others of his class, gave to his children the highest education England could furnish. He is the landlord of many of the aristocracy of Sydney, who find him both liberal and correct in his dealings. The calling he has adopted brings him into contact with persons of every grade. He is extensively employed by the Government, as well as by companies and individuals, and has always been cited as a punctual, respectable, and upright man of business—as well as a singularly clever one, although, even in his old age, he can scarcely write his name. In a transaction I had in the colony, involving several hundred pounds' worth of property, I deliberately selected this meritorious person from among several of the same profession possessing the highest qualifications of character and capacity.

Since I made the above note, its subject has paid the debt of nature. In proof of the high estimation in which "the long course of honourable and successful pursuits" of this person was held by the public, a Colonial Journal distinguished by its strict principles, in thus alluding to his career, mentions that the "*cortège*" attending his funeral consisted of nearly a hundred carriages—perhaps the most numerous procession ever seen in Sydney on similar occasions. The deceased left a large and unencumbered property.

The most interesting of the class compulsorily expatriated—to use a delicate expression suited to the sex—has been made the heroine of a well-known popular novel in England. This lady has lived a model of virtue and propriety, and her children and grandchildren are well received, and deserve to be so, in the best society of the colony.

I know of but one person, who came out to this country as a prisoner of the Crown, admitted, without any reservation, into equal communion with the society in general. Whilst serving in an active profession he had the misfortune, some thirty-five or forty years ago, to kill a man in a duel, and, falling into the hands of a judge determined to make an example of such a case, was transported for a term of years,

or for life, I know not which. Practising with eminent skill as a physician for a longer period than any of the profession in the colony, he signalised himself by his benevolent attentions to the poor and sick. He was a distinguished member of the First Legislative Council of New South Wales—being indeed one of the elected members for the city of Sydney; and, after the dissolution of this body, was a successful candidate for a seat in the second Council, convened in 1849—only resigning this honourable post for private reasons—perhaps on account of his advanced age.

At the period of colonial history when the emancipist class, patronised and drawn from social obscurity by the governor of the day, had attained the highest point of prosperity; when the eminent and opulent firms of Lagg, Scragg, Hempson & Co., and other houses and individuals of similar derivation, possessed branch businesses in London, Liverpool, and in the neighbouring colonies, and owned at least one half of the monied and landed property in the colony—it is a ludicrous fact that an ingenious individual, in quest of an opening for employment, hit upon the bright idea of establishing an “office of armorial research.” He had no difficulty in finding namesakes for most of his Botany Bay constituents among the nobility and landed gentry of England, and in adapting to them suitable coats of arms, heraldic emblems and mottoes. I happen to know that on one occasion this colonial garter-king-at-arms having allotted to an ex-convict customer the following imposing motto:—“*Ictus non victus*”—“Stricken not vanquished;”—and having with some complacency submitted it for approval to a gentleman of his acquaintance, the latter, with all due deference to the accomplished herald, proposed this trifling amendment—“*Ictus ter convictus*”—“Scourged, and thrice convicted!”—a legend more veracious than most mottoes and epitaphs!

One Sunday, in passing through a country town of this colony, and taking my place amongst others in one of the ordinary seats in the aisle of the parish church, I noticed a large dais-like pew, crimson-curtained and brass rodded, alongside the altar, with a costly marble tablet attached to the wall. In England it would have been the ancestral seat of the squire and lord of the manor. The person to whom this pew belonged occupied precisely this station with regard to the

colonial town. So likewise did his father, who had been a convict, and to whose memory that testimonial of filial respect was sacred.

Such are a few instances illustrative of an element of society peculiar to this colony and to one other only. They are everyday instances continually under the notice of the Sydney public, ~~not now~~ dragged from obscurity in order to adorn a tale. Whether they are calculated to "point a moral" depends much on the way in which they are taken. On the one hand, the spectacle of wealthy crime constantly before the eyes of a young community, in which a modest competence is all that the hard-working and honest man may hope for, cannot but be hurtful as a subject of contemplation, comment, and comparison by the inexperienced and unreflecting. On the other hand it may be argued that an offence is fairly expiated by a commensurate punishment, and that the prosperity of the penitent offender should not only be a subject of rejoicing, but afford a profitable and salutary example.

Very many transported persons have thoroughly reformed. Very many were not radically vicious, but owed their fall to bad example and bad counsel. The wheel of fortune (that of Brixton, perhaps!) may have played them an ugly turn or two in the youth of some; but they have seen their errors, felt the consequences of them, and learnt, moreover, the value of character and conduct. But the blemish is irradicable: like a broken-kneed horse, they may continue to work, and work as well as their more spotless fellow-men; but they never meet again with that implicit trust which those who have never "been down" have a right to expect. So little is what may be styled active convictism now apparent in Sydney, that a stranger might be unaware that any remains of the system still exist. The prisoners under custody and punishment are all confined to Cockatoo Island. This natural hulk is situated about two miles above Sydney, just where Port Jackson narrows into the creek called the Paramatta River, and about a quarter of a mile from either shore. Here is all that remains of that stupendous machinery which from first to last has introduced into and diffused through these colonies not less than 60,000* of Great Britain's offenders, and by

* Mr. V. Dumas, clerk in the Convict Department, Sydney, states, that of these 60,000 prisoners, "38,000 are now filling respectable positions in life, and earning

whose agency it may be said this great fifth portion of the globe has been redeemed from the savage, and appropriated to the European family.

The isle is a triangle in form, about 400 yards long by 280 in width. It contains at present about 300 prisoners under conviction for offences committed in the colony, or expirees from Norfolk Island. Many of these are regular incurables, doubly and trebly convicted. The prisoners are employed in quarrying stone, in laying down a clear and spacious wharf round this rugged isle, so that a few sentries can command the entire circumference. They are moreover engaged on the useful work of excavating a dry dock—a convenience which does not at present exist in these colonies. The establishment is admirably adapted both by nature and art to its purpose. Nevertheless, many desperate attempts at escape were made in my time. One wretched man flung himself into the water, loaded with chains, and, being a powerful swimmer, had got nearly a hundred yards from the pier before the sentry perceived him. Disregarding the soldier's shouts and threats the man swam steadily onwards, upon which the sentry fired, and the wretch instantly sunk; nor was his body ever found. Sharks in search of offal from the slaughter-houses haunt this part of the harbour, and act as an efficient "cordon."

The great curiosity of Cockatoo Island is the Siloes—excavations in the solid rock, shaped like a huge bottle, 15 or 20 feet deep by 10 wide, with a narrow neck, closed by a stone capsule luted with plaster. About a dozen and a half of these siloes, filled in times of plenty with grain, were intended as a reserve of food for seasons of famine, which have more than once befallen the colony. It was a monopoly for the public benefit; but the plan was discountenanced and disallowed by the home authorities—I suppose, because it might interfere with the agricultural interests.

their livelihood in the most creditable manner . . . Of the residue, death and departures from the colony will account for the greater part; and I am enabled to state that only 370 out of the whole are now undergoing punishment of any kind!"—*Letter dated June 1850.*

CHAPTER I.st

HISTORICAL NOTES—BIRTH AND INFANCY OF BOTANY BAY—A MILITARY REVOLT—EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD REGISTER—FIRST WOOL—POPULATION IN 1833—SALE AND LEASE OF CROWN LANDS—EMIGRATION—PAPAL AGGRESSION—GOLD DISCOVERED—TOUR IN THE INTERIOR—VINEYARD—PARAMATTA—A FEMALE REVOLT—HONEY-MOONS—"OLD IRONBARK"—BUSH TAVERNS—EMU FERRY INN—THE NEPEAN RIVER—ESTATES IN THE VALLEY—EMU PLAINS—LAPSTONE HILL—CONVICT LABOUR—A PENINSULAR BONIFACE—BULLOCK DRAYS AND DRIVERS—FOREST TREES—BLUE MOUNTAIN INN—BUSH FIRES—BLACKHEATH—CONVICT STOCKADE—RUNAWAYS—MURDERS—BUSH-RANGERS.

I HAD not been many months in the colony before a most favourable opportunity of visiting the provinces occurred. But ere I engage my reader to accompany me on my first inland tour, I would beg permission to do for him what I did for myself on the passage out, and subsequently; namely, to look up from the authorities nearest at hand a few of the leading facts attendant on the history of New South Wales. It is needless to say that he is at liberty to shirk these notes if he pleases, and to jump again into the current of the narrative.

To begin at the very beginning,—it is perhaps not generally known that the great island continent of New Holland, so lately occupied by the Anglo-Saxon family, is senior in existence to Europe itself. The absence of certain strata in its geological formation is sufficient proof to the learned that the sun rose and set on Australia whilst "Old" England remained yet submerged beneath the waves she now rules.

This subject is so immeasurably beyond my reach, that I jump at once out of the scrape, to the year 1609, when the Spaniard, De Quiros, is supposed to have been the first white visitor of the Great South Land. One Dick Hartog, (the ancestor, no doubt, of Sir Walter Scott's hero,) of Amsterdam, was the second.

In 1644, the Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, explored its coast, and bestowed upon it, very naturally and patriotically, the name of New Hollandt.

In 1777, the Englishman, Cook, in planting the British

standard on its shores, with equal propriety styled it New South Wales.

Both titles are retained; the former being the generic appellation of the entire island, the latter that of the first colony implanted on its coasts. Australia is a more sonorous *alias* by which this great southern slice of the globe has also become known; and the term Australasia has been given (as some one remarks, "with doubtful propriety") to all the comparatively lately discovered lands in the South Pacific Ocean, New Holland, New Zealand, &c. &c.

The British colonies in New Holland may be said to owe their origin to the United States of America; for, on the severance of these last from the Mother Country, she was compelled to look out for some other place for her deported criminals. Botany Bay, so lauded by Dr. Solander, Cook's companion, was fixed on.

"The main objects," writes Dr. Lang, "of the British Government in the formation of the proposed settlement, were, 1st. To rid the Mother Country of the intolerable nuisance arising from the daily increasing accumulation of criminals in her jails and houses of correction;—2d. To afford a suitable place for the safe custody and the punishment of these criminals, as well as for their ultimate progressive reformation;—and 3d. To form a British colony out of those materials which the reformation of the criminals might gradually supply to the Government, in addition to the families of free emigrants who might from time to time be induced to settle in the newly-discovered territory."

In March 1787, accordingly, the "first fleet," eleven vessels under command of Captain Phillip, R.N. of H.M. ship *Sirius*, with 565 males, and 192 females, and a guard of marines—in all 1,030 souls on board—sailed from England. After eight months' passage, they reached in safety Botany Bay. This spot was found sandy, swampy, and ill watered; the harbour shallow and exposed; the natives hostile. Phillip, searching further northwards, entered an inlet about ten miles from Botany Bay, laid down in the chart of Cook's expedition as a "boat harbour," under the name of Port Jackson, from the sailor who discovered its entrance. Astonished and overjoyed at the view of the magnificent haven, which had been veiled from the sea by the outer headlands, Phillip hastened to

removed the fleet from Botany Bay ; and on the 26th January 1788, it was anchored in Sydney Cove. On that day the epoch of transportation to New South Wales commenced ; it terminated on the 20th August, 1840. This punishment is now confined to Van Diemen's Land, and its dependency, Norfolk Island. Cockatoo Island receives the incorrigibles of New South Wales.

In May that year the entire live-stock of the colony, public and private, was found to consist of 2 bulls, 5 cows, 1 horse, 3 mares, 3 colts, 29 sheep, 19 goats, 74 pigs, 5 rabbits, 18 turkeys, 29 geese, 35 ducks, and 210 fowls. In the following month, two bulls and four cows were lost in the bush — a great apparent disaster, eventuating in most fortunate results ; for these animals, led by instinct, took their course inland, traversing the sterile and sandy tracts round Sydney, and finally choosing their pasture about forty miles from the settlement, on the banks of the Hawkesbury. Here they quickly multiplied, owing their safety from the natives to the novelty of their appearance, their fierce looks, sharp horns, and formidable voices.

The troubles of the first governor were very great. The stores failed ; the soil produced but little food. More prisoners arrived. He sent the *Sirius* with a party of troops and convicts to take possession of Norfolk Island ; the ship was wrecked, and the provisions on board lost. The people lived on the mutton-bird, or sooty petrel, which swarmed on the island, until grain grew up. The convicts at Sydney became mutinous ; many escaped. A party of twenty of them started for China, *by land*, in 1781, and the few who survived were brought back half starved to the settlement. The blacks were troublesome. His Excellency himself was dangerously wounded by one of them. Food had to be sent for from Batavia and the Cape of Good Hope. Botany Bay and Port Jackson fortunately afforded great quantities of fish, which were caught and served out as rations. Agriculture was gradually established. Land was granted to a few free settlers, as well as to emancipated prisoners. Many of the marines, also, became colonists. They were furnished with clothes and rations from the public stores for eighteen months, tools, implements of husbandry, seed-grain, live-stock, and eventually, the services of such number of prisoners as they could engage to feed and clothe.

INFANCY OF THE COLONY.

Thus originated the assignment system, the best ever invented, had it been properly administered; but being, like most other systems, open to abuse, abuse walked in as a matter of course. It relieved the treasury from the expense of maintenance, separated the convicts, and associated the better conducted of them with respectable families. To the colonists themselves this supply of labour, when no other was to be obtained, was an inestimable boon. When the boon was extended to emancipated and expirée prisoners, or to other worthless characters, it became an abuse.

Old chronological tables, as well as histories, testify that the birth and infancy of the colony were attended by natural prodigies, terrestrial and meteorological, such as might have been received as omens of failure, if not as warnings from on High, against the rise of a nation bearing on its scutcheon the fetter and the scourge—sad emblems for a nascent people. These phenomena have providentially not attended the maturer age of the colony. In the first year a severe shock of an earthquake was felt, with sulphureous exhalations from the ground. Others occurred in 1801 and 1806. Tremendous hail-storms, or rather showers of ice-flakes six and eight inches in circumference, destroyed young stock, poultry, and crops. Furious hurricanes and an influx of the sea occurred at Norfolk Island. There were fearful and repeated floods of the Hawkesbury River, the most memorable of which, in 1806 and 1808, caused terrible devastation, and drove the settlement to absolute starvation. Yet destructive to the rapid progress of the new colony as were these natural causes, there was another yet more disastrous—namely *rum*! In the absence of coin, rum became the chief article of exchange. Government officers, settlers, military men, emancipists and convicts, all dabbled in the dirty but lucrative traffic—and rum became a legal tender and the great circulating medium. Licences to retail spirits were given to members of what might, at that time, have been styled the aristocracy of the society. Whilst the gentlemen so indulged were going about their official avocations, their assigned convict-servant—sometimes female convict and concubine—managed the shop and the till. Such was the paucity of women of good repute, and such the consequent general depravity, that in 1806 two-thirds of the children annually born were illegitimate.

OUR ANTIPODES.

The miserable spirit of huckstering, well styled by one of the early Governors a "low and unmilitary occupation," brought about one of the most extraordinary instances of military usurpation extant in the history of the British army, namely, the deposition of the Governor by the officers and men of the New South Wales Corps—afterwards embodied as the 102d Regiment. Captain Bligh, the famous commander of the *Bounty*, on assuming the Government, resolved to break up this monstrous system. The civil and military monopolists, resenting his interference and resisting his authority, persuaded the *pro. tem.* commandant of the corps to place the Governor in arrest, and to assume himself the government of the Colony—which violent measure was carried instantly into effect. The regiment paraded at seven o'clock the same evening, the twentieth anniversary of the Colony, and was marched at a quick pace, with fixed bayonets, band playing, and colours flying, to the Government House. The subaltern in command of the Governor's guard loaded and joined the corps with his men, and was pushing into the entrance-hall, when his advance was gallantly resisted by the fair daughter of His Excellency, a young and pretty widow. The parasol which, "legends say," was on this occasion bravely wielded in defence of a father, proved but a poor *para sol-dat!* for the men, rushing past the lady into the Governor's apartment, captured him in the act of destroying some important papers. The Commandant was installed as Governor. The real Governor was confined in the barracks, but was afterwards permitted to take command of H.M. ship *Porpoise*—then in harbour—in order to return to England.

In December 1809, Colonel Macquarie arrived at Sydney, with instructions to vindicate the laws by reinstating for twenty-four hours Governor Bligh, and then to be sworn in as his successor. The deposition of Governor Bligh was designated by the Secretary of State as a "mutinous outrage." The Major (who had meanwhile been promoted to a Lieut.-Colonelcy) was ordered home under arrest, was tried by a general court-martial in May 1811, and was cashiered—his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief confirming the sentence, while he characterised it as "inadequate to the enormity of the crime." The New South Wales Corps was immediately relieved by H.M.'s 73d Regiment, whose gallant

EARLY HISTORY.

colonel, with great poetical justice, espoused the fair and spirited daughter of the ill-treated Governor. Mr. J——, late Lieut.-Colonel, returned to the colony, where he died much regretted, leaving considerable property. This singular event in the annals of the colony is minutely detailed in Lang's History of New South Wales.

Some items of an old register I picked up in London before I left England, afford curious glimpses of the olden times of the settlement.

"1807.—Auction at the Green Hills on Saturday next. A capital grey horse with an elegant chaise and harness. Payment to be made in wheat, maize, or swine's flesh, at government price, or in copper coin."

"1810.—Market. Mutton, beef, and pork, 1s. 6d. per lb.—wheat, 1l. 6s. 4d. per bushel—maize, 6s.—potatoes, 17s. 6d. per cwt.—fowls, 3s.—eggs, 2s. 6d. per dozen—wheaten bread, 12½d. per 2lb. loaf.

"October 15th.—First Races and Race Ball at Sydney. * * * The Ball-room was occupied until about two o'clock, when part of the company retired, and those that chose to remain formed into a supper-party. After the cloth was removed the rosy Deity asserted his pre-eminence, and with the zealous aid of Momus and Apollo chased pale Cynthia down into the western world. The blazing orb of day announced his near approach. Bacchus drooped his head, and Momus ceased to animate," &c. &c.!

"Execution.—One Murphy hanged for sheep-stealing."

"May 19th, 1810.—Prisoners of the Crown directed to attend Divine service on the Sabbath-day."—Query—for the first time since the formation of the settlement in 1788?

"1812.—Government Public Notice and Order. Secretary's Office Sydney 10th Aug. 1812:—

"The extraordinary increase of curs and mongrels of a base and worthless description rendering the streets of Sydney dangerous to all persons, &c. &c., His Ex. the Governor is pleased to express a hope that the inhabitants of Sydney will take immediate means for the destruction of those degenerate and worthless animals, &c.!"

Never surely were dogs called by such a multitude of bad names!

"*December*.—Ten rams of the Merino breed, lately sold by auction from the flocks of John Macarthur, Esq., produced upwards of 200 guineas."

"1815.—The road over the Blue Mountains to the New Territory finished."

"1821.—Twenty-six prisoners capitally convicted at the Criminal Sessions, nineteen of whom were executed."

"1822.—Thirty-four prisoners condemned to die at the Criminal Sessions in October!!"

"1824.—*August*.—Black Tommy executed for murder."

"*August 11th*.—A Legislative Council, established by Royal Sign Manual, proclaimed in the colony."

"*October*.—Liberty of the Press acknowledged by the Governor."

"*October 19th*.—H. M.'s ship *Warspite*, the first (and only) 74 that ever entered Port Jackson, arrived with Commodore Sir James Brisbane."

"1830.—Donohue, the desperate bushranger, shot by a party of mounted police at Raby."

"1831.—His companions Webber and Walmsley captured."

"*April 19th*.—A Government order, prohibiting the abominable traffic with New Zealand for human heads, which had so long disgraced the colony."

The honour of originating the Australian wool trade, now so famous, is due to Mr. John Macarthur, who, going to England about 1803, "displayed the samples of wool grown by himself in New South Wales to some brokers, who, foreseeing the advantage that would accrue to Great Britain if by its extensive cultivation the Australian fleece could be made to compete with the Spanish and Saxon article, interested themselves to obtain for Mr. Macarthur the special favour of the Home Government. In consequence, when Mr. M. returned, as he shortly did, he received a large grant of land suitable to his adventure, and a number of assigned servants sufficient for his purpose. He continued his operations with varying success at first, but ultimately with such profitable certainty as to make sheep-farming the general pursuit of the colony."*

I must allude but passingly to the vast alternations of prosperity and disaster which befel the colonists from the date of

* Braim's History of New South Wales.

the live-stock first attaining a high value;—the wild spirit of speculation, the ruinous facility of credit, fictitious wealth and substantial extravagance, the mortgages, bankruptcies, monetary panics and commercial revolutions. They will be found correctly narrated by Lang, Braim, Westgarth, and others; and afford a wholesome lesson to young and rising colonies. In the three years 1842-44, when the population of New South Wales was only 162,000, there were 1,638 cases of sequestration of estates—the collective debts of which were three and a half millions sterling!

With respect to the population of the colony—one Governor constituted himself the champion of the convicts—adopting the principle, that long tried good conduct should lead an offender back to that rank in society which he had forfeited, and do away all retrospect of former bad conduct. He gave to pardoned and ex-pirce prisoners places of trust, and the *entrée* of Government House. He discountenanced free immigration. His successor, on the contrary, kept the emancipists at a distance and encouraged immigration. A fierce jealousy grew up between the parties, bond and free. It became the business of a third Governor to allay these hostile feelings, and he succeeded as far as human nature would permit. The census of 1833 exhibits the population of New South Wales as follows:—

Free Males . . .	22,798	Convict Males . .	21,845
Free Females . .	13,453	Convict Females .	2,698
Total Free . . .	<u>36,251</u>	Total Convicts . .	<u>24,543</u>
Grand Total . . .	<u>60,794</u>		

Of the free population one-half were liberated convicts.

The disproportion of the sexes in the total population is very remarkable.*

In 1840 the number of convicts assigned to private service was 21,000 and upwards.†

On the 31st December, 1849, the free population numbered 242,782; the bond, or convicts, 3,517; total, 246,299.

In 1831 the system of granting or giving away Crown lands, whether in reward of service—to encourage settlers—or to induce them to employ and maintain convicts, was abandoned, and the principle of sale was introduced—the

Braim.

† Terry.

object being to provide out of the proceeds of the land fund the pecuniary means of assisting the immigration of a free and virtuous population. The upset auction price of land was by Lord Ripon in 1831 fixed at 5*s.* an acre. In 1838 by Lord Glenelg it was raised to 12*s.*; and by Lord Stanley in 1842 to 1*l.*—at which price it now rests. Land in the larger towns reached at one period a price that throws even London land into the shade. In 1834 a corner allotment in George-street, Sydney, sold at the rate of 18,150*l.* per acre, and another at 27,928*l.* per acre. In 1840 one small allotment was purchased at the rate of 40,000*l.* per acre. About the same date as the establishment of the sale of Crown lands, arose that of issuing depasturing licences, in order to prevent the unauthorized occupation of Crown lands by squatters and others. The fees raised by this impost were devoted to police and other public purposes in the pastoral districts, or, as Sir George Gipps styles them, lands beyond the shireland of New South Wales.

Various successive emigration schemes were concocted, tried, and annulled. The land fund became exhausted or was dissipated; and hitherto, it may be said, no really efficient plan, advantageous to the mother country, the colony, and the emigrant himself, has been hit upon, and carried out to any satisfactory extent for this colony.

The emigration from the United Kingdom in 1847, in round numbers, was as follows:—

To the North American Colonies	109,600
To the United States	142,500
To the Australian Colonies and New Zealand	4,900 only!

In 1840, New South Wales ceased to be “a place to which convicts might be transported from the United Kingdom.”

In 1843 it was found that, up to December 1842, upwards of 50,000*l.* had been defrayed from the treasury of New South Wales, for the missions and protectorate of the Aborigines. How small the result, I may have hereafter to show.

In 1847, the Squatters received, after long agitation of the question at home and abroad, the by them long desired and deserved fixity of tenure on their lands rented from the Crown.

In October 1846, the colony was invited to receive convicts once more. After much vacillation of counsel, the proposition was finally rejected in October 1850.

1849 and 50.—Great migration from New South Wales to California.*

1851.—A new constitution tendered to the colony—and remonstrated against by the colonists.

1851. *May*.—Gold discovered in New South Wales.

June 12th.—Governor Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy sworn in at Sidney as first Governor-general of the Australian colonies.

July 1st.—Port Phillip separated from New South Wales, and erected into an independent colony under the title of "Victoria," by proclamation of the Governor-general.

I had not been many months in New South Wales (as I have said), before an opportunity of seeing, under the most favourable auspices, something of the interior of the country was offered to me.

His Excellency Sir Charles Fitzroy, in his first address to the legislative council in 1846, informed that body, that he had come to the colony unbiassed by preconceived opinions, and that to enable him to judge for himself on some of the main questions then in agitation, he should take an early occasion of visiting in person the inland counties, as well as some of the districts beyond the boundaries of location—commonly called the Squatting Districts. He fixed upon the beginning of November in that year for his first trip, which was to extend to Bathurst and Wellington, with a run through the pastoral tracts westward of those counties; and the author was invited to accompany the expedition.

Accordingly, on the 9th of November, 1846, the party left Sydney. It consisted of the Governor and Lady Mary Fitzroy; Mr. George Fitzroy, the private Secretary; Mr. E. Deas Thomson, the colonial Secretary; and myself. We had with us one female and four male servants, with two men of the mounted police as escort—the latter being relieved at each station on the road. Sir Charles had turned out, expressly

* It was towards the end of 1848, I think, that the intelligence of the discovery of gold in California reached New South Wales. In the first week of the following year four or five large vessels were chartered at Sydney for the transport of Australian diggers and speculators to that distant country. By the end of 1850 the population of the colony was reduced by nearly 5,000 persons, many of whom, by the way, had been brought from England to Sydney at the expense of the New South Wales Land Fund.

for travelling, a new carriage—a sort of mail phaëton, with a hood, a rumble, and a very high driving box, under which was a spacious boot for luggage. On the perch swung a small leathern receptacle for tools, screws, nuts, buckles, straps, &c., likely to be useful in cases of fracture or accident—cases of very frequent occurrence, as may be supposed, in bush journeys. I particularly notice this latter appliance, and recommend it for adoption by all travellers in a rough and thinly peopled country. This vehicle, with four horses, was driven by His Excellency, who is an accomplished whip. The Colonial Secretary and myself occupied a light open carriage and pair, each contributing a horse; and my English valet attended us. A dog-cart followed, carrying two servants.

The road between Sydney and Paramatta is so well known that I shall say nothing of it on this occasion, beyond noting the singular fact, that the annual lease of the Annandale turnpike, the first on the road out of Sydney, was sold by auction in 1848, for 3,005*l*.—about half the yearly proceeds of Waterloo Bridge, where foot passengers also pay. A very dusty drive of fifteen miles brought us to the town of Paramatta, where, crossing the river by a handsome stone bridge, and descending its left bank about two miles, we came to Vineyard, the residence of Mr. Hannibal Macarthur, at which place we were to remain two nights. The house is large, and better constructed for a hot climate than the majority of the Sydney dwellings. It is prettily situated on a bend of the river, with a spacious lawn in front, beautiful gardens, orangeries, and vineyards, all bounded by the dense forest, or bush. Here our party was most hospitably treated. What with driving, riding, boating, and bathing in the morning; feasting, singing, and dancing in the evening, the rosy and somewhat sultry hours flew as fast as they conveniently could, the range of the thermometer, between 80° and 90°, being taken into consideration.

November 10th.—Passed the day in lionizing Paramatta. It is a considerable village, or rather town, well laid out, but low, and in summer extremely hot, being entirely surrounded by land considerably higher than its site, which screens it from the sea-breeze—the life-blood of the Sydneyites, and other dwellers near the coast. The town is conveniently placed at the head of the navigation of the salt creek mis-called the Paramatta River, which is, indeed, nothing more

than an inlet of Port Jackson. A small fresh-water stream, not always fluent, is thrown back by a dam just above the town, and is thus saved from pollution by the sea-water, which at high-tide washes the lower slope of that barrier. It is not easy to find anywhere prettier cottages than many of those dropped down in their trim little gardens in this earliest—one can hardly use the term, most ancient—of Australian country towns. At the present season there is a profusion of flowers in full bloom, not yet burnt up by the sun of the fast-coming summer. The verandahs and porches are embowered with creeping-plants—vines, woodbines, bignonias, passion-flowers, &c. Immense standard orange-trees and figs grow in some of the enclosures; and there are some tolerably good specimens of the English oak, which, however, does not take kindly to the climate and soil of this country.

In the towns of New South Wales, the first object upon which the stranger's eye falls, is some grand building devoted to the custody and coercion of convicts;—in civiler terms, to the accommodation of its original white population; or to their protection, when age and disease, mental or bodily, may have overtaken them,—gaols, in short, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and the like. At Paramatta, the most prominent of these establishments—a handsome solid stone edifice, a “stone-jug” well calculated to contain the most ardent and effervescent spirits—is the Female Factory, where prisoners of that sex, sanely or insantly unruly, are incarcerated. I had an opportunity of visiting it with the Governor, and have no wish either to repeat the visit, or to dwell on the details thereof. The numbers of the tenants of this establishment are, since the cessation of transportation, much diminished; but it is not many years ago that the Amazonian inmates, amounting to seven or eight hundred, and headed by a ferocious giantess, rose upon the guards and turnkeys, and made a desperate attempt at escape by burning the building. The officer commanding the troops then occupying the stockade, who gave me this account, sent a subaltern with a hundred men, half of them armed only with sticks, and an effort was made to drive the fair insurgents within one of the yards, in order to secure them. This manœuvre, however, failed. They laughed at the cane-carrying soldiers, refuting their *argumentum baculinum* by a fierce charge upon the gates, in

which one man was knocked over by a brickbat from Mrs. Ajax. The military were reinforced; the magistrate made them load with ball-cartridge, and the desperados were eventually subdued.

This unladylike ebullition was considered, as I am assured, the most formidable convict outbreak that ever occurred in the colony, not even excepting that of Castle Hill, in the year 1804! I believe the periodical close-cropping of the women's hair was the prime cause of the outbreak. From Samson downwards it has been a dangerous trick to play man or woman. I have known many a good soldier rendered disaffected by the harassing warfare waged against his whiskers and side-locks by martinet officers. In the case of the Paramatta factory, the Governor was diplomatic enough to relax the depilatory laws. A penitentiary is not precisely the market to which a squeamish man would go for a wife. The Governor, however, was, in old times, besieged by applications, both from manumitted prisoners and respectable settlers, for helpmates from this factory. I was told by an officer who had been an eye-witness of the same; that it was amusing to see the aspirant for matrimony passing in review a lot of women paraded to be chosen from. Good looks were but a trifling consideration; former character and mode of life were proscribed subjects of inquiry. Health and strength, with tolerable conduct in prison, were sufficient dower.

The stockade of Castle Hill, of which a few bricks now alone mark the site, was placed on a beautiful range of hills, a few miles north of the Paramatta River, at present covered with settlers, and distinguished for luxuriant orange-orchards and vineyards. Several hundred prisoners were employed there by the Government in clearing and cultivating the country, then clothed with forest. These men, having contrived to collect about 150 stand of arms, besides pistols, pikes, pitchforks, and other agrarian weapons, advanced, in number about 360, upon Paramatta. The major commanding the New South Wales corps, having notice of the conspiracy, marched from Sydney with only forty men, (all that were available for the service,) and without hesitation attacked the rebels, who, having but a bad cause, made but a bad fight. The result may be given in a few words. *Sixteen were killed out of hand, twelve wounded, thirty made*

prisoners. "The rest they ran away;" but, being starved out, they yielded, and five were hanged. Those were not the days when any scruples existed as to the orthodoxy of hemp as an instrument of correction. There was no fear of Exeter Hall before the eyes of the local executive. In an old history of the early days of the colony, I find that somewhere about the same date six soldiers were brought to the gallows at once, "for the unpardonable crime of procuring false keys to the public stores, and committing frequent robberies upon them while on guard." Their offence was aggravated by the fact, that the then infant settlement of Sydney was in the greatest distress for provisions; and the punishment was the more appropriate, that it diminished by so many the mouths consuming the scanty stock! In 1850 these plunderers would possibly have gotten fifty lashes at the triangles, and a sensitive and humane public and press would have fulminated indignant remonstrances at the barbarity of the sentence.

There are two excellent inns at Paramatta, which must be chiefly supported by the jaunting cits of Sydney. Their most interesting and, doubtless, most lucrative customers, are, however, the cooing couples from the flaunting metropolis, who repair to this rural and quiet village for the short period devoted in this country to the honey-moon—for honey-lunacy is but a very temporary derangement where the votaries are people of business. But if only a half-moon in duration, it may be reckoned a full one in splendour; for Mr. Edwards's or Mr. Seale's best clarences and best four horses (unicorn at the least!) may be seen every week at the portico of St. James's church, plated harness, satin favours and all, dashing away with some experimental pair to the nuptial bowers of the "Red Cow" or "Wool-pack," or, perhaps, further a-field to the "Black Horse" at Richmond,—(on the Hawkesbury, not the Thames,)—where something like retirement, in a public-house, may be enjoyed. One wants the post-boys, though! An awkward, pully-hawly, broad-brimmed, mufti old coachman, whose whip has no sort of connexion with his leaders, and who has no notion of the pace rigorously correct on such occasions, jars upon one's prejudices, and introduces the "jog-trot," sooner or later an infallible element of wedlock, much too early in its career!

Paramatta is the Richmond, the Versailles, the Barrackpore

of Sydney. The *plaisance* of the Governor is situated on a gentle eminence above the fresh-water stream, a few hundred yards westward of the town, looking over the trees of its lawn directly down the main street, which may be three quarters of a mile in length, abutting upon the Sydney steam-boat wharf. The dwelling-house looks like that of an English country squire or gentleman farmer, of some 1,500*l.* a-year. The domain around the house comprises a Government reserve of 5,000 acres.

Either as a place of residence or resort, Paramatta possesses great advantages in its double access by land and water—wheels or paddles. On a cool day, the trip by the river is very pleasant as well as pretty. The country on the northern bank is elevated and picturesque; and both shores are studded here and there with solid stone houses and snug cottages, with tolerable gardens, and orange orchards truly Hesperidean in their profusion of golden fruit.

Paramatta has not the air of a thriving place. Amongst the causes of its evident financial indisposition are assigned the removal of the Government establishments on the cessation of transportation, and the undue absorption of trade into the capital—an instance of centralization unequalled in any part of the world, for nearly one-fourth of the population of a country, perhaps 700 miles long by 250 in width, is crowded into the chief town.

November 11th.—An early start—for early starting is the soul of Australian travelling—from Vineyard *en route* for Bathurst. Passing through Paramatta, whose somewhat somnolent echoes were startled by the sound of the ten wheels and thirty-six horse-shoes of our cavalcade, and skirting the Domain, we soon found ourselves trotting briskly along the high-road to Penrith, our half-way stage of this day's work, a village, about nineteen miles from Paramatta. Our route up to that place lay through the metropolitan county of Cumberland. Without being absolutely picturesque, the country is agreeably undulated, the soil good in many parts, and free from the deep ravines common to the sand-stone tracts. Even in these days there appears, along the road-side, at least ten times more bush than cleared land; but the woods are all fenced in for pasturing purposes. We were particularly struck with the fine dark loam of the

Prospect Hills, cultivated to the very summits, and the well-chosen site of Veteran Hall, the residence of Mr. Lawson, with its luxuriant orange-groves and vineries, contrasting in their vivid green with the leaden hue of the gum forest below. This gentleman, one of the oldest, if not the oldest inhabitant of the colony, was formerly an officer of the New South Wales Corps, which was raised in England for the purpose of escorting prisoners of the Crown to the colony, and of eventually becoming settlers. He was of the proper stuff for a pioneer of a raw, rough country. That he possessed the necessary personal activity is proved by his constant practice, before horses were common, of walking from the barracks at Sydney to Prospect one day, and back the next, as a common occurrence, and in the hottest weather—about twenty miles. Mr. Lawson was one of the three gentlemen who first penetrated those same Blue Mountains, over whose ridges we are now about to pass by means of as good a hill-road as any in New, or indeed old, South Wales.*

The weather this day was terribly oppressive. It was thought that our start had been made too late in the season; but the quick passage through the air, the occurrence of new objects, and the knowledge that in a few hours we should have climbed into a cooler climate, prevented, so long as we were in motion, any feeling of exhaustion from the heat. Many of the road-side inns—and every mile or two has some establishment of the kind, ranging between the hotel and the shebeen house—are rurally picturesque, reminding one pleasantly of home. They are generally built of weatherboards on a frame of wood, with a bit of garden in the rear, the old-fashioned horse-trough hollowed from the trunk of a tree, now almost extinct in England, in front, and a tall sign-post bearing some old familiar title, "The Traveller's Home," "The Cottage of Content," so expressive of welcome as to be well-nigh irresistible, especially when the sun is hot, and the weather and the traveller are equally dry. And, indeed, there is a large class of wayfarers in this country, (perhaps in all others,) who never resist this particular invitation. In some of my rides and drives from Sydney to Paramatta, I have been astounded by the powers of absorption displayed by

* "Old Ironbark" died full of years in 1850. Mr. Lawson was thus familiarly styled, after the hardy forest-tree of that name.

certain of my fellow-countrymen, especially when horse-racing happened to be the ostensible object of the passengers on the road. At a moderate calculation there is a pothouse for every mile of the fifteen; and I am certain that the same gig, with the same two fat men, have passed me, pulled up, and repassed me ten times in that distance. Tasting every tap, and trusting, I suppose, to profuse perspiration as a safety valve from absolute explosion, they were to be found tossing off a foaming glass under every sign-post, while the wretched horse got no refreshment beyond a temporary relief from the weight of his masters.

"That ain't a bad nag, Sir; steps well. There can't be much less than two-and-thirty 'stun' in that buggy, Sir;" remarked to me my old coachman, (who had driven for twenty-five years between London and Huntingdon,) as we were tandeming along one day on this road; and in ten miles we had as many opportunities of admiring the speed and action of the horse, and the size and sponginess of the two Sydney butchers who sat behind him. The most abject-looking little bush taverns on Australian roads do not fail to announce "Good accommodation for travellers;" and many of them advertise "Secure paddocks for teams and fat cattle, with good water." At one of the more pretentious public-houses where we stopped to water our horses there was a private race-course belonging to the establishment; and a notice was put up that a "First-rate Saddle" and a "Prime fat Hog" would be run for on a day named—a common scheme for collecting together a crowd of drinkers.

His Excellency had been apprized that addresses would be presented at all the towns on the line of march. Accordingly at Penrith, before we had time to look round us, we found ourselves in a very crowded little court-house, where a most loyal and hearty address was read to the new Governor, and an equally complimentary reply was rendered in exchange. Penrith is a neat little town; yet I was assured that the town is *not* a town, because the proper site of the township is at some distance, having been abandoned for the present position, on account of the brackishness of the water. Even here on higher ground the water is brought from the river, a mile off at least; and at the inns it tastes and smells like very weak grog, the supply being kept in old spirit casks.

After the presentation of the address we regained our dusty carriages, and passing onwards through the village and along a mile or so of road lined with pretty cottages—pretty although formed only of “split stuff” and bark, we reached the “Emu Ferry Inn,” an excellent two-storied brick-house posted on the right bank of the Nepean River. Here, halting to refresh ourselves and horses, we found good rooms and wholesome fare, with the drawbacks, however, of an unmannerly host and a landlady so ultra-republican in her independence, that it did not permit her to rise from her chair to receive the daughter of a Duke and the lady of the Governor! In 1850, when travelling as a family man, I passed an hour or two at this inn for rest and refreshment, when host and hostess were equally invisible, neither of them condescending to welcome the coming, nor speed the parting guest. In travelling, civility is the only gilding to the bitter pill of overcharge; and in New South Wales it too often happens that the passenger finds in unfair connexion a dirty hovel and a morose landlord with the charges of Mivart’s or the Clarendon. My brother colonels and my superior officers the generals, keeping hotels in the United States, are infinitely more affable to their inmates—especially when the former happen to be in their “post of exercise, in rear” of their bar, and the latter are addicted to juleps. On my return down the country I purposely avoided Wilson’s inn at the Emu Ferry—which I hereby placard as a lesson to uncourteous innkeepers. Johnson and Shenstone would hardly have prosed and poetised in favour of such-like “inns.”

The view from the Ferry inn, looking westward, is very striking. Right in front, across the Nepean, the long range of the Blue Mountains rises abruptly out of the dreary, sun-baked flat of Emu Plains—those Blue Mountains so long, (nearly a quarter of a century, indeed,) the western boundary of New South Wales; for it was not until the year 1815, when the great road was completed, that Governor Macquarie travelled by it to the campaign country beyond these Australian Pyrenees, and announced to the colonists the newly opened land of promise. Thitherto the territory occupied by the English extended only eighty miles north and south of Port Jackson, by forty from that harbour to the base of the hills. Many and desperate attempts had indeed been made

by enterprising individuals to penetrate and explore this great natural barrier. As the flocks and herds increased, and wider pastures became a question of life and death to them and of ruin or prosperity to their owners, these attempts became more resolutely obstinate, and were ultimately crowned with success.

Through a deep gorge a few miles south of the ferry, the Nepean bursts upon the low country with a tribute of fresh water such as is nowhere equalled in the settled districts of this arid continent. Passing onwards in its fertilising course, and washing the townships of Richmond and Windsor, it, unreasonably enough, changes its name to the Hawkesbury, and finally loses itself in the estuary of Wide Bay on the eastern coast. There are some really fine estates in this neighbourhood; that of the late Sir John Jamison is in sight of the inn. The name of Regentville is, in the mind of old colonists, associated with the times and practice of unbounded hospitality and profuse expenditure, such as never again will be seen in New South Wales. A whole clan of the family of Cox are settled along the river's banks within visiting distance of each other, and, on family epochs, meet together in formidable numbers. At a later date I passed some pleasant hours at two of the houses of this family.

From one of these I rode one day to Regentville. There are sermons in its stones, in its gardens and vineries ruined and run to waste, its cattle-trampled pleasure-grounds, its silent echoes. My foot sank through the floor where many a joyous measure had been trod. The rafters were rotting that had oftentimes rung to the merriment of host and guest; and, if rumour lies not, there were "*sad* doings" as well as merry ones at Regentville in the days of its prosperity!

To return to Emu Ferry. At mid-day we crossed the river by a punt running on a rope. The mode of traject is very inconvenient, and it is to be hoped the colony will soon be rich enough to afford a bridge. The ardent and ignorant sportsman, who expects to find emus on Emu Plains, will no more succeed than he would in finding buffaloes in the streets of Buffalo. As there are now no bisons within 1,000 miles of that go-a-head town, so there are no emus within 200 or 300 miles of the Plains named after that bird. The river, now about 200 yards wide, appears to have formerly flowed

over the whole expanse of the flat land, for on its thinly grassed surface are scattered quantities of large quartz boulders—pebbles such as Goliath might have slung at David, had their duel been conducted with slings “for two.” I looked in vain for any traces of the Government agricultural establishment which had been formed and maintained at vast expense. The military, commissariat, and police stations have dwindled down to an invalid soldier or two in charge of sundry tumble-down buildings, and one or two fat constables full of beans and with nothing to do. If proofs of decadence such as this are chargeable on the withdrawal of the convict system, it requires some courage and self-denial to rejoice in the cause.

Having traversed the Plains for two miles as straight as a French causeway, the road runs plump against the Blue Mountains, or rather against that part of them called Lapstone Hill, and begins to wriggle up the ascent as best it can under the directing hand of the engineer. The southern flank of a profound ravine abutting upon the Plains has been chosen for the eastern terminus of the Great Mountain Road; and I think there is no part of it finer or more creditable as a work. The highway is absolutely carved out of the living rock. Huge slices of the hill side have been blown off by blasting, hurled by convict crowds into the gulf below, or pounded by them into the material now called Macadam. “Villanous saltpetre” and villanous humanity have been the great agents here, as in many other parts of New South Wales. Had England been always “virtuous,” there would have been no “cakes and ale” here. Had she reared no robbers and homicides, burglars and forgers, the Australian Colonies in general, and the Great Western Road in particular, would, in all human probability, never have existed. On our right yawned a profound gully, at the bottom of which, struggling through water-worn crags and fallen logs,—proofs of foregone torrents,—was hardly to be discerned a wretched little streamlet, quite out of human reach. Beyond the gully rose a rough jagged precipice, with hardy and obstinate trees of large growth clinging to its face—enabling the traveller to form an estimate of the difficulties encountered in making the road on this side of the ravine. Right and left, above, below, the everlasting gum-tree filled the landscape;—the gum in all its varieties—and its varieties are scarcely various; but in

the dark and damp spots near the water-course, the graceful casuarina, the delicate yellow-blossomed acacia, and a lofty kind of box, with small shining leaves, mingled branches refreshingly with the great staple of the bush.

At nine miles from the Nepean, having been one hour and fifty minutes in performing that distance, we reached the "Welcome Inn," kept by a jolly old soldier named James, who rejoices in a Waterloo medal, a pretty daughter, and, what was more to our purpose than either, some excellent bottled ale. In these parts this delicacy costs 3s. a-bottle,—not a wonderful price when one considers the distance and difficulties between its native brewery on the banks of Trent and the top of the Australian Cordillera. The old campaigner had fought through the Peninsula in the 40th regiment, as he informed me, and came out to this country in a company of veterans escorting prisoners. Beyond this house we toiled through miles and miles of heavy sand, with dense forests on either hand, and without a human habitation to cheer the scene. The ascent, however, after the first thousand feet, is fortunately gradual. Here and there we met long caravans of drays, drawn by six or eight horses, or ten or twelve bullocks, and laden with wool-bales, hides, &c.: or we overtook similar vehicles charged with stores—tea, sugar, tobacco, &c.—chiefly for the great squatters of the interior; for in the distant districts, if the employers of labour failed to act as commissaries for the subsistence of their servants, the latter might starve, there being few, and often no shops whence they could procure the commonest necessities of life. Wherever nature or the last thunder-storm had supplied a rill, a spring, a water-hole, or even a puddle, however muddy, we found encampments of these slow-moving wains, the horses and oxen hobbled and turned adrift to feed on the scanty herbage; some of the drivers cooking at the root of a huge half-burnt tree, that looked as if it had served as stove and oven time out of mind, others smoking in the shade, or sleeping on mattresses or fur rugs spread under their drays, where, at night, with the aid of a tarpaulin, they are secure from rain and dew. Strange, wild-looking, sun-burnt race, strong, rough, and taciturn, they appear as though they had never lived in crowds, and had lost the desire and even the power to converse. So deeply embrowned were the faces, naked breasts, and arms of these

men, and so shaggy the crops of hair and beard, that a stranger had to look twice to be certain they were not Aborigines. I have seen many an oriental tribe much fairer in skin. There were women with some of the bullock-drivers' camps, or perched on the moving drays, most of them meet helpmates for their rude partners; yet now and then, like a lily among the thistles, there peeped from under the awnings a pretty young face,—so fair and young, indeed, as to be hardly in its teens. Amongst the rugged and weather-worn males, old and middle-aged, I noticed some of the tallest and handsomest young men I ever saw.

Except in the gullies, the forest trees of these mountains are rather stunted than large. Among the leading trees are the Ironbark, with its tall, black, upright, and rugose trunk, looking the very picture of hardihood. The timber is extremely useful, making the strongest and most lasting fences. Under ground it resists rot as well as "Kyaned" oak at home. There is the Stringy Bark, a gum with the streamers of its epidermis twenty and thirty feet long, hanging like a beggar's garment from its ragged stem, or rolled up on the ground precisely like great sticks of cinnamon. There is the White Gum, with its smooth, polished, round, and naked boughs, looking so like human limbs as to be almost indecent in their nudity. Among the smaller growth of the bush is the Bottle-brush, with its rigid cones and harsh leaf, contrasting sharply with two delicate and graceful neighbours,—the *Exocarpus* or native cherry, and the Wattle or *Acacia*, covered with golden bloom, and embalming the surrounding air. Beneath these, in some places, grew a showy underwood of *Euphorbias*, *Epacris*, *Boronias*, *Correas*, and I know not what besides. Gleaming through all was sand,—sand sufficient to supply Old Time's hour glass to all eternity.

Late in the afternoon—at 21 miles from Penrith and 40 from Paramatta, a hard day's journey—we reached "The Blue Mountain Inn" kept by the more civil brother of him of the Emu Ferry;—and a very creditable establishment. The site is 2,800 feet above the level of the sea, and the prospect very fine. Towards the north the eye ranges over the mountain tracts across the great ravine formed by the Grose River, until it lights upon Mount Thomar, rising like an island in the midst of the billowy forest; while, looking eastward

through the clear air and over an immense expanse of hill and plain, the sand-hills of Sydney are distinctly visible at a distance of 50 or 60 miles.

November 12th.—This day to Binning's Inn—34 miles. Starting at 6 A.M. we reached the Weather Board Hut, a police station and tavern, in about an hour of heavy pulling. Here enthusiasts in scenery are expected to halt, in order to visit the Regent's Glen. Having, however, a long day's journey before us, and a scenic lion of the same character and calibre to see at Blackheath—the half-way baiting place,—we pushed on, through sand and rock and gum forest, to Pulpit Hill—why so called I could neither guess nor discover, where we got a substantial and welcome breakfast on ham and eggs and a 'spatched cock—very literally—for we witnessed his pursuit and heard his death cries. Thence onward, the scenery growing wilder, the climate cooler, we got some splendid glimpses of the sea of hills through which we were ploughing our way. On the right was pointed out the distant valley, or rather gully of Cox's River, which cuts its channel through piled-up walls of red and white sandstone crowned with bush. On the left we skirted for miles a range of stag-headed forest, dying apparently from the roots of the huge trees having struck the rock—a most dismal scene, only equalled perhaps by a subsequent one of thousands of acres of thickly-timbered land in progress of destruction by fire; fallen log and flourishing tree, sapling, flower, and shrub and herb all blazing and blackened and smoking—vast result perhaps of a spark from a stockman's pipe, or the cast-away cigar-end of a thoughtless mail-passenger; not a blade left on many a weary league of sand and rock—not a drop of water for the doomed oxen that are counting upon both on their upward journey. Truly here was the sublimity of desolation! The periodical occurrence of bush-fires is general throughout Australia. Every tolerable sized tree is more or less charred by them. Sir Thomas Mitchell, in one of his expeditions into the wild interior, found “in the most remote and desolate places the marks of fire on every dead trunk and tree of any magnitude.”

Suddenly the highway became smooth as a bowling-green, beautifully macadamized; and our carriages trundled on the nails of their new tire-irons into Blackheath. This settlement

consists of a convict stockade under charge of an officer, and a pretty good inn—Gardner's, more lately Bloodsworth's. The commandant's house is backed against the bush, overlooking the cantonments of his detachment and the huts of the prisoners under his orders. The barracks and convict "boxes" form a little hamlet of some two dozen buildings of white-washed slabs with tall stone chimneys, laid out on a rocky plateau cleared of trees, and commanding a prospect of melancholy and desolate sterility—qualities certainly not reflected upon the joyous countenances of the captain and his wife, nor symbolical of his well-peopled nursery. The prisoners here form what is called an iron-gang—or ironed gang. They are employed working, in chains, and for periods according to sentence, on the repairs of the high road. We passed several lots of these wretched creatures—England's galley-slaves—clanking along with straddling-gait and hopeless hang-dog looks to their allotted labours, escorted by soldiers; or working with pick and spade, crowbar, maule and wedge on the stubborn rocks—working with mule-like slowness and sulkiness because forced to work by fear of the lash.

His Excellency had a parade of the prisoners, and we passed down the ranks as we might have done those of a regiment. The sciences of phrenology and physiognomy may be fallacies; but here was undoubtedly a line of countenances and craniums, laid bare for inspection by the close-cut hair, such as Lavater and Gall would have perused very much as if they were perusing the Newgate Calendar or the "*Causes Célèbres*." Nor would they have read amiss; for many of the squad under review had been convicted of the blackest crimes that ever be-devilled humanity.

The convicts are marched to and watched at their work, marched to and watched at their meals, which they eat in a shed open at back and front,—marched to their wooden beds, and shut up under lock and bayonet until morning; yet, spite of all care and vigilance, many of them have escaped or tried to escape—braving the bullet of the sentries, the lash, Cockatoo Island, the gallows, and what is hardly less terrible, the chance of dying of hunger in the bush. The scaffold is the more frequent destiny of the successful runaway from such a place as Blackheath. He has neither food nor money; he would be recognised as a prisoner by his grey

dress and his close-cut hair, if, having contrived to rid himself of his chains, he were to beg a crust of bread at a road-side house. One resource only offers itself, not very repugnant probably to his case-hardened mind. He lies in wait, cudgel in hand, for some lonely traveller, rushes upon him unawares, strikes him senseless, takes his money, his clothes, and his arms, if he have any. Should he resist he murders him, and casts the body into some lonely gully. But "murder will out,"—and strange have been the means of detection in such cases: a drayman in search of stray oxen, a passing dog, attracted by the scent of the mouldering corpse, the unerring sagacity of the black scouts of the Mounted Police—have been the instruments of discovery. Even when the assassin has resorted to the common stratagem of burning the remains of his victim under a pile of dead wood, a scrap of cloth, a button, even the peculiar size of a limb bone which has escaped combustion, have been sufficient to identify the murdered man, and to throw suspicion, perhaps conviction, on the murderer.

It will readily be believed that, during a journey like that we are now prosecuting, and in the wildest part of that country where bush-ranging may be said to have been first invented—especially when strangers in the colony were the listeners—bush-ranging became a frequent subject of conversation. It will be conceded too that Blackheath, from its old Home associations, is no inappropriate locale for some slight allusion to the subject. The numerical strength of our party and our escort of police rendered us perfectly secure from any attack, although several notorious runaways were known to be harbouring somewhere within reach of the road among the deep fastnesses of the mountain. The ransom of a Governor might indeed have tempted a bandit of high pretensions. But, in truth, the days of bush-ranging on a large scale are long gone by. One hears no more of such heroes as Donohue or Walmsley, who had at their backs organized bands strong enough in men and arms, and horses when they wanted them, to sustain pitched battles with the military and police; carrying with them a regular commissariat of cattle and sheep, levied from the settlers too weak to resist the foray; washing down good beef and mutton with rum, wine, and tea, rifled at the pistol's muzzle from travelling

drays; smoking tobacco quite mild enough for the taste and character of the consumers, from the same gratis source; and gambling, like devils, among themselves for shares of the plunder. It sounds like a jolly life! Without much more risk to the neck than is necessary to make fox-hunting charming, what wonder that it should have been popular?

"For the benefit of country gentlemen," it may be well to give here a definition of the term Bush-ranger. This cannot be more concisely done than in the words of the Act of Council passed for the suppression of such criminals, intitled—"An Act to facilitate the apprehension of transported felons and offenders illegally at large, and of persons found with arms and suspected to be robbers." He is, in short, a runaway convict, desperate, hopeless, fearless; rendered so, perhaps, by the tyranny of a gaoler, of an overseer, or of a master to whom he has been assigned. In colonial phrase, "he takes to the bush." The Rangers of Her Majesty's forests in New South Wales are, of course, well informed in all matters likely to put money within easy reach. Travellers about to start are placed under close but not obvious surveillance. A good haul is sometimes got from the periodical payments of provincial publicans' licences through the post-office to the colonial treasury, the time and channel of remittance being well known to those chiefly concerned, namely, the bush-rangers. A settler goes to a neighbouring town, or fair, sells a horse or two, some pigs, or produce; he returns home rejoicing, and delivers the money to his wife, at whose hands, the very next morning, when the good man is gone to his work, a couple of crape-faced fellows demand the price of the property disposed of on their account. Simple farmers or labourers, with six months' wages in their pockets, incautiously "flash" their money at pot-houses, the very hot-beds of bush-ranging plots. The landlord cannot afford to be squeamish, however suspicious he may be of the quality of some of his guests. The half-drunken betrayer of the state of his purse is watched, waylaid, and quickly relieved of all trouble as to the investment of his gains.

The grand desideratum of the robbery is, of course, cash; but cheques and orders, which are constantly and necessarily passing between the interior and the capital, are readily negotiated. Paper, for the most trifling sums, is current in the

provinces, like "shin-plasters" in America. A great many more of these flimsy representatives of bullion than are really requisite are issued. It is averred, and that without contradiction, that certain large proprietors make a practice of paying wages by orders written purposely on small and thin scraps of paper, and that they pocket many hundreds a-year by the loss or destruction of such fragile liabilities in the hands of rough, careless, and unsober persons.

The character of the Australian bush-ranger of former days was invested with something of the dignity accorded to the terrible Buccaneer of the American coasts, the gallant Caballero del Camino of Castile and Mexico; nay, even of that ballet-and-tableau-and-fancy-ball-darling, the silver-buttoned, ribboned, and gartered bandit of the Apennines. His business was so profitable that, like some of the more elevated highwaymen of the old country and olden times, (when, to ride over Hounslow Heath, or Finchley Common, after dusk, was to be robbed,) the bush-ranger of mark and likelihood could occasionally afford to be magnanimous. Not that magnanimity was his generic peculiarity. If generosity and humanity were not the leading attributes of the old English robber, who sometimes wore a bag-wig and steel buttons on his velvet coat, it becomes a logical consequence that the doubly-distilled desperado of Botany Bay was not the man to do much to raise the character of the trade. In the present days, at any rate, there is nothing of the romantic or chivalrous in the annals of Australian bush-ranging. The modern newspapers, on the contrary, teem with petty and cowardly robberies of the poor, and the old, and the defenceless; hard-working operatives cruelly beaten and robbed of every copper, and every rag of clothing; half-drunken pedlars with gutted packs and hamstrung horses; or some helpless, feckless old woman rifled, and rumpled, and left with her "petticoats cut all round about," and without a glimmering in the world how or by whom, or when, where, or why, it all happened.

Even now, however, half a dozen times a-year, some frightful, sweeping and barbarous outrage fills the columns of the public journals, and reminds one how deeply the old felon infusion has poisoned the corporate mass. So lately as September 1850, when travelling with my family along this same mountain road, we found on the walls of every inn a Govern-

ment notice, offering a reward of 50*l.* "to any free person, or a pardon to any prisoner of the Crown, who would give such information as might lead to the apprehension and conviction of one Henry Carroll," on charges of robbery with violence, and of rape.* Several other rather red-handed gentry were known to be "illegally at large" at the same period; yet the rich squatters and landowners, members of council, and others, travelled quite unconcernedly in their carriages, on horseback, or by the mail, most of them making a point never to carry any fire-arms, nor money more than sufficient to buy off a broken head if stopped. All hotel bills are paid by cheques,—a prudent plan for more reasons than one. Many of the roadside lonely hostelries are kept by persons who have been prisoners; and in all of them there are servants, often in places of the highest trust, still serving their sentence on tickets-of-leave, in whom the chink of a fat bag of sovereigns, or a glimpse of a plethoric pocket-book, might reawaken dormant propensities. Experienced travellers, moving singly, are not in the habit of carrying weapons, because their display is apt to provoke maltreatment, and they can rarely be used with effect, seeing that the wearer is usually taken by surprise at some convenient spot, and has no time for preparation. As for carrying money, "*Cantabit vacuus*," &c. is a good motto for the traveller.

* In November, 1850, the *Sydney Morning Herald* reported that a man, supposed to be this Carroll, had been taken by the police at Carcoar, but had again escaped, leaving his horse and bridle in the hands of one of the constables.

CHAPTER IV.

ANECDOTES—MOUNTED POLICE—THEIR CONFLICTS WITH BANDITTI AND BLACKS—CAPTURES—JUVENILE BRIGANDAGE—GOVETT'S LEAP—VICTORIA PASS—HARTLEY—HASSAN'S WALLS—LOYAL MOUNTAINEERS—SLY Grog-SHOP—A MOUNTAIN GENERAL EMPORIUM—A MOUNTAIN STULTZ—THE LAUGHING JACKASS—DROUGHT AND DEAD CATTLE—"THE SOLITARY CREEK."—MOUNT LAMBIEY—A CONVICT'S REVENGE—DESCENT TO THE PLAINS—MACQUARIE PLAINS—BATHURST—A DUSTY DEPUTATION—THE GAOL AND A GAOL-BIRD—SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION AND SPIRITUOUS PLENTY—A COROBBERY—"THE OLD BULL"—ABORIGINES—THEIR EXTERIOR—WOMEN—WEAPONS.

I FIND in my notes not a few anecdotes of bush-ranging, most of them orally delivered to me, and will here insert a small draft from my *Collectanea*. But first, and in strict connexion with the subject under notice, let me give a slight sketch of that excellent force, the Mounted Police; a force which has done much good service in the country, especially in the suppression of convict outrages, and which, long before this book can be published, will, through the mistaken parsimony of the Local Legislature, have ceased to exist.

The mounted police force is drawn from the infantry regiments serving in New South Wales. It was first established in 1825, the infant corps consisting of two officers and thirteen troopers only. The numbers, gradually augmenting, reached in 1839 the maximum of 9 officers, 1 sergeant-major, 156 non-commissioned officers and men, and 136 horses, 20 of the troopers being dismounted. Thus was formed an efficient body of mounted constables, controlled by military discipline, and subject to military law; for, although appointed to serve in the police, they remain as supernumeraries on the roll of their regiments; and on the removal of these regiments from the colony, the men are transferred to the relieving corps. The officers are magistrates. The dress is a neat and serviceable light dragoon uniform; the arms, the sabre, the carbine, and the pistol. The head quarters division, consisting of the commandant, the adjutant, and about 25 men, is stationed at Sydney, and

the officers of divisions are at different inland posts, with small parties on all the main roads.

Many a gallant service was performed by this useful corps. Many a desperate bush-ranger was taken or slain by them; many a formidable banditti broken up, or hunted down until they yielded in despair. Many were the flocks, and herds of cattle, and horses re-captured from the outlaws. Many the murders, and robberies, and outrages on men and women prevented by the terror of their name and neighbourhood. The privations endured by officers and men on these expeditions were very great; great the perseverance and intelligence with which they followed up the tracks of the brigands through forest, scrub, and swamp, rocky gully, and sandy plain. Sometimes the numerical odds were fearfully against them; but, although crime often fights with desperation, it is seldom successful against cool valour and a good cause.

In the year 1830, Donohue, the most successful as well as the bloodiest malefactor that ever broke bonds, was killed in a determined fight with the police, which had a heavy score to reckon with him. Not long before his end he had shot dead a young officer, whom he met on horseback and attempted to rob. The unhappy young man, unwilling to be plundered by a single footpad, struck spurs to his horse and attempted to ride over the villain. Donohue, stepping aside and letting him pass onwards, took deliberate aim and shot him through the brain at full speed.

Whilst on a visit at ——, the Messrs. ——, who are natives of the colony, informed me that, in their numerous journeys through the bush, over a period of thirty or forty years, they had never but once fallen in with bush-rangers. It occurred as follows: the two brothers, with an old gentleman, a friend of theirs, were riding together unarmed, but accompanied by some dogs, when they saw two men, one carrying a musket the other a bundle, dive into the bush on the road side. The horsemen gave chase, and, with the dogs' assistance, soon brought them to bay, and commanded them to yield.

"Have you any fire-arms about you?" demanded the armed footpad; "if you have not, I can't and won't surrender. I'm an old soldier; fought through the Peninsula; and I'm d——d if I strike to an inferior force!" Mr. ——replied that they had no fire-arms, but could get them in a few

minutes. "Produce them, and I will give in," was the rejoinder; "that will be an honourable capitulation." Meanwhile the man with the bundle had been secured, and placed in charge of a shepherd who came up, and a mounted stockman rode off for the stipulated fire-arms, the old soldier-robber remaining doggedly at bay. Placing his back against a tree, and coming down to the "Prepare for cavalry," he showed an impracticable front; but the accession of force necessary to dignify the act of laying down his arms arriving, this stickler for the honour of the army permitted himself to be made a prisoner of war without further resistance.

A clever and spirited capture of an armed highwayman was made by a retired military officer in 1849, on the mountains we are now traversing. This gentleman was travelling alone in his gig, when a policeman coming up informed him that he was searching for an armed bush-ranger who had robbed one or two persons near the spot. Upon this the major, having borrowed a large horse-pistol from the constable, placed it behind his gig-apron, and drove on his way. A solvent looking gentleman, solus in a buggy, is the very thing for a highwayman; and accordingly he had not proceeded half a mile, before, sure enough, a horseman galloped up from the rear, passed ahead, then suddenly stopping, commanded him to deliver his money. The gallant traveller instantly plucked out his pistol, and, without more ado, let fly at the robber's head, who fell heavily to the ground from his saddle. The major thought him dead; but to make all safe, he jumped out, and tied his hands behind him. This job was hardly completed when the bush-ranger recovered his senses; and his captor, who at this time was neither so young nor so strong as when he learnt the goose-step forty years before, had the satisfaction to find that his prisoner was alive and well, a remarkably fine athletic young fellow, and likely to have proved a Tartar had not his horse thrown him by shying at the report of the pistol. The same report being heard by the policeman, he quickly reappeared upon the scene of action; and this clumsy practitioner in the profession of Dick Turpin was safely carried off to a place of confinement.

I could not help laughing in the face of a respected colonial friend of mine, when he confided to me how, once upon a time giggling along this unblest mountain road, he was

mulcted by bush-rangers not only of his portmanteau, but of all his raiment then in wear except his shirt and drawers; and, being of a philosophic turn of mind, he was congratulating himself that matters were no worse, when the robbers, who had left him, returned, and, begging his pardon, said that in their hurry they had forgotten his hat, which they accordingly took, and once more departed.

The reader may laugh, if he likes, at my next anecdote. A gentleman whom I met at Bathurst, and who is well known in the colony for his humorous qualities, was stopped on a bush-road by a rough fellow, who, rushing upon him, thrust the muzzle of a pistol into the pit of his stomach, roaring out at the same time, "Stand, you —, or I'll blow out your brains!"—"My good fellow," retorted Mr. P——, with perfect self-possession—"you won't find my brains down there!" The ruffian laughed heartily at the joke, and treated, as well as robbed, the joker with a degree of tenderness and civility very foreign to his usual habits of doing business.

I cannot omit the following characteristic incident in the bush-ranging line, which was related to me by the driver of one of the inland mails:—

During that period of the history of the colony when highway robbery was an everyday affair, he was driving from Windsor to Sydney with several passengers—one of whom, on the box, was well armed—when, at the foot of a hill, they came upon the body of a man lying upon its face in the middle of the road. "A case of robbery and murder!" remarked the passenger; and the coachman, impelled by Samaritan feelings, drew up his team, and was in the act of descending to see if life still remained in the plundered stranger, when, "Bail up—or you're dead men!" resounded from behind a thick tree, through a fork of which a double-barreled gun covered the driver's head; whilst at the same moment the couchant bandit—for such he proved to be—sprung to his feet, turned the leaders across the pole of the carriage, and had his blunderbuss at the armed passenger's breast before he could get out his pistols. The coachman was then compelled to take his horses off, the passengers were ordered severally to get out and to "bail up"—like cows prepared for milking—at the fence-side; their pockets were rifled, the mail-bags were slit open and letters containing money extracted; and

finally the carriage was permitted to proceed with its impoverished freight—minus, moreover, its leaders, which were required to carry the footpads to some chosen hiding-place distant from the scene of their exploit. The armed passenger, it appears, was roughly treated. Getting away with whole limbs, he got away with inexpressible discomfort to his nether ones; for the weather was inclement, and the bigger of the two brigands, complimenting him on his being “a tall fellow like himself,” borrowed his trowsers, putting them on over his own, and leaving him to pursue his journey not only “poor,” but bare “indeed.”

I close the subject of bush-ranging with the following inscription engraved on a mural tablet in St. James’s church, Sydney. The epitaph tells in a few words the touching tale of sisterly anguish over a brother’s bloody death:—

ROBERTO WARDELL, LL.D.
A LATRONE VAGANTE
OCCISO
A.D. 1834—ÆTATE SUO 41.
SORORES.

In the words “*Latrone vagante*,” the unlearned reader gets a tolerably literal translation of the term bush-ranger. I believe this unfortunate gentleman met his end in a rash attempt to apprehend single-handed on his own estate a desperate and well-armed robber.

If a certain correspondent in 1850 of the “*Sydney Herald*” is to be believed—and my own experience bears out his statement,—there exists in the purlieus of Sydney a juvenile school for bush-rangers, which bids fair to keep the trade well supplied with professors. The young idlers of the town form themselves into gangs, and take up positions on the roads leading to the city from the bush. Here they waylay and rob smaller boys, or weaker parties, of their “five corners,” a wild berry of the scrub, “according to the most skilful methods of highway robbery. A knife is held out, and under threats and oaths that would disgrace Norfolk Island, the juniors are compelled to *dub up*, or are seized and robbed by force.” I myself witnessed, and enacted Quixote in an act of puerile bush-ranging precisely of the above nature—a case of “robbery with violence.” “Hurrah for the Road !” is the motto of these promising youngsters.

It is too late, I fear, to apologise for digressions. Indeed the word "Rambles" in my title-page was adopted advisedly, and intended to apply equally to pen and person.

About two miles from Blackheath is the scenic "lion" to which I have before made allusion—namely, Govett's Leap. Under the guidance of the officer commanding the station, some of our party went to visit the spot. Pushing our way for half an hour with no little labour through the thick and dark forest, suddenly a bright though filmy expanse of sun-lit air appeared beyond the close-growing trees, and in the next instant we stood on a bare rocky shelf, looking into and over a magnificent basin scooped among the mountains—about five miles across and perhaps a thousand feet in depth. The bottom of this wide and profound abyss is so densely overgrown with wood, that not a speck of earth is visible from above. Its flanks are formed of precipitous cliffs crowned with timber and perpendicular as a wall. Through vertical clefts in these the sun shot its sidelong rays, right across the dark gulf, upon the Leap or Cataract—a slender thread of water which, hanging from the rim of the bowl, seemed to wave in the wind, the slightest breeze dissipating it into mere mist. A stronger gush occurred now and then, but the thin stream never appeared to reach the depths below. Australian waterfalls are indeed but sorry affairs. I fancy there are very few, if any, permanent.

As to the name of the place I could gather nothing further than that it was first discovered by one Mr. Govett, a surveyor; but whether this gentleman took a literary or only a poetical jump into his own punchbowl did not transpire. It is certainly one of the grandest freaks of nature I have seen in any country—quite beyond the power of pen or pencil to delineate. I have seen an attempt by the most talented artist in the colony to transfer this scene to canvass. It is a fine picture, but not "Govett's Leap!" In the bush around we found the Warātah growing in great perfection. Its noble crimson cone, shaped like a large artichoke, crowns a straight stem of hard wood from five to ten feet high, clothed with an oak-like leaf. This majestic wild-flower is well entitled to be called the Queen of the Bush. I saw here for the first time the black cockatoo, which, in a flock of about twenty, kept screaming at us as long as we were in sight. This handsome

bird is as large and as black as a crow, with a fine crest, and a long fan-tail beautifully striped sometimes with scarlet, sometimes with orange bars. He is very shy, and in no instance has been domesticated.

Pursuing our journey from Blackheath in the afternoon, a few miles brought us to Sir Thomas Mitchell's *chef d'œuvre* in road-engineering, the Victoria Pass. At two points on the summit the narrow parapeted ridge looks on either hand sheer down into deep bush valleys of immense extent, beyond which range after range of wooded mountains blend at length with the clouds in the indistinct distance. Were there, as in Switzerland, shining lakes and snowy peaks added to this landscape—the finest by far in the Blue Mountains—I know of nothing that could surpass it in wild beauty. The valley on the left looked dark, desolate, and wholly uninhabited; on the right lay the smiling Vale of Clywd and the little township of Hartley, upon which the road drops as gently as could possibly be contrived by human art. Ere reaching this highland hamlet we came upon a considerable body of horsemen, who, saluting His Excellency with loud and hearty cheers, so astonished our horses, if not ourselves, as nearly to drive the whole cavalcade over the precipice. In a cloud of dust, and with wild huzzas, they closed round us and bore us away to the Court-house, where the usual duel of address and reply was instantly and warmly engaged in by the authorities of the place and the Governor. The Court-house and Catholic chapel of Hartley are prettily situated. My sketch was taken from a spot just beyond these objects.

Our attention and admiration were next arrested by Hassan's Walls—an immense crescent of crags naturally castellated, 400 or 500 feet high, towering above the forest and frowning grimly down upon the road which winds round their base. Here are rampart and bastion, buttress and barbican, of nature's own building—the perfectly horizontal character of the strata and the cubic form of the blocks making the resemblance to ruined fortifications extremely striking. Had I been travelling in Hindostan, I should not have doubted that it was some formidable "hill-fort" we were approaching, and I should have expected to hear the clangour of gongs and the braying of shawms, and to have seen a brave cavalcade of elephants and camels, with the glittering of steel casques, the fluttering of

gay pennons, and all the pomp of oriental panoply, winding downwards through the umbrageous jungle. Hassan's Walls are, in outline, not unlike Gwalior; but the latter fortress is situated on a plain. Who was Hassan? and whence the Moslem and Byronic name?—We got no answer from the echoes!

Not far from this spot, at a little wayside tavern with two or three cottages near it, where we did not stop, a party of women and children came forward, smiling and curtsying and carrying arms and aprons full of flowers, which they threw before the Governor's carriage—a sight we hardly expected to see among the wild recesses of the Blue Mountains. Not so pleasing a feature, although a characteristic one, was the scene occurring in a small hut a little further on. A drunken man and his wife, or more likely his concubine, equally drunk, were swearing and fighting with bloody faces, over their cups; they rushed out and gave us a maniacal shout as we passed. This was what is called a “sly grog-shop,” where all sorts of liquors are drunk without licence, and all sorts of ruffians get drunk “on the premises” with every kind of licence. There was a spirit still, perhaps, on the hill side, not far off.

We passed this day through large tracts of country of the most dreary and unavailable character; yet here and there were very grand and even lovely peeps of distance through the trees. At length—and indeed it was a hard day's work in weather so hot and roads so dusty and rough—at length, shortly after dusk, we came in sight of Binning's Inn, which we approached through a triumphal arch of foliage and flowers, while fireworks fizzed and cracked their compliments to the Viceroy and his amiable lady. This inn is decidedly the best on the line, with active and obliging people, good plain cookery and clean beds. Doubtless, the foreknowledge of the Governor's visit had produced along the road no little furbishing and refitting of the mountain taverns; for we found humble but successful attempts at neatness and comfort in almost all of them; although, if I recollect right, a fair and clever, but somewhat severe writer, my predecessor by a few years, has condemned them wholesale as a parcel of filthy dens. In some of the Australian houses of entertainment, and particularly those far inland, it has indeed occasionally been my fate to be allotted a very small and very hard bed, more thickly peopled than was pleasant—

the blankets with insects, the chaff paliasse with mice ; a soup-plate, a milk-jug, and one small cotton rag, for basin, ewer, and towlery ; a public hair-brush and comb which looked as if they had curried bullock-drivers for a whole summer ; and a looking-glass grimly corrective of personal conceit. In one pothouse on this journey, I was the successor to a stout and cross gentleman who, I fear, had been turned out of his room on my account, for he growled exceedingly as he removed a very tiny travelling-bag and an enormous pair of slippers, both of carpet,—the latter article of outfit absorbing twice as much Kidderminster as the former. But in general we found all prepared for us ; plenty of clean white dimity and huckaback, water and brown Windsor. A requisition for a matutinal tub did, indeed, in the minds of some hosts and hostesses, produce as much surprise and speculation as though some act of necromancy were the object in view ; and at the smaller taverns so little were the worthy people prepared for this particular demand, that there was always a severe run upon the stable-buckets. But, after all, this is not an Australian peculiarity. In England itself—clean and comfortable England—the traveller (sometimes the visitor) who habitually practises what may be called general ablution, is too often stigmatized by the race of chambermaid, housemaid, and housekeeper, as “ a nasty, dirty man, always messing and slopping about ! ” Mr. Binning is a sculptor and stonemason by trade. He possesses several hundred acres of land, and a capital stone-built private residence, apart and on the opposite side of the road from the tavern. I heard the sound of a piano from within the drawing-room curtains of the former, and was told that the young ladies were practising with their governess.

18th November.—To Mr. William Lawson's, of Macquarie Plains,—about 32 miles.

We were up and off “ with the first cock.” It was a beautiful morning, cool almost to coldness. A light haze in the hollows was soon dispelled by the sun, which, travelling the same way with ourselves, never gave us much annoyance until after midday. Early in the day, when the dew is yet on the leaf, a peculiarly aromatic odour arises from the gum-forest. I have sometimes fancied the scent resembled that of cloves, of mace, or of pepper ; but the perfume of camphor is very general. These balmy and spicy exhalations from the

“medicinal gum,” so different from those of other hot climates where the soil is richer and the vegetation more rankly abundant, must be a healthful ingredient of the air we breathe.

It was, as I have said, a beautiful morning: the aspect of the country too became more smiling. In place of the eternal sandstone, the granite with its glittering mica was now the prevailing rock; the trees were larger and not so closely set, and the undulating slopes were covered with tolerably good grass. Here was to be seen a herd of sheep browsing straight a-head according to their wont—lingering where the pasture was abundant, and nibbling at a trot across tracts that, having been lately burnt, were thinly covered with nice young shoots of grass. A tail-less colley gathered, unbidden, a troop of frisking lambs from under our carriage-wheels; while the shepherd lay lazily supine, reading “Bentley’s Miscellany”—as I was near enough to perceive; and far below the road, near the water-courses, we descried here and there the variegated skins of herds of cattle sheltering themselves under the dark shade of the Casuarinas. It was a decided improvement in external nature. I felt strong and well and joyous—having left Sydney in other mood of mind and body; and I thought that he must be of morose or obtuse temperament who failed to relish a journey like this—and with such a companion (I must add) as him who sat by my side. Uniting the freshness and buoyancy of youth, with the acquirements and experience of middle age, and a stock of general information, the fruits of an onerous and responsible post, I had at once a tutor and a playmate in this prince of colonial secretaries and good fellows!

“Toujours gum-tree!” exclaimed he this morning as we plunged for another day’s work into the eternal avenue of Eucalyptus called the Bathurst road:—“Toujours, toujours gum-tree!”—But the tiresome monotony of the bush did not affect our spirits; on the contrary, that same bush often rang with our laughter as we pushed along our good steeds, “Punch” and “Merry-man,” exchanging light anecdotes and reciprocating light nonsense. It does not take much to make a man laugh when his health is good and his heart is light. We laughed at a notice stuck up on a painted board by the road side, threatening prosecution with the utmost rigour “to any

person trespassing on this property"—the country for twenty miles round looking as innocently unpeopled and primeval as when it first emerged from chaos! We laughed at the pompous inscription, "General Store and Provision Warehouse," scrawled in whitewash over the door of a wretched little bark hovel, where were exposed for sale on a sheet of the same material a cabbage-tree hat or two, a few bottles of ginger beer, a tumbler full of bulls' eyes and lollipops, and half a dozen shrivelled oranges. Nor did we look particularly grave while deciphering with difficulty the abstruse sentence, "Tailor and Habitmaker," chalked on a plank which was nailed against a tree above an equally small and solitary shieling, perfectly out of humanity's reach and more particularly of any human being entitled to wear a habit. But we laughed, "holding both our sides," when at the—"Solitary Creek," where we stopped for breakfast, we heard (myself for the first time,) the ludicrous song of the "Laughing Jackass." It is no uncommon thing for a writer to pronounce an object to be utterly indescribable, and forthwith to set to work to describe it. I must try my hand at a description of this absurd bird's chaunt, although no words can possibly do him justice. He commences, then, by a low cackling sound, gradually growing louder, like that of a hen in a fuss. Then, suddenly changing his note, he so closely imitates Punch's penny-trumpet that you would almost swear it was indeed the jolly "roo-to-to-too" of that public favourite. Next comes the prolonged bray of an ass, done to the life; followed by an articulate exclamation, apparently addressed to the listener, sounding very like "Oh what a Guy!" and the whole winds up with a suppressed chuckle ending in an uproarious burst of laughter, which is joined in by a dozen others hitherto sitting silent. It is impossible to hear with a grave face the jocularities of this feathered jester; in spite of all reasoning I could never help feeling that it was myself he was quizzing! The Laughing Jackass, or *Dacelo gigantea*, is a large species of woodpecker, black and grey in colour, with little or no tail and an enormously disproportionate head and bill—a most ugly and eccentric-looking fellow.

During the last two days we saw and heard many things not so suggestive of merriment, and these chiefly caused by the crowning and fatal failing of the country—the want of

water. The road was strewn with the rotting carcasses and the bleached skeletons of draught bullocks, which had fallen victims to the drought and to the cruelty of their brutal drivers. We saw them dead or dying in the yokes of the teams; or in the water-holes into which they had rushed in a fury of thirst: the dingo sneaked away from his foul feast at every resting-place. Some were sticking fast in the muddy pools, too weak to extricate themselves, and no one had been merciful enough to spare a bullet to put an end to their sufferings. All the ordinary watering-places were nearly dry, trodden into a consistency resembling pea-soup. I shall never forget the rapture of our party—man and horse—after toiling twenty-one miles without seeing a drop of water, at the appearance of a beautiful spring of the perfectly pellucid element in an arched grotto of rock by the road-side—nearly the only instance, I believe I may say, that I ever met with in my Australian travels of any such provision at the hands of man. With the ten thousand convict power employed on this great road, fine covered tanks might easily have been cut in the rock at many points where springs are now losing themselves in the sand. Lamentable accounts, too, reached us of the pastoral districts—no rain, and therefore no grass; cattle and sheep dying of famine, or driven off in flocks and herds to the newly discovered resource of the grazier—the boiling-down establishment, to be converted into tallow; and lambs knocked on the head as soon as dropped because there was no "feed" for their dams and themselves.

"Solitary Creek," where we stopped to breakfast, is indeed well named. A lonely house, "The Woodman's Inn," is situated in a dreary hollow among the hills, with a small clearing at its rear through which meanders—in wet weather—the brook whence its name. At present the "Creek" is indeed "solitary," for it has not even its ordinary companion, water. We found here a portly but keen-looking old landlord, with a pretty young wife, who gave us a tolerable breakfast. We congratulated ourselves, however, at not being compelled to stay a night in such gloomy and unpromising quarters; the more so when it was whispered to me—perhaps by a prejudiced informant—that the head of the establishment was an "old hand," and "as big a rogue as any on the mountain—and that's saying a good deal." "Solitary Creek" is just the locality for a tale of robbery and murder such as in early boy-

hood made one's flesh creep, one's eyes grow round and one's hair to stand on end at the will of the narrator. The belated and lonely traveller with lame and stumbling steed perceives, at length, through the obscurity of the night and of the forest, the welcome glimmer of a light. He knocks impatiently at the door, in opening which there is some delay, and confusion is heard within. He is admitted, of course, by a withered crone. A tall black-a-vised man is sleeping or feigning sleep on an oak-settle by the fire. Then comes the supper. Worn out with fatigue, after having swallowed some food he wishes to retire, and, as he is guided to his bedroom by the beldame, a young girl passes through the kitchen and seems to lift a finger to him with a gesture of warning. The sleeping apartment is large and unfurnished, except with a low couch in one corner. He throws himself upon it in his clothes. He cannot sleep. He rises, relumes the lamp, and scrutinises certain stains on the floor at which his dog is smelling. Amid the roaring of the wind through the forest and the heavy plash of rain drops, he fancies he hears suppressed voices under his casement. He finds the room-door bolted outside. Overpowered, however, by fatigue and by an unaccountable drowsiness, he again approaches the bed, and is about once more to consign himself to sleep, when his faithful dog seizes him by the tunic and drags him furiously back! A sound as of machinery is now heard—and, aghast with horror, the traveller sees the bed sinking slowly through the floor into a dark vault beneath. Another instant, and three or four brigands throw themselves upon it, and drive their poniards into the—bolster! Some such a dream as this—suggested by I know not what recollections—did indeed haunt my pillow when, two or three years later, fate decided that I should sleep at this dismal hostelry. New faces were there; they tried their best to make me comfortable, and nothing more disastrous or more romantic befel me than a severe biting by fleas and their fellows.

The landlord of the Woodman's Inn complained bitterly of the ravages of native dogs on his poultry-yard and piggery. He had often seen them in packs of forty and fifty at the creeks early in the morning; and he believed that they feed chiefly on the kangaroos which abound in the neighbouring rocky dells. He had found a remedy against the wild dogs

by keeping tame ones of a fierce, swift, and powerful breed,—one of which, a splendid animal half mastiff half greyhound, he assured me would go out of his own accord and of malice prepense, accompanied by a small cur which hunted by scent, and would not only kill, but bring home the dead dingo.

Immediately beyond Solitary Creek the road begins to climb, or rather is dragged by the resolute will of the engineer, right over the summit of Mount Lambey—one of the highest peaks of the Blue Mountains,—a work which earns the hearty curses of every bullock-driver, and the objurgations of every traveller of a higher grade who is compelled to follow the vaulting ambition of its originator. From the summit of Mount Lambey Sir Thomas Mitchell succeeded in intersecting at night the lighthouse on the heads of Port Jackson—a distance of about ninety miles. To reach the top of this hill we had about five miles of terribly steep and rough ascent—yet hardly more difficult than some other passages we had encountered and overcome in this toilsome journey. Sometimes at a trot, oftener at a walk, we pushed on “with difficulty and labour hard.” Heat, dust, swarms of flies, scarcity of water, jaded horses, rocky steps, broken bridges, deep mud-holes, and awfully yawning precipices did not prevent “the sportingest Governor that ever I see,” (for thus was my distinguished cousin eulogized by a well-known Sydney publican,) from sticking to his box the whole of this tour: nor do I believe that any other individual of the party, gentle or simple, could have got that carriage and those four horses over such an extent of rough and dangerous roads without breakage. (In my humble opinion, His Excellency handles the reins of his government with no less skill, judgment, and temper.) As to my own vehicle, it is not too much to say that scarcely a fragment of its original materials got back to Sydney. One or two of our fractures were of so complicated a nature, that my companion and myself had to contemplate the puzzle for some moments before we could comprehend its details—much less remedy them. I particularly remember one case where, the phaeton plumping suddenly into a hole, the hind wheels actually ran over the fore ones—a mode of “changing front” unheard of in military manœuvres. In choosing a carriage for a rugged journey, low fore-wheels should especially be avoided. Sir Charles’s

tool-box was in constant requisition by us; and great was the ingenuity of the mounted policemen, two old bush-hands, in repairing damages with straps, ropes, and poles out from the roadside.

Somewhat later in our tour, while trotting merrily down a hill not far from Bathurst, we were far from edified by seeing one of our fore-wheels taking an independent and divergent course of its own; and we had hardly time to calculate on the consequences ere they occurred! As a proof of the readiness of resource which necessity imparts to persons of all conditions living in the Bush, Mr. Suttor (who accompanied the party at that moment), on seeing our accident came to our assistance, and from an old boot and an old nail manufactured a couple of new washers and a new linchpin for the recreant wheel, to such good purpose that it carried us safely to Sydney—about one hundred and twenty miles.

During the journey we passed several spots where ironed gangs had been established in temporary stockades. In one of these there is an excellent stone house, the quarters of the officer of the guard, abandoned to decay; and of the hut village of the prisoners nothing remains but a Stonehenge of tall grey chimneys. These road-gang relics give additional gloom to the dismal character of the mountain scenery. The superintendence of convict stockades was an unseemly duty to be thrust upon an officer of the army. He was a slave driver—a gaoler—a captain of banditti—without the excitement and profits of the post. He had absolute power as a magistrate. The condition of the prisoners depended almost wholly on his disposition; he could encourage or flog, pet or torment them, according to his temper. He could do worse—namely, leave them to the mercies of subordinates, convict constables, and others; and the consequences may be imagined. The following instance of vulgar tyranny and its punishment was related to me by a servant who had been a prisoner at the time of the occurrence. In digging the portion of soil allotted as his task, a prisoner of an ironed gang broke in upon an ants' nest of that large and venomous kind called the Lion Ant. Being severely stung he jumped out of the hole. The overseer ordered him to get in again. The man proposed that the nest should be blasted with gunpowder; the overseer repeated his order; the man obeyed,

but, tortured by the fierce bites of the insects, he again desisted from his work. Upon this the other seized him and thrust him once more into the ants' nest. The prisoner plied his pick for a few minutes, but the tempter was busy at his heart; when, suddenly springing out of the hole, he cleft the skull of the overseer with his spade, and killed him on the spot. It is quite needless to add that the perpetrator of this act of "justifiable homicide" was hanged.

From Mount Lambey the general tendency of the road is downwards. We stopped to bait at a little wild-looking inn near "Diamond Swamp." In New South Wales the word swamp is generally significant of good alluvial land, and in the populated parts it is usually found covered with crops of grain instead of the water which originally lay upon it. The numerous dried bogs and waterless lakes of this country give likelihood to the theory that its surface has risen considerably, and is still being thrust upwards from the earth's centre.

The trees were now larger and fewer in number; the character of the country less rugged. We were leaving rocks and ravines, peaks and precipices, for the swelling moor and curving upland. These, in their turn, gradually subsided like a calming sea, until the hills became gentle undulations, the thickset scrub open glade; and at length the troubled ocean of the Blue Mountains rippled out in wavy hillocks upon the smooth and wide expanse of the Bathurst Plains.

How must the hearts of the toil-worn explorers have leapt with joy when, bursting from the dense bush of this rough Sierra, their eyes first fell upon the splendid champaign tract below them, containing not less than 50,000 acres of naturally clear land covered with grass, and with a fine river flowing through the midst! What a God-send, in the truest sense of the word, for the crowded and quickly multiplying flocks and herds hitherto confined to the sea-ward of the mountains! It was, indeed, a rich reward of a gallant enterprise. The eldest son of Mr. Lawson, one of the three discoverers, and to whom a large grant of this valuable land was justly awarded by the Government, is to be the Governor's host for a few days.

Looking at the Bathurst Plains merely as a military and migratory stranger, without the slightest vocation towards "settling" or sheep-farming, I could only contemplate them,

at first sight, as affording a pleasant relief from the mental and bodily suffocation always experienced by me in a protracted journey through a thickly wooded country; as a *locata* for a gallop highly refreshing after seventy or eighty miles of precipices and gullies; as a likely spot for the production of mutton humbly imitative of Southdown; and as a promising beat for quail-shooting—for I observed, as we descended rapidly to the level land, many fine patches of grain pretty sure to abound with the only representative of England's agrarian game found in the colony. One ought to be an Australian to appreciate Bathurst Plains as fully as he does. He looks at these very ugly and featureless prairies of scanty *pasture land through a woolly medium*. He "grows" wool, as the term is, and rich at the same time, by dint of these same plains and others of a like nature—by the natural grasses of the country, in short; his admiration of them is, therefore, quite intelligible. Except in unusually wet seasons, there is little water on them and less verdure; the grass grows in separate tufts like the strawberry plant, instead of forming a connected turf, a reddish calcareous earth showing itself through the interstices in some parts and a black sun-cracked soil in others. A hardy kind of everlasting with a stiff yellow flower, and a minute pink convolvulus, mix with the herbage, occupying the places of our daisy and buttercup.

Presently we came in sight of a most extensive crop of the great staple of the colony—wool—flourishing on the fat saddles of some two or three thousand sheep, which, under charge of a shepherd or two, were crawling like white maggots over the distant flats, carrying with them a cloud of dust nearly as dense as if they had been travelling on a turnpike road in the dog-days. Other object there was none, with the exception of a great black eagle tearing carrion on the edge of a water-hole. Trotting with a free rein along the natural road, smooth as a race-course—no little treat after three days of cautious driving—a few miles brought us to "Macquarie Plains," the seat (as the Guide-books say) of Mr. William Lawson, where we were most kindly received, and comfortably accommodated. The house looks over a wide extent of the Plains. In its rear are extensive offices, farm-buildings, stock-yards, stables, &c. requisite for one of the largest grazing and breeding establishments in Australia. Detached, at a

short distance, is a garden, useful and ornamental, a mixture of the flower and kitchen-garden, full of English productions; roses and other old floral friends in great profusion; cherries, peaches, apricots, apples, pears, and grapes; abundance of fine vegetables, not one of which plants, ornate or esculent, or, indeed, any other that I know of, is indigenous to this originally outlandish and unproductive country. The cherry, by the way, is unknown eastward of the mountains, and never seen in Sydney except in the sophisticated shape of cherry-bounce.*

Besides Mr. Lawson's family, there were several guests at Macquarie Plains; and the house was stretched by the hospitality of its owners large enough to contain the whole of the Governor's party, a spacious additional room having been, however, temporarily erected for purposes of refection. In this same room there dined, to meet His Excellency, no fewer than thirty-five ladies and gentlemen, whom the provincial journal described as "a select party of the *élite* of Bathurst," a phrase conveying the idea of an extraordinary degree of social sifting. Yes, at this Australian country seat, 120 miles from Sydney, at which emporium European supplies arrive after four or five months' voyage enhanced nearly double in price, and with the super-added risk, difficulty and expense consequent on a dray journey of another half month across almost impassable mountains, we found a well-damasked table for thirty-five or forty persons, handsome china and plate, excellent cookery, a profusion of hock, claret, and champagne, a beautiful dessert of European fruits—in short, a really capital English dinner. Now I assert that this repast afforded as strong and undeniable proof of British energy in the abstract, as did the battle of the Nile, the storming of Badajoz, the wonderful conflict of Meanee, or any other exploit accomplished by the obstinate resolution, as well as dashing valour of John Bull. Wonderful people! plodding, adventurous; risking all; ruined, yet rising again; oakhearted, hardbitten Britons! you and your descendants shall reclaim, and occupy, and replenish all those portions of the globe habited by the savage. A few more turns of the year-glass, and the English language—who can doubt it?—will be universal, except in a few of the old-established and time-mouldy nations of little Europe, to whom by some inscrutable

* Since this was written, in 1846, the cherry has been induced to grow in Cumberland.

dispensation it is denied to reproduce themselves beyond their own original limits of empire. We have accepted the glorious commission; may we prove worthy instruments of the great work! * A feast of creature comforts may appear an unfit text for such a subject; but perhaps my deduction will not seem extravagant when it is remembered that within the memory of many hale old men there was no white inhabitant of this vast continent, and nothing more eatable than a haunch of kangaroo, more drinkable than a cup of water even where Sydney now stands; and that, little more than a quarter of a century ago, these Plains to which most of the luxuries of the Old World now find their way, were not even known to exist.

One of the delicacies of Mr. Lawson's table on the above occasion was the fresh-water eel, cod perch, or *Grystes Peclii*, only found on this side the mountains. One fish was more than sufficient for the whole party.

November 14th.—Halted at "Macquarie Plains." Macquarie! what an all-pervading name in New South Wales is this! Rivers, mountains, plains, counties, ports, forts, harbours, lakes, streets, places, public buildings, promenades, &c., all are the namesakes of this creative Governor! a nominal monopoly which, as I remarked to his present Excellency, acts unfairly upon his successors; for it leaves them so little to be known by, that "The Fitz Roy polka coat, silk lined, at 30s." and "The Fitz Roy omnibus, fare 6d." are the only innovations for the public good to which the patronage of Sir Charles has hitherto given birth. The explorers of those days fathered all their foundlings upon the willing Governor, so that he was driven at length to affiliate some of them under his Christian name; thus we meet with "Lachlan Swamps," "Lachlan Rivers," *cum multis aliis*. The façades of nearly every public edifice in the colony attest the vigour with which, during his long reign, the worthy general wielded the enormous convict power with which his office invested him.

This morning we drove to Bathurst, the capital of the district, eight miles, for the purpose of receiving an address and visiting the township. *The road lay across the terrestrial billows, the long "ground swell" of the Plains, which reminded me in some degree of the "rolling prairies" of Iowa and

* At a Missionary meeting in Sydney, 1851, the Bishop of New Zealand stated that there is an Englishman settled in every island of the Pacific.

Wisconsin, although the herbage of the latter is immeasurably superior. During the last four miles we were encompassed round about by an equestrian escort of all ranks and ages, in number about two hundred, which took us into its keeping for the remainder of the drive. There were "gents" in green cutaways and cords; "parties" in black dress coats, satin vests *à la* Doudney and white Berlin gloves; and one or two old soldier-like figures with stiff stocks, formal whiskers and upright seats. These contrasted well with many gradations of the real "currency" cavalier, handsome looking men in loose tunics and blouses, broad belts, tweed pantaloons strapped inside the legs with wide leathern stripes, cabbage-tree hats tied under the throat, bare necks, and beards and ringlets in hirsute profusion. There was an inferior class of the same order, wearing light drab jackets of colonial tweed, some with black velvet collars and cuffs, the everlasting cabbage-tree hat, white trowsers up to the knees, hunting spurs and whips. Here and there among the throng rode an individual of a Puritan or Romish cut, hurried by the general excitement out of his usual demeanour and pace. Next came a legion of lathy lads, standing in their stirrups and plainly showing by their first-rate equitation that their education had taken the direction of cattle-hunting and stock-driving rather than that of the humanities. All alike came charging alongside, around and behind; gallop, trot, canter, pull up, and gallop again; themselves and ourselves in one continual cloud of dust—all apparent confusion, yet not one horse's nose at any time ahead of the vice-regal equipage. If ever the circumstances of the colony should compel it to raise a local force for the preservation of internal order, I would recommend the authorities to enrol a light dragoon corps, to be called the Australian Hussars. It would be a popular service with certain individuals of all classes fit, perhaps, for nothing else; there are plenty of old soldiers to instruct and command them; and plenty of light, long-armed, bow-legged, (and, as James O'Connell depicts his ruffling cavaliers,) "deep-chested and hollow-flanked" fellows who have been on horseback ever since they were born, and who know how to rough it in the bush, ready for the ranks of a regiment with good pay, a showy uniform and a discipline not too stringent. There are, moreover, plenty of active, wiry and hardy horses ready to "mount" such a body.

At length we came down in one grand swoop upon the Macquarie River—the Wambool of the blacks—now a shallow gravelly stream shrunk between wide-apart and lofty banks, but after heavy rains an impassable and destructive torrent. It was an amusing and cheering sight to see the troop of horsemen accompanying us, and even the gentry delighting in gigs, like Ossian's car-borne heroes, taking the river at full gallop in the height of their glee, and making the water spin twenty feet into the air. All was loyalty and hilarity, pleasant to the eye and to the mind of an Old Country man and a good subject; every one smiled and shouted a warm welcome to the new representative of the Crown. Your Englishman will sometimes talk, sometimes write like a Republican; your British colonist, when the shoe pinches, will sometimes vapour about separation;—but in his heart of hearts he feels the real value of our glorious constitution—our admirable institutions. His fealty may be dormant, but it is not extinct. I truly believe that a ruler or a government must personally and repeatedly injure or wrong a Briton—wheresoever naturalized—before he shall be driven to the serious entertainment of a rebellious thought against his country and his sovereign—especially when that sovereign is a young and virtuous lady.

I cannot conscientiously compliment Bathurst on its external aspect. It is as yet the mere promise of a red-brick rectangular town, looking, as His Excellency remarked, (and Governors' jokes are always applauded and recorded!) looking as if it had just been put down to bake on the hot, bare and bright slope which forms its site. This site seems singularly ill-chosen. There is no shade from sun nor shelter from wind. The want of fuel will soon be severely felt—indeed has already been so, nearly all the neighbouring timber having been cut down, and no coal-mines existing in this Australian Traz os Montes. It is said that coal of good quality may be had at Piper's Flat, though none has yet been "got" there. Mrs. Black's hotel, whither His Excellency repaired to receive the address, is an excellent specimen of an Australian provincial inn. In his inland hotels, however, Brother Jonathan beats Brother Cornstalk hollow; but then the Americans, having less taste for domesticity than the Australians or Canadians, frequent such establishments infinitely more.

Most of the members of the deputation destined to present

the address having for the last hour revelled in the vice-regal dust as well as their own, the weather being moreover fearfully hot, and themselves (for they were substantial citizens and settlers) apparently in soft condition, a little delay was allowed them for ablutionary purposes;—and indeed such was the plight we were all in, that it required the utmost aid of soap and water to ensure our recognition by our nearest friends. Meanwhile, the Governor retired with his ministers and suite to a private council chamber to discuss—beer, or rather a bland beverage called “Apperley’s mixture,” concocted* by that oriental gentleman—our companion on this part of our tour—and having bottled ale, ginger beer, mint, and sugar for its ingredients. Ah! a Sybarite in search of a new pleasure might wisely compound for a throat full of dust to have it laid by such a draught as that cooling cup! After the reception of the address we proceeded to visit the county gaol—a fine building, and one which in Australian towns has always hitherto—perhaps for obvious reasons—been the first public edifice erected; except indeed the public-houses, whereof at Bathurst there are two at the corners of every street, while along each side of them the sign-posts are so numerous, as to form something like a vista of pictorial gibbets. This, however, is not a feature peculiar to the good town of Bathurst. Windsor, Campbell-town, and others, have the same family likeness. Here the gaol is not only the first-born Government building, but it is full grown; while, sad to say, the church is still swaddled in scaffolding, without roof or belfry. It must be recollected that I am writing in 1846. In my subsequent visit to this town in 1850 the church was in a complete state. “All Saints” is of brick, the style Norman, and the design very good.

During the interval between those two years a great deal was done by the Bishop in procuring the erection of small places of worship, and in appointing clergy for the thinly and somewhat wildly peopled Bush-districts. Yet the spiritual destitution of both rich and poor in the far interior must be still very great—thousands who have no place of worship within a hundred miles, thousands who are gradually losing sight of the ordinances of religion, or who have never known them. There are many parts of New South Wales where the first rites over the infant and the last over the dead are not

performed by ecclesiastics—where there is no one, bearing a divine commission, to strengthen the wavering faith of the living, nor to cheer the departing and despairing soul! The very sight of the steeple and the sound of “the church-going bell” are useful mementos of the higher designs of our being for the thoughtless or depraved, the idle, the busy, and the vicious.

I have hinted that ample provision for the *spirituous* wants of the community has been made in the township of Bathurst, as in other country towns. A stranger would argue that there cannot be customers for so many grog-shops. The fact is, that every month or thereabouts comes an influx of bush-labourers to the town, with their pockets full of wages, for the express purpose of spending them. There is a glorious scene of drinking and riot for a few days or weeks; their money is soon exhausted, pouched by the unscrupulous publican; and away they go again to their teams, their flocks, or their saw-pits, to earn money sufficient for another periodical debauch. Nor, when very flush of coin, do these rough fellows confine themselves to vulgar drinks. Occasionally they indulge in a bout at the “swells’ tippie,” as they call champagne, starting a dozen or two into a pail, and baling it down their throats with their tin mugs. Nay, for want of a baler, some of them have been known to lap up their liquor as cats do cream! Almost incredible tales are told of the reckless sotting of the bushmen of the interior. I will adduce one only as related by a provincial newspaper. Five labourers, who had “stopped out” the reaping and shearing at a long distance from the town of Geelong, put up at a well-known bush-tavern on the road; and in the course of two or three days spent amongst them 130*l.*, besides selling the whole of their clothes, bedding, shears and reaping-hooks to the servants and hangers-on about the house, the price of which was also spent in drunkenness and riot. The worst of it is, that to encourage these brutal habits is directly conducive to the interests of the employers of labour, for no man in New South Wales—no unmarried man at least—will do a “hand’s-turn” of work so long as he has a shilling in his pocket. But I must not be too sweeping in an accusation of drunkenness against the bush-people. Teetotalism—that practical confession of the subservience of the soul to the body, of the

power of the animal propensities over the reason—is prevalent among all classes in the provinces. Many indeed are Rechabites by force of circumstances rather than by choice,—living in tents, and drinking no wine,—because they can get no better lodging or beverage in the remote wilderness.

I have mentioned our visit to the gaol at Bathurst, because here I witnessed the effects of protracted confinement upon an Aboriginal prisoner. This man, Fishhook by name, had been sentenced to imprisonment for cattle-stealing—although it was by no means certain that he had not been the mere cat's-paw of white depredators. When brought out of his cell for the inspection of the Governor, he showed little or no sign of intellect, and when I saw him again a month later he was quite idiotic. The poor black had left within those high brick walls the little mind he ever had, whilst his soul-case looked in the highest preservation—for he was naturally of athletic frame, and to him prison fare was profusion. Sir Charles ordered his immediate release; and my excellent friend, the member for Bathurst, undertook to interpret His Excellency's merciful intention to the culprit, and to convey to him at the same time a suitable admonition. Now I have no wish to be presumptuous, but I do believe that, in spite of my late arrival in the colony and my total ignorance of the blacks, I could have given utterance to as much genuine Australian as was comprised in the spirited and ingenious harangue of the worthy senator. The language, or rather lingo, he employed occasioned us all much surprise at the time; but we subsequently found that it was by no means an original invention of this gentleman. A kind of bush *patois*, chiefly composed of very broken English mixed with other words quite foreign to either the British or native tongues, has long been the established mode of oral communication with the Aborigines.

With the open mouth and drooping lip of perfect vacancy, yet with a kindling eye, the poor "black fellow" received his liberty. All imprisonment—indeed all punishments hitherto invented—it is obvious enough, are extremely unequal and therefore unjust in their operation; the solitary system pre-eminently so. The dull, lethargic, and ignorant sleep or doze through the heavy hours. The active, energetic, and imaginative suffer cruelly. To the free roaming savage, fresh from

his boundless forests, the dark contracted cell must be madness and martyrdom. I am well pleased to be able to interpolate here the remark, that in the year 1850 I saw Mr. Fishhook for the third time, when, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Suttor, who had taken him into his protection and service from the moment of his manumission, his mental health was perfectly reestablished.

After dinner this evening our attentive host, Mr. Lawson, procured for our entertainment a Corobbery, or native dance. Proceeding to a short distance from the house, we found a level spot illuminated by a large blazing fire of logs and branches—for these aboriginal ballets always take place after dark. In the dusky distance sat a crowd of indistinct figures, while on one side of the fire squatted a party of “gins,”* who, after some preparations, commenced drumming upon a skin tightly stretched over their knees, assisting the dull cadence with a monotonous song, or rather scream. This had continued a few minutes, gradually increasing in loudness and energy, when the men, uttering a wild howl, sprung upon their feet, and began the dance. They were all naked, or nearly so, and painted from top to toe in fantastic fashion—the pattern most in vogue being an imitation of a skeleton, contrived by chalking out the position of the spine and ribs with a white pigment. Their legs were uniformly striped downwards with broad white lines. The first performance was a war-dance, wherein a variety of complicated evolutions and savage antics were gone through, accompanied by a brandishing of clubs, spears, boomerangs, and shields. Suddenly the crowd divided into two parties, and after a chorus of deafening yells and fierce exhortations, as if for the purpose of adding to their own and each other’s excitement, they rushed together in close fight. One division, shortly giving way, was driven from the field and pursued into the dark void, where roars and groans, and the sound of blows left but little to be imagined on the score of a bloody massacre. Presently the whole corps reappeared close to the fire, and, having deployed into two lines and “proved distance,” (as it is called in the sword exercise,) the time of the music was changed, and a slow measure was commenced by the dancers, every step being enforced by a heavy stamp and a noise

* Native women—from γυνή, mulier, evidently!

like a paviour's grunt. As the drum waxed faster so did the dance, until at length the movements were as rapid as the human frame could possibly endure. At some passages they all sprung into the air a wonderful height, and, as their feet again touched the ground with the legs wide astride, the muscles of the thighs were set a quivering in a singular manner, and the straight white lines on the limbs being thus put in oscillation, each stripe for the moment became a writhing serpent, while the air was filled with loud hissings. This particular *tour de force*, which had a singular effect in the fire-light, requires great practice. I remarked that the front-rank men only were adepts at it; and I was told that some could never acquire it—as sundry of my countrymen can never unravel with their clumsy feet the mysteries of the waltz and polka.

The most amusing part of the ceremony was imitations of the dingo, kangaroo, and emu. When all were springing together in emulation of a scared troop of their own marsupial brutes, nothing could be more laughable, nor a more ingenious piece of mimicry. As is usual in savage dances, the time was kept with an accuracy never at fault. The gentlemen of our party alone attended the Corobbery; for, whatever heraldry might do, decency could not have described any one of the performers as a “salvage man cincted, proper!” The men were tall and straight as their own spears, many of them nearly as thin, but all surprisingly active. Like most blacks they were well chested and shouldered, but disproportionately slight below the knee.

The chief of this tribe, and the only old man belonging to it, was of much superior stature to the others—full six feet two inches in height, and weighing fifteen stone. Although apparently approaching threescore years, and somewhat too far gone to flesh, the strength of “the Old Bull”—for that was his name—must still have been prodigious. His proportions were remarkably fine; the development of the pectoral muscles and the depth of chest were greater than I had ever seen in individuals of the many naked nations through which I have travelled. A spear laid across the top of his breast as he stood up, remained there as on a shelf. Although ugly, according to European appreciation, the countenance of the Australian is not always unpleasing. Some of the young

men I thought rather well looking, having large and long eyes with thick lashes, and a pleasant frank smile. Their hair I take to be naturally fine and long, but from dirt, neglect and grease, every man's head is like a huge black mop. Their beards are unusually black and bushy. I have since seen one or two domesticated Aborigines whose crops were remarkably beautiful, parted naturally at the top of the head and hanging on the neck in shining curls. The skin, however, is so perfectly sable, the lips so thick, and the nose so flat, as to qualify the Australian black for the title of the Austral negro. The gait of the Australian is peculiarly manly and graceful; his head thrown back, his step firm; in form and carriage at least he looks creation's lord.

“ — erect and tall,
Godlike erect, in native honour clad.”

In the action and “station” of the black there is none of the slouch, the stoop, the tottering shamble, incident all upon the straps, the braces, the high heels, and pinched toes of the patrician, and the clouted soles of the clodpole whiteman. If our first parent dwelt in Mesopotamia, and his colour accorded with the climate, his complexion must have more nearly resembled the Australian's than our own.

All the men are disfigured by the absence of one of the front teeth, which is punched out with great ceremony on the attainment of the age of puberty. Another very unbecoming practice in both sexes consists in a rude species of tattooing, performed by a series of cuts on the flesh of the breast and shoulders, which, by some special treatment, are made to heal in high ridges, having precisely the appearance of a weal from the severe stroke of a whip. Nor is the white head-band, which tightly compresses the forehead, any more ornamental than its use is “comprehensible. According to the rules of what poor Théodore Hook called “Free knowledge,” the Australian cranium is exceedingly ill shaped—the animal bumps largely preponderating over the intellectual.

The women are mere drudges and sumpter-animals, preparing the food in camp, and on journeys carrying the baggage as well as the infants, while the men stalk in front bearing their weapons alone. Wood, as it is said, by dint of blows, they are ever after ruled by club law; and for them there is no

reservation as to the thickness of the corrective stick! At meals they sit apart from the males, and their food is thrown to them as to the dogs. Polygamy, infanticide, and forcible abduction of females, are also some of the rumpled rose-leaves of Australian domestic life.

The chief native weapons are as follows :—The spear, nine or ten feet long, rather thicker than one's finger, tapered to a point hardened in the fire, and sometimes jagged. The wammerra, or throwing stick, shows considerable ingenuity of invention. About two and a half feet long, it has a hook at one end which fits a notch on the heel of the spear, in whose projection it acts very much like a third joint to the arm, adding very greatly to the force. A lance is thrown with ease and accuracy sixty, eighty, and an hundred yards. The waddy is a heavy, knobbed club, about two feet long, and is used for active service, foreign or domestic. It brains the enemy in the battle, or strikes senseless the poor "gin" in cases of disobedience or neglect. In the latter instance a broken arm is considered a mild marital reproof. "*La femme est sacrée —la femme qu'on aime est sainte,*" gallantly writes a native of the most civilized of nations. "A woman is a slave—a wife an anvil!" would be the Australian free translation of the French dictum. The stone tomahawk is employed in cutting opossums out of their holes in trees, as well as to make notches in the bark, by inserting a toe into which the black can ascend the highest and largest gums in the bush. One can hardly travel a mile in New South Wales without seeing these marks, old or new. The quick eye of the native is guided to the retreat of the opossum by the slight scratches of its claws on the stem of the tree. The boomerang, the most curious and original of Australian war-implements, is, or was, familiar in England as a toy. It is a paradox in missile power. There are two kinds of boomerang—that which is thrown to a distance straight ahead; and that which returns on its own axis to the thrower. I saw, on a subsequent occasion, a native of slight frame throw one of the former two hundred and ten yards, and much further when a *ricochet* was permitted. With the latter he made several casts truly surprising to witness. The weapon, after skimming breast high nearly out of sight, suddenly rose high into the air, and returning with amazing velocity towards its owner, buried

itself six inches deep in the turf, within a few yards of his feet. It is a dangerous game for an inattentive spectator. An enemy, or a quarry, ensconced behind a tree or bank, safe from spear or even bullet, may be taken in the rear and severely hurt or killed by the recoil of the boomerang. The emu and kangaroo are stunned and disabled, not knowing how to avoid its eccentric gyrations ; amongst a flight of wild-ducks just rising from the water, or a flock of pigeons on the ground, this weapon commits great havoc. At close quarters in fight the boomerang, being made of very hard wood with a sharp edge, becomes no bad substitute for a cutlass. Sir Thomas Mitchell, "on observing the motion of the boomerang in the air, whirling round a hollow centre, and leaving a vacant centre of gravity," was struck with the idea of adopting its principle to the propulsion of ships ; and, if I mistake not, he received in 1848 a patent for the invention. I have not heard whether the idea has been made practical.*

The hieleman or shield is a piece of wood, about two and a half feet long tapering to the ends, with a bevelled face not more than four inches wide at the broadest part, behind which the left hand, passing through a hole, is perfectly guarded. With this narrow buckler the native will parry any missile less swift than the bullet. In one of my visits to Mr. Suttor, the black, "Fishhook," permitted me—no contemptible "shy" either—to pelt him with stones as rapidly as I could throw them at twenty paces, invariably turning aside those aimed at his head or body, and jumping over those directed at his legs. I thought the boomerang would have puzzled him, but did not propose a trial.

The natives are not always in the humour either for performing the Corobbery with spirit or for exercising their weapons with skill, merely for the amusement of strangers. At Wellington, a noted good spearsman having missed three or four times the piece of bark I had set up for him, I put a sixpence on the top, and taking a policeman's carbine, made the black fellow understand that if I knocked the coin down before him, I would repocket it. Whilst pretending to take aim, I saw the savage brace up his muscular little figure, fix

* The *Times*, 29th September, 1852, contains an extract from a Sydney journal, stating that the "boomerang propeller" had been fitted to a small steamer, and obtained a speed of twelve knots against a head-wind.

his fierce emu-like eye on the target, and in an instant he had transfixed its centre at sixty yards. Having put the "white money" into his mouth, he had to exert all his strength, with his foot on the sheet of bark, to withdraw the weapon. The spear is immeasurably the most dangerous arm of the Australian savage. Many a white man has owed his death to the spear; many thousands of sheep, cattle, and horses have fallen by it. Several distinguished Englishmen have been severely wounded by spear casts; among whom I may name Captain Bligh, the first Governor of New South Wales, Sir George Grey and Captain Fitzgerald, the present Governors of New Zealand and Western Australia, and Captain Stokes, R.N. long employed on the survey of the Australian coasts. It appears singular that that simple but formidable arm, the bow and arrow, is unknown in Australia, as well as in New Zealand, although used by the natives of many of the smaller South Sea islands.

CHAPTER V.

FOOD—CANNIBALISM—LANGUAGE—MANORIAL RIGHTS—BLACK OUTRAGES AND WHITE REPRISALS—EVICTION AND DESTRUCTION OF ABORIGINES—POISON—MASSACRE—THE LAW'S VENGEANCE—"THE OLD BULL'S" DEATH—NATIVE LABOURERS AND POLICE—MISSIONS—JACKY-JACKY—DEATH OF KENNEDY—HOT WEATHER—QUAIL SHOOTING—A DANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES—BOILING DOWN—AUSTRALIAN WINES—HORSE-STOCK—A "MOB" DRIVEN IN—BREAKING AND BUCK-JUMPING—"MERRIMAN"—DRIVE TO COOMING—SIDLING—LUNCH IN THE BUSH—A BLAZED ROAD—CARCOAR—CHAIN OF PONDS—LACK OF WATER—RESERVOIRS—A BUSII HOME.

IF the bill of fare of the Aborigine be not tempting, it has at least the charm of variety. Besides the kangaroo, which is his venison, and the emu his pheasant, he has fish and wild-fowl, both of which he catches with nets neatly constructed by the women. Then he delights in such small game as snakes, guanas, grubs, and the larvæ of white ants. The gum of the acacia, which resembles gum-arabic but is sweeter, and the pulp of a bulrush ground into flour are among his most innocent articles of food. Honey is no less so; and the black deserves to enjoy this luxury for the dexterity with which he sometimes discovers its whereabouts. Catching a stray bee, he sticks upon its little busy body with gum an atom of white down from the owl or swan, and, releasing the scared insect, follows it by eye and foot to the hole in the hollow tree where the comb is concealed, and whence it is quickly cut out after the hive has been well smoked. Pity that all his gastronomic tastes are not quite so innocent! but I fear—despite the resistance of this creed by some experienced colonists and travellers—that the New Holland savage is a most atrocious cannibal. If he be not so, for what purpose have long flakes of flesh been cut from the bodies of murdered men, white and black, and hung up to dry in the sun? And what peculiar virtue is there in human kidney-fat, which is undoubtedly accounted an article of value by the Australian tribes? I fear—very much fear, that the former is but the *pemican*, the latter the *rognon*,

of the savage *cuisine*. The brawny chieftain, "the Old Bull," is suspected of having in his earlier days treated one or more Englishmen—not to mention black-game—precisely as an Englishman would have treated a woodcock; *i.e.* brought him down in good style, given him a turn or two before the fire, and discussed him with zest and appetite. The jaws and teeth of this huge savage certainly promised unequalled powers of mastication. Well authenticated instances of this terrible practice are to be found in the works of various authors; but one, related in a parliamentary Blue Book of 1844, exhibits, as Sir George Gipps remarks, "perhaps one of the most ferocious acts of cannibalism on record." It is too long and too horrible to find admission here; but those who do not shrink from revolting details may find the incident alluded to at page 241 of the collection of Parliamentary papers on this colony, 9th August, 1844. Instances of parents killing and devouring their children, if uncommon, are not unknown; for one of the Protectors of the Natives of the Port Phillip District has recorded a case in which an infant was butchered and eaten by its own mother and brethren.

The language appeared to me soft and full of vowels and liquids; and is spoken with extreme volubility, especially by the women. Some of the native names of places are grandly sonorous and polysyllabic: it is well when they are retained by the English possessors of the lands, instead of substituting vulgar and unmeaning European titles. Here is a string of names—taken at hazard (that sort of hazard that suits a purpose)—almost as round-sounding as old Homer's muster roll of heroes, and not unmusical in the shape of hexameters,—

Wollondilly, Gölöng, Bendendera, Coolapatamba,
Tangabalanga, Pëjar, Paramatta, Rhyana, Menangle,
Gobberalong, Nandowra, Memendere, Ponkeparinga,
Yass, Candalga, Mölong, Karajong, Naradandara, Bongbong !

The political relation of the White race and the Australian blacks, with reference to the possession of the country by the former, is peculiar to itself. We hold it neither by inheritance, by purchase, nor by conquest, but by a sort of gradual eviction. As our flocks and herds and population increase, and corresponding increase of space is required, the natural owners of the soil are thrust back without treaty, bargain or apology. A tract of rich and virgin pasture is heard of through a sur-

veyor or through some adventurous settler or stockman riding in search of fresh "runs;" and in an incredibly short time it is overrun with live-stock. Heedless of the heritage of the savage, the vigilant squatter hurries to be the first white occupant; depasturing licences are procured from Government, stations are built, the natives and the game on which they feed are driven back—the latter chased and killed by the Englishman's greyhounds: the graves of their fathers are trodden under foot by the stranger;—and yet, wandering and irregular as are the habits of these nomadic tribes, they are as staunch in their local attachments as other men. In proof of their sense of proprietary right, Mitchell relates that the natives of the Darling River country, on seeing his men drawing water from the stream, desired them to pour it out of their buckets, as if it belonged to them—digging a hole to receive it when it was poured out. "I have more than once," says this enterprising explorer and pleasant writer, "seen a river-chief, on receiving a tomahawk, point to the stream, and signify that we were then at liberty to take water from it."

If Mephistophiles could read the New South Wales police reports, how would he grin on finding that "certain Aboriginal blacks had been apprehended and punished for stealing dead timber, the property of Mr. Whiteman," for fire-wood! The said Mr. Whiteman had purchased from the Government the land on which the timber grew, or had received it in free grant from the same source. What did the Government give for these "waste lands of the Crown?"—nothing! The grandfather of the prisoner probably hunted over this very ground—the culprit himself was perhaps born under the very gum-tree whose fallen boughs he had been "stealing!" The native lords of the soil have, I conceive, infinitely greater cause for displeasure, when they see the white usurper hunting down for mere pastime the kangaroo and bustard of their rightful demesne, or pulling out of their scanty rivers the magnificent cod-perch, than has the English lord of the manor and country justice of the peace when he finds his coverts have been thinned "of a shiny night," or his stews swept of a sack-full of carp and tench. Yet many a magisterial double chin has quivered with angry emotion whilst its owner held forth on the heinousness of poaching; and for aught I know, many a scape-grace bumpkin has found his way to this very country

of the blacks for a crime no heavier than the wiring of a few hares or the netting of a few birds. A Christmas battue is spoilt, perhaps, in one case—a sad pity, I admit. But a tribe is starved to death, in the other! What wonder that the native retaliates upon the sheep and cattle of the pale-faced trespasser on his land and food! He thinks, perhaps, in his primeval simplicity, that he has as good right to beef and mutton as John Bull-calf, the Anglo-Australian, has to kangaroo-tail soup. Can one reasonably expect that any man, whatsoever his complexion, possessing a vigorous appetite and no moral code, will dine off grubs and lizards when a sirloin or a saddle is to be had for the cast of a spear? If a savage have any political creed he must be a leveller, a communist; and his resolution to share the white man's food is probably whetted by his knowledge, that the countless flocks that cover hill and plain, are the property of one person—and that person, perhaps, living at Sydney, hundreds of miles away.

It were well if the matter ended with the reciprocal destruction of property; but the past history of the colony and the occurrences of every month prove the contrary. The aggressions of the savage are followed by acts of reprisal on the part of the white man. The overseer, the stockman, and the shepherd of the distant pasturing station may be a hireling convict—emancipist, expirée, or ticket-of-leaver—not a model of virtue and forbearance. His sheep are “rashed” from the folds at night, his cattle driven off, speared, hamstrung or otherwise mutilated. He passes three or four days in the bush, hunting them up; and perhaps only recovers in order to have them again dispersed. His master visits the station, blames his carelessness, perhaps doubts his honesty. The owner goes away; the shepherd and his neighbours arm themselves, mount their stock-horses, proceed in chase of the marauders, and gain at least a temporary freedom from black forays by shooting half a tribe and scattering the survivors. Some poor solitary shepherd or hut-keeper, perhaps utterly unconnected with this retaliatory expedition, repays with his life the unnecessary severity of the white party. His hut is robbed, his brains dashed out with a club; three or four high-bred horses are speared, an imported Durham bull value 200 guineas, or a Saxon ram value 50, is hamstrung, and the rage

of the proprietor himself is now aroused. Reprisals are undertaken on a large scale—a scale that either never reaches the ears of the Government, which is bound to protect alike the white and the black subject; or if it reaches them at all, finds them conveniently deaf. Is it not enough to irritate even the Executive, when they learn that a policeman's horse has been stolen, killed, and eaten! The squatters or their representatives at the stations combine, arm themselves and their followers, and proceed on the tracks of the black-mail barbarians; guided probably by a domesticated native, and easily overtaking them on horseback, extermination is the word! Men, women and children are butchered without distinction or stint. Superiority of weapon makes it a bloodless victory on the side of the Englishmen; but there is a species of excitement in it, and—children of wrath, as we are—it becomes by practice a pleasurable excitement. Dreadful tales of cold-blooded carnage have found their way into print, or are whispered about in the provinces; and although there be Crown-land commissioners, police magistrates, and settlers of mark, who deny, qualify, or ignore these wholesale massacres of the black population, there can be no real doubt that its extirpation from the land is rapidly going on. The savage is treacherous, bloodthirsty, cruel, ungrateful—often requiting the kindness and generosity of the Christian, who is really friendly to him, by burning his huts and crops, or even barbarously murdering his benefactors. The civilized man is inordinately greedy of gain, and regards the black as a being scarcely above the beasts that perish. The result of this combination is the certain annihilation of the savage race.

One of the great squatters of the north-west country, told me at my own table in Sydney that, just before he came down, he “had had a brush with the black fellows.” It seems that three or four hundred sheep had been driven off by night; upon hearing of which this gentleman (and I believe him to be at least as moderate and humane as the majority of his fellows) with a friend and his stockman, well-armed and mounted, went in pursuit. They shortly found that all the stock had been retrieved by the shepherds with the exception of ten wethers, which the natives had carried off into a dense scrub, where the smoke of their fires strongly betokened roast mutton. The Englishmen, fully resolved on beating up the

quarters of the sable foragers, fastened their horses at the edge of the thicket, and, entering it on foot and following their noses, soon came upon the skins and remains of the lost sheep. Whilst examining the black camp, now vacant, they were suddenly saluted with a volley of spears discharged by a peculiar knack, so as to fall almost perpendicularly upon their heads through the tops of the tea-scrub, which was so thick as to be impervious to a point blank cast. Finding that a strong body of natives were silently closing upon and trying to surround them, they retreated to the open forest, and, each selecting a large tree, stood on the defensive. The blacks, rushing after them to the margin of the bush, let fly a shower of spears and boomerangs, which they avoided with no little difficulty. Thus beleaguered, the three Englishmen opened a rapid fire of bullets and slugs, which in a short time silenced and dispersed the enemy. On subsequently inspecting the scene of action, the bodies of eleven natives and half-a-dozen of their dogs were found—as great a loss of life as has occurred in many a well-fought frigate action. Twice as many must have been wounded. This affair was duly reported by the gentleman most concerned to the Commissioner of Crown-lands, an officer representing the Government in the trans-frontier districts; and I fancy it must have been considered a case of justifiable negrocide, for I never heard any more about it.

In the same year a friend of mine connected with the colony, who had recently returned from a trip to the far-west for the purpose of catching up and driving in for sale at Sydney a lot of horses, informed me that, while sojourning among the border settlers, he heard plans for the destruction of the Aborigines constantly and openly discussed. It was common, after an inroad of the blacks upon the sheep or cattle, for the men of two or three adjoining stations to assemble for a regular and indiscriminate slaughter, in which old and young were shot down, as he said, like wolves; pregnant women being especial objects of destruction, as the polecat or weasel heavy with young is a rich prize for the English gamekeeper. Occasionally bush-gossip let out that the “black fellows were going to get a dose:” and indeed, in more than one notorious instance, damper, well “hocussed” with arsenic or strychnine, was laid in the way of the savages, whereby

many were killed. Some attempts were made to bring to justice the perpetrators of this cowardly as well as barbarous act ; but, in the bush, justice is too often deaf, dumb and lame, as well as blind. The damper indeed was analysed, and poison detected therein ; but of course no White evidence could be obtained ; Aboriginal testimony is by the law of the land inadmissible ; the bodies of the poisoned were too far decomposed for a lucid diagnosis ; and, in short, these deliberate murderers escaped the cord. Others, however, have been less lucky. About nine years ago a party of stockmen on Liverpool Plains, having had their herds much molested by the natives, determined on signal vengeance, and resolved to wreak it on the first blacks they met. Having fallen in with the remnants of a tribe, which having been partially domesticated with Europeans made no attempt at escape, they captured the whole of them, with the exception of a child or two ; and having bound them together with thongs, fired into the mass until the entire tribe, twenty-seven in number, were killed or mortally wounded. The white savages then chopped in pieces their victims, and threw them, some yet living, on a large fire ; a detachment of the stockmen remaining for several days on the spot to complete the destruction of the bodies. In this case the law was sternly vindicated ; for the murderers having been arrested and brought to trial, seven of them in one day expiated their offences on the scaffold. This wholesale execution of white men for the murder of blacks, at a time when hanging had become an unfrequent event, caused a great commotion among the white population, high and low—"judicial murder" being one of the mildest terms applied to the transaction. In England we are unaccustomed of late to see or hear of our fellow-countrymen being hung up by half dozens ; but in New South Wales, some such *in terrorem* exhibition of the law's extreme power may be occasionally necessary, or rather may have been so when two-thirds of the population were convicted felons, and one-half of the other third unscrupulous adventurers.

It is quite true that the residents of the cities and settled districts are not in a situation to judge fairly of the amount of provocation endured by those living in constant juxtaposition with fierce and treacherous barbarians. It is our next-door neighbour with whom we are always at such desperate logger-

heads. But gentlemen of condition and education, such as many of the stock proprietors, while repelling with sufficient determination aboriginal aggression, might exert themselves more than is done to prevent indiscriminate retaliation by their subalterns and servants. More than once I was no less shocked than surprised at hearing men of station and cultivation advocating a precisely opposite course ; and, on one occasion, when a fiery young gentleman of the interior boasted before me that he would shoot a black fellow wherever he met him as he would a mad dog, I thought it a very ordinary Christian duty to inform the head of the Executive of the existence of a professor of such highly uncompromising tenets.

In the distant provinces of the colony collisions between the races have always been of frequent occurrence—were so up to the day on which I left it ; and doubtless will prevail whenever a new tract is entered upon by the settlers, and wild tribes are encountered. *Naturam expellas furcá*—you may drive back the native with the bayonet, but the savage, degraded as he may be, will fight for his hunting-grounds ; and the Anglo-Saxon in his destined progress to possess the land, to have the heathen for his inheritance, will march over his body or make him his bondsman. The best we can hope for the poor blackkeys is, that in time they may become voluntary labourers for hire, and thus gradually be brought to prefer some steady calling to their old, comfortless, and wandering habits. But it is not to be expected that they will abandon their free, though precarious mode of life, for one of hard and earnest toil unless for a tolerable equivalent. I have found colonists condemning the race as hopeless in the way of labour, because some of them had deserted in the midst of the harvest after a few days' work. On inquiry, however, I heard that a meagre meal of broken victuals, or some article of cast-off clothing, was the highest remuneration bestowed on a stout and active black, while the white prisoner by his side in the hay-field was receiving a guinea a-week and regular rations. Some instances there have been of the successful employment of the natives, especially in pastoral pursuits, and they are fast increasing in number. If the haughty Red-man can bend to work for wages alongside the negro in the cotton-field—and such I believe has happened—the simple though wild Australian may surely be induced to labour with the

European. In the Port Phillip district, for the last four or five years, they have been thus employed to a considerable extent. A correspondent of the Sydney "Morning Herald," in November 1850, mentions that, in a district where the blacks have always hitherto been most troublesome, "the once dreaded Macintyre country," where scores of Englishmen have been murdered, and where stock has been destroyed or harried to such an extent "that not only most of the first proprietors but many of the second and third owners were ruined," the blacks are now admitted into all the stations, acting generally throughout the district as stockmen, and supplying all the extra hands at lambing and sheep-washing times. At one station they have charge of 6,000 sheep.

Two or three days after the Coroberry before described, I saw the tribe, with their lubras and children, taking their way to some distant camping-place. The old chief collected his people by a loud "cooce"—the well-known peculiar cry of the race; and, tossing his huge arm to me by way of adieu, strode down the hill followed by the rest in Indian file, a "formation" well adapted for threading the bush. The men erect, bearing only their weapons, the women cowering under heavy loads, they entered the scrub and were soon out of sight. In less than a month later we heard with regret that the stout old leader and six of his band had been killed in a treacherous attack by a hostile tribe, the latter having the advantage of fire-arms, shamefully supplied to them, as was reported, by white people for the bloody and express purpose.

The experiment of enrolling as a border force a native mounted police, with British officers, has perfectly succeeded. In 1850, the division stationed on the Macintyre River consisted of forty-four men, with a commandant, two subalterns and a sergeant-major. The pay of the privates is 3*d.* a-day; their uniform a light dragoon undress. They are all quite young men, averaging five feet nine inches in height, light but strong, and very quick at drill, the use of arms and horsemanship. In the Port Phillip district a similar force has been raised. There is no want of recruits, nor need of "bounty;" the only difficulty is to choose among the herd of long-legged, shock-headed, grinning fellows, offering themselves "to plenty fight" for 3*d.* per diem! They have no qualms about acting

with the utmost rigour against their brother black-fellows ; and such is the terror of their name that wheresoever a section of the force shows itself the evil-minded tribes instantly disappear. Nor are rangers of the bush, fairer in skin but equally dark in deeds, less afraid of these active, vigilant, and dashing black Hulaus. Shepherds and stockmen no longer fear to quit their huts, and gentlemen graziers may now ride from station to station without arming themselves like an ambulant arsenal. For bush duties, especially against their own countrymen, the native police is infinitely more effective than the English police. Indeed, with the latter force there are always a few blacks employed as " trackers." " Tame" blacks have been known, even when unconnected with the constabulary, to capture, single-handed, English bush-rangers for the sake of the reward. *However superior in bodily strength, however desperate his courage, the robber has no chance against the black scout unless possessed of fire-arms.* The latter attacks him with a running fire of stones, thrown with such vigour and accuracy, that a few minutes would suffice to cut to pieces or disable the former. The superior agility of the savage effectually prevents close quarters ; and, as for resisting with the same weapons, the poor clumsy Saxon might as well pelt a shadow. An instance was related to me of a native following for days, unsuspectingly, the steps of a runaway prisoner armed with a musket. Having exhausted the little food he had brought with him, the white man was at length compelled by hunger to fire at a bird, and, ere he could re-load, he was felled by a stone, followed by a sustained volley—something like that of Perkins's steam-gun—which soon placed both man and musket in the power of the wily savage.

In his purely natural state the New Hollander is little better than a wild beast. Indeed, he may be said to be *the* beast of prey of his native land. Strong, agile, fierce, voracious, crafty, his eye and hand are always ready for a victim. His reason, such as it is, serves the purpose of the tiger's instinct, and has scarcely a higher office to fulfil. Compared, moreover, with the innocent denizens of the Australian bush, he possesses the superior bodily strength of that tyrant of the Indian jungle. Yet, low in the scale of humanity as is the grade of the savage, I agree with those who believe the assumption

unfair that he is incapable of attaining the same standard of intelligence as the European. No really effectual and properly sustained plan for his amelioration has as yet been extended to him. Efforts, prodigal indeed in zeal and money, have been made to civilize and Christianise him, but they have hitherto met with signal failure. We are, in the prosecution of our present tour, to pass one, the greatest of all the Mission stations on this continent, that of Wellington Valley, where we are taught to expect a heap of ruins as the sole result of much earnest legislation, much labour and self-sacrifice on the part of the Churchmen engaged in it, and many thousands of pounds expenditure. These means, we are bound to believe, have unfortunately been ill-directed towards the end desired, or not directed with sufficient patience and constancy. The New Zealand native teacher reads and expounds the Scriptures. The Haytian and Hawaiian Governments are distinct and distantly apart proofs of mental capacity in the darker races. The freed African slave is as quick in wit, as keen in business, as the white man. Nay, "if we go into the great cities of the United States, New York and Philadelphia, a comparison between the free negro population and the quarters occupied by the Irish emigrants would, we venture to say, be decidedly to the advantage of the former."* The promptitude with which the Australian blacks enrolled in the police have acquired a proficiency not only in the manual parts of their duties, but in discipline, abstinence from drink, obedience to orders, &c., affords satisfactory testimony of their aptitude for better things. Nor is there, I think, anything very extravagant in the assumption, that the creature who has sufficient skill and energy to construct the spear and the boomerang, to transfix the kangaroo at sixty paces, strike down the bird on the wing, ensnare the river fish with his nets, and pierce the sea fish with his harpoon, who can manufacture his canoe and its implements, is capable, also, of learning more useful, though in fact less ingenious arts and sciences.

It is never very difficult to make what may be vulgarly styled "blanket and soup" proselytes among a starving people; and accordingly the worthy and simple ministers of the Apsley Mission † had at first a tolerable attendance at

* Quarterly Review, December 1849.

† Wellington Valley.

their schoolroom and refectory. In 1838 there were from fifty to eighty natives resident and supported at the Mission. Many took kindly to the various departments of labour—tending cattle, thrashing corn, carrying wood and water, gardening, &c. The children were docile and promising; and sanguine hopes of eventual success in the good work were entertained. But the Principle of Evil sat not idly by. A hundred stumbling-blocks arose in the path upon which these poor people had but entered. Police, convict, and other government and private establishments grew up around the Mission-house. Attracted by the rich soil of the Wellington Valley, settlers, with troops of prisoner-servants, located themselves in the vicinity. It soon became anything but a quiet retreat for the Christians elect. Drunkenness was introduced by sly-grog-sellers; the females were seduced away by the Europeans, and were ashamed to return; the black scholars were encouraged to deride their teachers and the things taught. Many learned merely by rote, but all enjoyed the good feeding; the words Missionary and Commissary were synonymous terms with them; and however much the lecture-room declined in favour, the refectory was always well attended.

Just when these zealous pastors had begun to congratulate themselves that they had subdued to the fold a remnant of these lost black sheep, a body of wild natives would arrive and camp beside the walls, and next day both the newly arrived and a batch of half-converts had disappeared together. I can picture to myself the mortification of the good teachers, as the wild Coo-ee of the savages, reclaiming their kindred, rang through the forest, and, obedient to the call, the half-tamed pupils, with flashing eyes and answering cry, tore off their garments—symbols of incipient civilization—and, once more naked, rushed into their native wilds.

" Give me again my hollow tree,
My *kungaroo* and liberty ! "

was their exclamation, as these children of the bush, tired of boiled mutton, turnips, potatoes and tea, and the twaddle (as they thought it) of their teachers, relapsed into their natural state of savagery.

In 1842, nine years after the first institution of the Mission, there remained *only one* "satisfactory" inmate. In Decem-

ber, 1849, the Bishop of Sydney, during an inland tour, admitted to confirmation *but one* adult “of this painfully neglected and forsaken race”—as he too truly designated them.

At the Moreton Bay Missionary Establishment the station was plundered by the blacks whom it was intended to benefit, and the ungrateful barbarians were proceeding to fire the buildings, when the much-enduring Missionaries had recourse to the secular arm, giving their riotous acolytes a hearty peppering with small shot,—a fulmination of the Church intelligible to the meanest and most savage capacity, and well worth all the anathemas in the catalogue.

Past endeavours to better the condition of the Australian native have, then, it appears, been abortive. But fresh and more vigorous efforts are to arise out of the Meeting and Conference of the Metropolitan and Suffragan Bishops of Australasia, which took place at Sydney in October, 1850, when a plan for a Board of Missions was matured, having for its objects,—“First, the conversion and civilization of the Australian blacks; and second, the conversion and civilization of the heathen races in all the Islands of the Western Pacific.” So eloquently and so forcibly did these right reverend prelates plead the cause of “*the benighted*” in the pulpits and public meetings of Sydney, and other places, that very considerable sums were collected on the spot, and many leading gentlemen enlisted themselves heartily in the good cause.

Among the various arguments adduced on this occasion by churchmen and laymen, there was none that struck me more forcibly than the following remark by the Speaker of the legislative council, at one of the Missionary meetings:—“Having possessed the lands, having taken from the original occupants the hunting-grounds which once belonged to them, we have made these ignorant savages amenable to our laws. Only a few days ago one of these unhappy beings was called upon to pay the penalty of his life for the infringement of those laws.* I must confess it is an occurrence exciting in me feelings of the deepest commiseration, self-reproach and humiliation—a sense of reproach which must be shared by all who see these benighted creatures, and remember how little has been done to bring them to a true sense of the duties expected from them. If these tribes are to be made

* An Aboriginal native, executed for murder.

amenable to the Christian code, let them at least be made aware of the duties for which they are responsible. Whatever difficulties may interfere, it is therefore our duty to persevere in constant endeavours to enlighten and convert this people."

History has no precedent of sudden civilization. When Britain was known only as the Tin Islands, the Phœnicians, trading with them for that metal, probably considered the wild inhabitants as incurably barbarous—only fit to disburse "the tin" in exchange for such gewgaws as the savage loveth. At the time of Cæsar's invasion the great Roman found us far from a gentlemanly, well-dressed,—nay more, a thoroughly bad style of people, by no means unlike the present New Holland savages; divided into numerous and lawless tribes; clad in skins; painted and tattooed; great hunters (we are so still); unskilled in agriculture, (we don't "protect" it now!) socialists in regard of women (is there not an Agapemone existing in 1851?); idolators; probably cannibals! Yet our Christianity is nearly as old as the Era, and, as to our civilization, perhaps our Gallic neighbours will cede us the second place among nations. Certainly we have, more liberally than they, disseminated our share of that acquisition among other races.

There are light and shade in every picture; and I do not know that anything could more forcibly portray the extremes of character in the Australian black than the incidents accompanying the death of the lamented Mr. Kennedy in the year 1848. I allude, on the one hand, to the cruel, treacherous, yet patient ferocity with which the savage tribes dogged the steps of this enterprising and unfortunate young gentleman, finally butchering him in cold blood when rendered by famine no longer capable of resistance;—and, on the other hand, to the heroic endurance, the unshaken fidelity and the devoted courage displayed by his native follower, "Jacky-Jacky," who, though himself wounded, defended his master to the last, gave his body decent burial, and, after unheard-of sufferings, succeeded in saving the lives of the two European survivors of this ill-fated expedition.

Mr. Assistant-Surveyor Kennedy started from Sydney on the 28th April, 1848, for the exploration of the country lying between Rockingham Bay and Cape York, the N. E. extremity of New Holland. He was accompanied by eleven white

persons and Jacky the black. His stock consisted of one hundred sheep, twenty-eight horses, and three dogs. Obstructed by impassable scrubs and swamps, by disease, famine, and hostile savages, on the 10th of November Mr. Kennedy, with three of the strongest Englishmen and the black, formed an advance party, in order to attempt by forced marches to reach Cape York, where he expected to find H. M. Schooner *Bramble*;—leaving the remaining eight persons of his party under Mr. Carron, the botanist, encamped within view of Weymouth Bay.*

* Mr. Carron published an interesting narrative of this expedition; and at a subsequent judicial investigation Jacky's most touching statement drew tears from the least sympathetic of his auditory. It closed as follows:—"I and Mr. Kennedy watched them that night, taking it in turns every hour. By-and-by I saw the black fellows; it was a moonlight night; and I walked up to Mr. Kennedy, and said, 'There is plenty of black fellows now.' This was in the middle of the night. Mr. Kennedy told me to get my gun ready. The blacks did not know where we slept, for we made no fire. We both sat up all night. After this daylight came, and I fetched the horses, and saddled them; then we went on a good way up the river, and then we sat down a little while, and we saw three black fellows coming along our track, and they saw us, and one fellow run back as hard as he could run, and fetched up plenty more, like a flock of sheep almost. I told Mr. Kennedy to put the saddles on the two horses, and to go on; and the blacks came up, and they followed us all day, and all along it was raining; and I now told him to leave the horses and come on without them, that the horses make too much track. Mr. Kennedy was too weak, and would not leave the horses. We went on this day till towards evening, raining hard, and the blacks followed us all the day, some behind, some planted before; in fact, blacks all around and following us. Now we went into a little bit of a scrub, and I told Mr. Kennedy to look behind always. Sometimes he would do so, and sometimes he would not look behind to look out for the blacks. Then a good many black fellows came behind the scrub, and threw plenty of spears, and hit Mr. Kennedy in the back first. Mr. Kennedy said to me, 'Oh, Jacky, Jacky, shoot 'em! shoot 'em!' Then I pulled out my gun, and hit one fellow over the face with a buck-shot. He tumbled down, and got up again and again, and wheeled right round, and two black fellows picked him up and carried him away. They went away then a little way, and came back again, throwing spears all round more than they did before—very large spears. I pulled out the spear at once from Mr. Kennedy's back, and cut out the jag with his knife. Then Mr. Kennedy got his gun and snapped, but it would not go off. The blacks sneaked all along by the trees, and speared Mr. Kennedy again in the right leg, above the knee a little, and I got speared over the eye; and the blacks were now throwing their spears all ways, never giving over, and shortly again speared Mr. Kennedy in the right side. There were large jags to the spears, and I cut them out, and put them into my pocket. At the same time we got speared the horses got speared too, and bucked about and got into the swamp. I now told Mr. Kennedy to sit down while I looked after the saddle-bags, which I did, and when I came back again I saw blacks along with Mr. Kennedy. I then asked him if he saw the blacks with him; he was stupid with the spear wounds, and said, 'No;' then I asked him where was his watch? I saw the blacks taking away his watch and hat as I was returning to Mr. Kennedy: then I carried Mr. Kennedy into the scrub: he said, 'Don't carry me a good way.' Then Mr. Kennedy looked this way, very bad—(Jacky rolling his eyes). I said to him, 'Don't look far away,' as I thought he would be frightened. I asked him often, 'Are you well now?' and he said, 'I don't

Mr. Carron and a man named Goddard, the sole survivors, were within an hour or two of inevitable death, when the master of a small vessel despatched by Government with provisions for the exploring party, guided by the trusty black, discovered the encampment and carried them off just as the cowardly and brutal savages, who had surrounded the wretched but still well-armed men, were mustering courage for a general attack.

care for the spear-wound in my leg, Jacky, but for the other two spear-wounds in my side and back,' and said, 'I am bad inside, Jacky.' I told him black fellow always die when he got spear in there (in the back). He said, 'I am out of wind, Jacky.' I asked him, 'Mr. Kennedy, are you going to leave me?' and he said, 'Yes, my boy, I am going to leave you.' He said, 'I am very bad, Jacky; you take the books to the Captain, but not the big ones; the Governor will give anything for them.' I then tied up the papers. He then said, 'Give me paper, and I will write.' I gave him paper and a pencil, and he tried to write, and then he fell back and died, and I caught him as he fell back and held him. I then turned round myself, and cried. I was crying a good deal till I got well, that was about an hour, and then I buried him. I dugged up the ground with a tomahawk, and covered him over with logs, then grass, and my shirt and trowsers. That night I left him near dark. I would go through the scrub, and the blacks threw spears at me, a good many, and I went back again into the scrub. Then I went down the creek which runs into Escape River, and I walked along the water in the creek very easy, with my head only above water, to avoid the blacks, and get out of their way. In this way I went half a mile; then I got out of the creek, and got clear of them, and walked on all the night nearly; and slept in the bush without a fire. I went on next morning, and I felt very bad, and I spelled here for two days; I lived upon nothing but salt water. Next day I went on, and camped one mile away from where I left, and eat one of the pandanos. On next morning I went on two miles, and sat down there, and I wanted to spell a little there, and go on, but when I tried to get up I could not, but fell down again, very tired and cramped, and I spelled here two days; then I went on again one mile, and got nothing to eat but one nonda; and I went on that day and camped, and on again next morning about half a mile, and sat down where there was good water, and remained all day. On the following morning I went a good way, went round a great swamp and mangroves, and got a good way by sundown. The next morning I went and saw a very large track of black fellows; I went clear of the track and of swamp or sandy ground; then I came to a very large river and a large lagoon, plenty of alligators in the lagoon, about ten miles from Albany. I now got into the ridges by sundown, and went up a tree, and saw Albany Island; then next morning, at four o'clock, I went on as hard as I could go all the way down, over fine clear ground, fine iron-bark timber, and plenty of good grass. I went on round the point; this was towards Cape York. I knew it was Cape York, because the sand did not go on further. I sat down then a good while; I said to myself, this is Port Albany, I believe, inside somewhere. Mr. Kennedy also told me that the ship was inside, close up to the main land. I went on a little way and saw the ship and boat. I met close up here two black gins and a good many piccaninnies; one said to me, 'Powad, powad;' then I asked her for eggs; she gave me turtles' eggs, and I gave her a burning glass. She pointed to the ship, which I had seen before. I was very frightened of seeing the black men all along here, and when I was on the rock cooeing, and murrey, murrey* glad when the boat came for me."

* Very, very.

Mr. Kennedy had previously been engaged in several arduous and hazardous services, and the year before his death he had accompanied Sir Thomas Mitchell, the Surveyor-General, on a lengthened expedition into the interior. A few days before he started on his last and fatal journey I saw him at a ball at Government House, dancing joyously—the handsomest young man among the crowd of guests. Struck by his appearance, I asked his name of an old colonist standing near. On giving me the required information, my neighbour made the prophetic observation, “He is a fine fellow; he will either accomplish his object, or leave his bones in the bush!” His bones do rest there! The party employed to search for his remains and his papers were, although directed by Jacky, unsuccessful in discovering the grave, which had probably been obliterated by subsequent heavy floods. Some charts and note-books were found where the black had deposited them.

Jacky-Jacky became quite a “lion” in Sydney; and when I last saw him he was in a fair way of being spoiled, if not utterly ruined, by the dangers attendant on notoriety.

The reader will be kind enough to recollect that we are still under the hospitable roof of Mr. William Lawson.

This was a day of excessive sultriness—a day on which Diogenes would have desired Alexander to “stand fast” between him and the sun, instead of countermarching the king to the rear of his tub. The plains were burnt brown and hard as a brick; the sky, from zenith to horizon, was one unveiled glare; the fervour of the atmosphere was visible in the hollows, quivering in misty wreaths. But the grain fields were full of quail: so, with two brother sportsmen, I sallied out for their destruction in what might appropriately have been called the *warm* of the evening. Upwards of thirty couple were soon bagged, the son of “Nimrod,”* with his twenty years of Indian experience, following up the sport with untiring vigour; while F—— and myself, stumbling upon a small branch of the nearly dry Macquarie, deposited our guns and raiment on the bank of a water-hole, and hastening into the stream, remained there some time wallow-

* Mr. Apperley, the great sporting writer.

ing with our noses above the surface like a couple of Mr. Gordon Cummins' Hippopotami. Nor was our aquatic pastime entirely unshared; for a huge Durham bull of the neighbouring pastures, coming up to look at us and seemingly approving of the idea, walked into a shallow, and, gravely fixing his great bo-optics upon us, treated himself to a shower-bath with his wet tail.

If the weather was unsuitable to out-door pursuits, neither did it better accord with a drawing-room held this day by Lady Mary Fitzroy at Bathurst, nor with a dinner party of forty persons, followed by a ball, at Macquarie Plains. Myself did not attend the former of these conventions; but rumour whispered, untruly of course, that serious discord had arisen owing to certain fair ones, savouring, it was thought, too strongly of "the shop," having ventured to mingle with the local aristocracy in offering their devoirs to the Governor's much respected lady. The cause of this not uncommon jealousy of position in provincial and colonial circles is obvious enough; where boundaries are ill-marked, trespasses are common. *Apropos* to this subject, at a later date I had the pleasure of making ocular acquaintance with a lady in a neighbouring colony, who, on some question of female precedence, did undoubtedly assert that she was "the rankest lady present!"

As for the ball, the thermometer stood steadily at 92°, while we on the contrary danced furiously on the brick floor of the verandah from nine o'clock till day-light. Patent leather boots and white satin shoes soon became like the multitudinous sea, "one red;" the air we breathed was like a Sydney Brickfielder in hue; the music, or rather the band, was excruciating—I can find no milder term for it; it dimly reminded me—especially after I had retired to bed, and it "came o'er my soul" in dreams—of a description in some old book, where a company of musicians playing on claricorns, dulcimers, and such like instruments of torture, are described as causing "so delectable a noise, the like was never before heard!" But "what's the odds, so long as you're happy?" says a shrewd though inelegant proverb. Every one danced with all his or her might—from the veteran captain, who emigrated fifty years ago, and who led the dancers all night, to his well-grown and handsome granddaughter. Here we

saw the proofs of a fine and genial climate, health, strength and spirit in extreme age and singular physical precocity in the young. There were girls of fourteen and fifteen tall and full formed women, ready, and perhaps willing, to prove themselves such by wedlock. The young men looked tanned and weather-worn, rather thin perhaps but strong and active—their bronze throats and hands appearing uneasy in straw-coloured kid and starched white muslin. As some amends for its want of lakes and rivers, Australia has, at any rate, none of the sallow and agueish faces and shaky forms the traveller meets at every step on the fertile banks of the Hooghly and the Mississippi; even the mangrove swamps—nests of miasma elsewhere—exhale no noxious vapours in New South Wales.

Our worthy host has the reputation of considerable wealth. An intelligent and experienced man in the full vigour and activity of life, he derives great advantage from belonging to *the second generation of a family naturalized in the colony*. He possesses an immense range of pasturage, with countless flocks and herds, reckoned carefully, however, at periodical musters. His brand, particularly with respect to horse-stock, is reckoned about the best in the country, *i.e.* the W. L. with which his stock is marked is a certificate of good breed; and he exerts himself to uphold this character by importing from Europe fresh and first-rate blood, to prevent deterioration. The mode of life, and the business of a thriving stock-proprietor or squatter, one who has funds to fall back upon in case of reverses, must be highly agreeable, exciting and healthful. But the prosperity of the ordinary stock-farmer, who has embarked all his capital in one venture, is precarious in the extreme. Thanks, however, to a modern invention, when threatened by shortness of “feed,” scarcity of shepherds, or disease, he has one partial remedy,—the pot; not the quart pot, English reader, the too common resource under reverses—but the melting-pot. There is in this country no artificial or stored-up food for winter or bad seasons, as in Europe. The weal of the grazing interests, and indeed that of the colony, depends wholly on the natural grasses of the soil. When these fail, it is certainly better to convert flocks and herds into tallow, than to let them die and rot on the ground. There are now “boiling down establishments” in most of the

pasturing districts ; to which panics arising among the squatters from any of the above-named causes give plenty of work. The public is made acquainted with their existence by advertisements in the papers, as follows :—

“ TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF MANEROO.

“ PANBULA STEAM MELTING ESTABLISHMENT. — Mr. C. W. Bell having taken the above establishment, will be prepared to make arrangements for rendering down stock, during the ensuing season, at the following prices :—

“ Cattle—Five shilling and sixpence per head.

“ Sheep—Sixpence each.”

The process of boiling down, or as the proprietor of the above establishment more daintily styles it, rendering down, is thus shortly described. The stock are shot, flayed, hung up, quartered, chopped in pieces, and thrown into huge iron vats licensed to carry sixteen to twenty-four oxen, or three times as many sheep, at once. In these the fat is boiled out, skimmed into buckets, poured thence into casks, which, after being headed up and branded, are shipped for England. The fleshy fibre is thrown to the dogs or used as manure ; or ought to be so used, but unfortunately not only are the legs and feet parboiled for pig's food, but these animals are permitted to devour and fatten on the offal. The lover of pork in New South Wales should never partake of that meat unless he knows the birth, parentage, and education of the pig producing it. These cannibal swine are truly disgusting beasts—mangy, half-savage, horrible to think of as human food. Surplus stock, or the increase which overstocks the pastures, is often summarily disposed of through the medium of the melting-pot. These tallow-factories are a serious nuisance to the sensitive traveller—still worse to a resident neighbour ; but they are, as I have shown, a saving help to the grazier in dry seasons.

In the year 1846 I find there were boiled down about 40,500 sheep, and 10,400 cattle. In 1849, no less than 743,000 sheep and 45,000 cattle were thus sacrificed, producing 160,000 cwt. of tallow. In 1851, the tables furnished by the Colonial Secretary make the amount of tallow for the previous year 217,000 cwt. and upwards, valued at 300,000*l*. This is a singular statistic of a country whose entire population is much below that of the English county of Northumberland and that of the towns of Dublin or Manchester. In 1847

a member of the Legislative Council stated in his place that in the current year there would probably be destroyed 64,000,000 pounds of meat by this process! It is a matter of painful reflection, too often dwelt on to need repetition, that British subjects in one part of Her Majesty's dominions should be driven by necessity thus to waste the food which was given for the sustenance of man, and which in other parts of the same kingdom might have saved a million from starvation.

Far from the turmoil and distraction of the city, the tramontane settlers live in peace and plenty—he who has a large family, cheaper than in any other part of the world; for meat is nothing in price when mutton is merely the soil on which wool is grown; grain, vegetables and fruit are plentiful; game, from the bustard to the quail, and the best of fish the fresh-water cod, are to be had for the shooting and netting. *The colony will soon be tolerably independent of European wines.* The soil and climate are peculiarly suited to the vine, for it thrives under a degree of drought fatal to other crops. The wines of this country, however, have got a bad name by having been prematurely offered to the public, and they have therefore been deservedly condemned. On the whole, I consider the best kinds both salubrious and exhilarating; but there is a certain peculiar twang about them, either of the stalk or of the earth, to get over which a taste must be acquired. There is no reason to doubt, that not only will the Australians some day produce excellent wines, both red and white, but that they will grow their own tobacco and olive oil, silk, cotton, and flax.

A scene highly entertaining to a stranger, especially if he be a lover of that noble animal the horse, is the driving in from their pastures of “a mob” of young horses for examination and selection. This scene we enjoyed to perfection at Macquarie Plains. Two or three mounted stockmen had started by daybreak to hunt up the number required. About 10 o'clock the sound of the stock-whip—an awful implement, having twelve or fourteen feet of heavy thong to two feet of handle, and crackable only by a practised hand,—accompanied by loud shouts and a rushing mighty noise like the Stampede of the South American Prairies, announced the approach of the steeds. They came sweeping round the garden fence at

full speed, shrouded in a whirlwind of dust; and in a few minutes, snorting, kicking and fighting, about one hundred and fifty horses were driven within the stock-yard,—a wide enclosure surrounded by stout railings seven or eight feet high. The highest leaps I ever saw, were taken on this occasion by some of the wild young colts in their attempts to evade the halter for closer examination; seven or eight feet of iron-bark rails were not too much for their courage or rather their terror, and more than one heavy, perhaps ruinous fall was the result. Nothing could be more roughly nor worse managed; the poor colts' resistance was foolish because it gained them at most a few minutes' liberty, man's supremacy being very quickly and strenuously asserted; the stockman's system was foolish, because cruel, dangerous and unnecessary. But time and labour are too precious in New South Wales to be thrown away on the amenities of horse management; the poor brute is broken by force in a few days,—broken in spirit if he be naturally gentle, made a "buckjumper" for life, if bad tempered. He is handled, lunged, backed, tamed, and turned out again—"a made horse"—in the shortest possible time. The purchaser who takes him as such had better lay in a stock of cobbler's wax, before he assumes the pigskin! That expedient of the idle and unskilful rider, the martingale, is seen on every horse in the provinces, and is the cause of many a broken knee, and probably of not a few broken necks. One of the stockmen at Mr. Lawson's, a limping, crooked little old fellow, had hardly a whole bone in his skin from his riskful office of galloping down, "catching up," and handling wild colts and cattle, through every kind of rough country on any kind of rough nag.

The well-known Australian horse-play, called buckjumping,—the like of which I do not remember seeing in any other part of the world,—is not only very disagreeable but extremely dangerous even to the good horseman. To the equestrian "tailor" it is inevitable prostration.

The price of 20*l.* was established as a sort of general maximum for a good horse by Captain Apperley of the Honourable East India Company's Service, who was some years resident in this colony at the head of an establishment for purchasing and breaking New South Wales horses for the Indian military service. India is an excellent general market

for this stock, the handsome prices given there affording a brisk stimulus to the breeders; it will be the fault of these gentlemen if this advantageous vent for their produce fail them. Private speculations for that country are thus managed:—the proprietor, embarking his lot of horses in a ship fitted up at Sydney expressly for that kind of freight, pays 25*l.* passage money per head for every animal safely landed at the Indian port. Some very successful ventures have been made, although others indeed have proved dead failures. One great breeder told me that, a few years back, he sent two batches of horses to Calcutta, amounting in all to forty-five. On one batch he got a clear average profit of 60*l.*, and on the other 50*l.* per head.

The cavalier in New South Wales may mount himself at a lower rate than in any other quarter of the globe—short of horse stealing. It is astonishing to see the number and the tolerable stamp of horses knocked down at the auctions at from 2*l.* to 10*l.* I have heard more than one breeder say that 5*l.* per head, “all round,” would pay him; and I have been offered a lot of one hundred horses at 4*l.* a-head. The consequence of this absurdly low figure is that the best stock is seldom sent to Sydney by the distant breeders. In the far inland districts I saw many fine horses, from seven to eight years old, that had never been backed, because the expense of breaking and travelling to a market would have swallowed up all profit. Good, smart hacks, however, may generally be got at extremely moderate prices. Heavy-weight roadsters, or really handsome carriage horses, are very rare. As for blood horses, there are never more than two or three worthy of the turf current in the same season. Some of the “Walers” have, I understand, greatly distinguished themselves in Indian racing; and judging by “time” their performances on the colonial courses are quite equal to the average running at Home. Colonial sportsmen however do not, I think, take into consideration the extreme and almost uniform lightness of the ground as compared with the ordinary state of the race-courses in England.

November 17th.—Mrs. Lawson’s ball had barely ended, when our party were again *en route*, the day’s journey being about thirty-six miles, our destination Mr. Icely’s, of Coombing, near Carcoar.

Passing through the town of Bathurst, we came upon a fine undulating, lightly wooded and tolerably well grassed country. The upland soil seemed to be generally poor in quality, but the lowlands fertile, being much subject to inundation. The apple-tree and the box, mingling with the common gum, added a little variety to the monotonous character of the bush. The road we took was a mere bush track; but the wheels ran lightly on the glittering granite soil, and tolerably smoothly, except when we fell among rocks on the crest of some ridge, or, in avoiding them, got upon a "sidling" on the slope of the hill. This "sidling," which resembles the "slewing" of the Canadian sleigh, is very unpleasant, tiring to the horses, and even highly dangerous. To start off at full speed, and thus to get the wheels to "bite" again, is the only way to redeem an incipient sidling.

In a country more liberally endowed with water our drive of to-day might have been considered beautiful; but the dire want of that element is as fatal to the picturesque as it is, in this colony, to animal and vegetable life. There being no convenient half-way house, we made a mid-day halt at a spot called the "White Rocks," a cluster of quartz crags in the very savagiest part of the wilderness, holding out no particular temptation to the traveller beyond a meagre runlet of clear water which gave us the means of preparing grog, and, about a hundred yards down the ravine, a muddy water-hole, hardly solvent enough to meet the somewhat exorbitant draughts of nearly a dozen horses. The picnic basket was, however, unpacked, the lunch spread; the servants and mounted policemen led away the horses to the pool, and, in spite of the heat of an Australian summer day, we enjoyed extremely our sylvan repast and a temporary release from the joltings of the carriages. A bell tinkled through the trees, it was the bell of a bullock walking loose before a dray drawn by ten others. One of the drivers, begrimed with dust and sweat, came hurrying down towards the water-hole;—we had drained it dry! The poor jaded bullocks turned their patient heads in vain to the well-known drinking-place. The disappointed drayman, swearing two or three fearful oaths, looked very much as if he would have liked to pick a quarrel with us; but, turning his wrath upon his wretched team, he brought down a hail of blows upon their scarred flanks, and they

passed on, the tinkling of the bell, the cracking of the long whip, and the objurgations of the reasoning animal growing fainter and fainter until they were lost in distance.

The last six miles of a new road into Carcoar had just been marked out and partially made by the inhabitants, expressly for the Governor. It was a well-chosen but rough track, designated by blazed trees on either hand, the unbarked parts being painted white in order to be more manifest in the dusk. After a long and latterly steep descent through a densely wooded and hilly country, we suddenly dropped down upon the little snug-looking village of Carcoar, seated in a hollow vale on the banks of a river, in describing which it would be incorrect to say that it *runs* through the town; for although on occasions of inordinate rains it may form a continuous stream, at present and in general it constitutes what is well known in Australia as "a chain of ponds," the periodical predicament of most of the rivers of this land of drought—except indeed when the water disappears altogether.

To the grazier these chains of ponds are links of gold. Without them—and they fail him but too often—he might consign his flocks and herds to the tallow-vat and himself to the Insolvent Court—no uncommon lot unfortunately for both stock-owner and stock; the great difference being that the tallow will always yield a shilling or two in the pound avoirdupois, while the owner, when "rendered down," produces, perhaps, but twopence halfpenny in the pound sterling. The lack of water is indeed the *bête noire* of the colony. It has rendered agriculture, as a general pursuit, except in a few favoured districts, hopeless; and even pastoral pursuits are precarious where this great essential of life is not a property of the earth but a thing to be hoped for, and prayed for, and expected from the clouds. This want, too, is more likely to increase than to diminish, for all the well-watered runs have already been appropriated, and those settlers coming later into the squatting-field will have to put up with the pastures avoided by their precursors. The blacks say, "When white fellow come, water go away." The cutting down the trees and the trampling of stock do doubtless produce this effect. It is said, moreover, by geologists, that a gradual upheavement of the Australian continent is laying dry many of its original water-beds and courses.

No traveller can fail to remark how greatly favourable is the surface formation of this country for the structure of artificial reservoirs. Wherever, in the different lines of road, a causeway or dam has been thrown across a hollow in lieu of a bridge, there is almost uniformly a considerable collection of water; yet the farmers and squatters have, with scarcely an exception, been blind to the practical hints given them by the road-makers. I do not remember to have seen an acre of land laid under water by artificial means in New South Wales. The "bunds" and "tanks" of Hindostan, the "awais" of Mesopotamia—two regions liable to drought—are monuments of ancient enterprise and ingenuity. What the Assyrians did three or four thousand years ago the Nova-Cambrians may and must do now if they would hope ever to be an agricultural nation, and to continue to be—as they are now become—the great stand-by of the wool-consumers of England and of Europe. It was not until 1850 that the Lachlan Swamp, on which Sydney is dependent for her water supply, was fenced in from the intrusion of cattle.

But the mere lack of drink for man and beast, and of humidity for grass and grain, are not the only disasters attendant upon drought. The excessive dryness of the herbage and the fierce hot winds prepare the earth for those awful bush-fires which—whether they owe their origin to the flash of the thunder cloud or the spark of the bushman's pipe, or, as some will have it, to the lens offered to the sun by a broken bottle—do yearly ravage vast tracts of land, destroying not only pasturage and agricultural produce, but flocks, herds, homesteads, and even human life. To the general exploration of the country drought has opposed one of the sternest obstacles. Perhaps whilst I am revising these notes the gallant Leichart, toiling in the cause of science, may be suffering all the extremities of thirst—if his bones and those of his comrades be not already bleaching in the inhospitable wilderness!

I can hardly reconcile the general rule of a bright cloudless sky and a dusty earth with the assertion of the accomplished traveller Strzelecki, that "New South Wales has been shown to receive a larger amount of rain than does Brussels, Berlin, Geneva, York, and lastly London; so celebrated for its humidity." If it be true that as much water falls upon this continent as upon others, it must fall in larger quantities at fewer

periods, and does not remain on the earth. At Sydney, at least during the heavy rains, in ten minutes after the first drop has fallen the discoloured floods are seen rushing off the baked soil, carrying away the edges of the surcharged gutters and soon disappearing in the sea. In the country the rains tear up courses for themselves on the sides of the hills, and quickly leave them—fertilizing the valleys alone.

At the loyal town of Carcoar His Excellency was received with triumphal arches, pistol salutes—for I saw no ordnance of larger calibre—cheers, agitated cabbage-tree hats, and of course an address. These addresses were uniformly most flattering, and therefore, of course, most satisfactory to the newly-arrived ruler of the colony. The replies, framed on the model of royal speeches in older countries, were, it need hardly be remarked, lucid and explicit in the extreme. Our exit from the town suffered somewhat in dignity from the jaded state of our horses. His Excellency had to double thong his wheelers and “tip the silk” to his leaders up a very steep ascent from the river with an emphasis not irrelevant to the necessity of the case; the Colonial Secretary and myself, although we flanked up our pair and even cheered imaginary leaders, were at one moment—with the eyes of Carcoar upon us—in a state of abject fear lest our phaëton should perform the humiliating act of retrogression. However, after a toilsome three miles, we joyfully hailed the sight of Mr. Icely’s fence. There was a clearing of some two or three hundred acres; an approach through flourishing grain-fields; we left on one hand an extensive range of farm buildings, and, driving through a modest white gate and a neat English-like garden—the road lined with shouting tenants, servants and *shearers* (for *thê* sheep-shearing had commenced), we drew up at the portico of a romantic cottage surrounded by a wide verandah whose columns and eaves were completely over-shadowed with climbing roses, honeysuckles and other flowering creepers. The front looks over a garden luxuriant with European flowers and standard fruit-trees oppressed with their glowing produce; beyond are large enclosures yellow with ripening grain and sloping to a winding watercourse; and all around the prospect is, somewhat too closely, bounded by lightly wooded hills aspiring to be mountains;—indeed Mount Macquarie, which is seen in the background of the

plate, has secured that title to itself. So pretty and romantic did the cottage of Coombing, with its "woodbines wreathing and roses breathing," its upland forests, grassy glades, and rural seclusion appear, that some of the bachelors of the party agreed that love in such a cottage could hardly be bored to death in less than a moon—duly considering a proper supply of new novels, a fair amount of quail and snipe shooting, an inventive cook, and a case or two of champagne! The propounder of this theory, however, yawned a good deal, whilst he admitted that he had taken a sanguine view of the case.

The happiness of Mr. Icely's family—and they appear to form a truly happy circle—must be contracted within a narrow sphere and be independent of what is commonly called *gaiety* from extraneous sources; for Carcoar contains but few associates for them beyond the parson's family, and neighbours' visits, for excellent reasons, must resemble those of angels in the hackneyed old quotation. Our host, like Mr. W. Lawson, is accounted a squatter in Australian phrase, and like him—some reverses apart—a most successful and opulent one. He was launched on the world in early youth with slender means, has won wealth and wide possessions by his own exertions; and, having attained them, he is liberal and hospitable without extravagance, and lives comfortably and handsomely without the smallest parade or ostentation.

CHAPTER VI.

SQUATTERS, AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN—LEASE AND SALE OF LAND—THE PASTORAL INTERESTS—SQUATTERS AND SQUATTING—GENTLEMEN BUSHMEN—THE GRAZIER GRANDES—THE PSEUDO, AND THE BONA FIDE, COLONIST—THE PARROT FAMILY CONSIDERED AS GARDENERS AND AGRICULTURISTS—THE ORGAN-MAGPIE—DICK SWIVELLER—THE LOCUST—SHEARING AND BRANDING—HOW TO MILK—LABOUR—A HAND FOR HIRE—A SETTLER OF SUBSTANCE—GAME—A BEAST WITH A BILL—THE PICTORIAL PRESS—HORSE TREATMENT IN TRAVELLING—A NIGHT BIVOUAC—UNPOETICAL PASTORALS—ABERCROMBIE CAVES—JOHN BULL ABROAD—DAMPER—HORSEMANSHIP—CONVERGENT NEWS—DEATH AT WORK—TRIP TO THE SQUATTING DISTRICTS—A BUSTARD BAGGED—AN OUT-STATION—THE DINGO—THE SHEPHERD AND THE STOCKMAN—WORKMEN, WAGES, AND WASTE OF FOOD—COURSING AND SHOOTING AT BANGAROO—BUSH BOARD AND LODGING—A BUSH BED AND BEDFELLOWS—A BUSH BEAUTY—A BUSH BATH—RAIN AND FLOODS.

THE term squatter—inelegant as it may appear—is an official term in this colony; but it is applied to a very different class from that to which it belongs in America, whence it is borrowed. The squatter of America is generally a small farmer or labouring man, who, wandering beyond the limits of the districts surveyed by the Government and consequently open to sale, has sat down or squatted on wild land, as the buffalo or moose might do, with as great a right and no greater to its occupancy, and no more liable to distraint for rent, licence, or assessment than his quadruped neighbour on the prairie. As the frontier of the State extends and the surveyor approaches his “form,” the squatter either removes to “fresh diggiins,” or, taking advantage of the right of pre-emption, purchases for the fixed price of a dollar and a quarter an acre as much of his original squattage as he may need or can afford to make his own. Such for the most part are the squatters of the far west: and such were some of the original squatters of this colony. Men of mark and likelihood, “gentlemen and well derived,” soon embarked in the lucrative pursuit. The flocks increasing at that wonderful ratio only perhaps known in Australia, the granted lands and those purchased even at the low rate of five shillings an acre were unequal to their subsistence; they spread themselves

therefore over the country, and their owners followed them either in person or by proxy. Other individuals, who had reasons of their own for preferring a frontier life, got possession of sheep or cattle and located themselves on the waste lands. Government might have winked at this informal style of occupation in favour of the increase of the stock of the colony thereby caused, had not the wild and lawless life of these earlier borderers compelled the higher powers to frame laws for their better government. Judge Lynch was not to be trusted in a country where half the population were convicts, emancipated prisoners of equivocal character, land-jobbers, stock-robbers and idle and ignorant people, who had got possession of large tracts which they either could not or would not improve or cultivate. It was soon discovered that the system of free alienation of land was nothing short of "making ducks and drakes" of the Crown's most valuable property and most powerful source of influence. Various plans were concocted, and revoked, both for sale and the lease of Crown lands; they resulted at length in the creation of a land fund, to be expended on the introduction of free labour to cultivate that land, and in the licensing of tracts within and beyond the boundaries of location for depasturing purposes, at small rents, with an assessment on live stock for the maintenance of a border police and for internal improvements.

Let not my reader fear that I am about to inflict even a digest of the Land Regulations upon him. Those now in force, which have of course been compressed into the smallest useful dimensions, form a neat little book of fifty pages—published "by authority" at Sydney in 1848, and doubtless obtainable at the Colonial Office.

For purposes of squatting, the *waste* lands (a term very improperly and imprudently given to the splendid territorial inheritance held by the Crown as trustee for the public) are divided into three classes—the Settled, the Intermediate, and the Unsettled districts. In the Settled, the lease is enjoyable for one year only; in the Intermediate, for eight years; in the Unsettled, or ultra-frontier lands, for fourteen years. The rent is 10% per annum for a "run" capable of carrying 4,000 sheep or 640 head of cattle or horses. The runs are not open to purchase during the lease, except by the lessee. On the expiration of a lease it is competent for Government to put

up all or any part of the lands for sale, the lessee having the right of preemption at its fair value, which shall never be less than 1*l.* per acre. The assessment on stock is 3½*d.* for horses, 1½*d.* for cattle, ½*d.* for sheep per head.

At the period of my first excursion to the Bathurst district, the squatters were clamouring for the fixity of tenure since yielded by these regulations, which enable them to carry on their avocations with a degree of security unpermitted by former enactments.

With respect to the purchase of Crown lands, it is enough to state that the upset auction price was raised in 1838 from 5*s.* to 12*s.*, and again in 1842 to 1*l.* an acre—at which figure it now stands. Whether the theory of a high minimum for waste lands be good or bad, is a question hot and heavy to handle, and fortunately no business of mine. It is quite as warmly disputed now as when it was first mooted by Mr. Wakefield. Its avowed chief intentions are to prevent land-jobbing, the accumulation of land in the hands of persons without capital or the means of introducing labour, the undue dispersion of the population, and to exclude the labourer from the possession of a freehold. Opponents of this system affirm that it makes land dear and scarce instead of plentiful and cheap; that it discourages the immigration of small capitalists from Europe and diverts them to the United States, where freeholds may be purchased, better land, at one-fourth of the price. The alteration is favourable for the squatting interests; with the waste lands at the present price the leaseholders are little likely to be dispossessed by purchasers. But it cuts two ways: without land sales there can be no land fund; without land fund no emigration at the public expense; without emigrant-labourers or convicts the wages of shepherds, stockmen and farm-servants must rise; high wages infer paucity of hands; paucity of hands causes hasty and careless tending, washing, shearing, and getting up of wool—and consequent depreciation of the great staple in the European markets.

I confess I find it difficult to understand why the half rocky, half sandy, densely wooded and ill-watered acre of New South Wales is worth four times as much as the deeply alluvial, ready cleared and well irrigated acre of Wisconsin or Illinois—the former lying three times the distance from England. It seems to me that if small capitalists were

permitted to purchase at a low price as much land as they wanted for culture, the natural bias of man to herd with his kind would induce him to pitch his tabernacle near his neighbour; give them a church and a bit of common land and there would soon be a village: no danger of dispersion, and if dispersion be an evil what so like to cause it as the squatting system? The English reader must understand that the lessees of Crown lands, the squatters, are debarred by law from cultivating any part of their runs except for the consumption of their families and establishments. Immense tracts must therefore remain untouched by the plough, and continue to be primeval deserts.

The pastoral state, it is but a stale truism to remark, is the first step, a great one certainly, beyond that of the hunting and fishing savage; it implies location, but on somewhat loose terms, and a collection of some few stationary comforts and conveniences; but the cultivation of the soil, is a condition absolutely necessary to high civilization and to the permanent organization of society. Let no one, however, underrate the value of the pastoral interests as they now stand in New South Wales. In 1850 it was publicly stated by one of the greatest flock-masters and statesmen in the country, and never publicly refuted, that the whole produce of the agricultural interests of the colony, including Port Phillip, did not exceed 600,000*l.* a-year; while those proceeding from the pastoral interests amounted to 1,500,000*l.* a-year. I think this speaker further stated that, from his own squatting properties alone, 10,000*l.* worth of produce passed yearly through the hands of the Sydney merchants. The immense area of this continent and the exceeding poverty of by far the greater part of the soil point it out as a country better adapted to grazing than to grain-culture. Less skill and experience are required in the former occupation; the returns are more rapid and more simple; and besides, there is something fascinating, especially to the Englishman who has been pent up perhaps on a single acre of the Old Country, in the feeling that he can count his horses by the hundred, his cattle by the thousand, and his sheep by tens of thousands, and can gallop for a week across his territories without touching their confines.

That the pursuit is popular is pretty plain. There are

squatters of all classes, high and low,—squatters, (and these really deserve the name,) who reside constantly at their stations, never moving to the city except, perhaps, to receive from the merchants the price of their yearly clip of wool and to load the return drays with stores. There are squatters who drive other trades in the metropolis, leaving their country interests in the hands of resident agents, and who should therefore be rather designated proprietors of stock than squatters. There are for instance physicians picking up *their fees* in the towns and carrying on in the country extensive sheep-farming concerns; there are lawyers by dozens who practise the art of fleecing both in town and country; half the members of the Legislative Council are squatters; the Speaker squats equally and alternately on the woolsack of the House and at his wool-stations on the Murrumbidgee.

The moment the session is prorogued, honourable members, honourable and gallant members, honourable and learned members, hasten away to the bush and to their flocks and herds, returning in a month or two, sometimes with smiling, at others with long faces—always with sun-burnt ones. Squatting is a pursuit pliable according to the means, and to the other avocations of those engaging in it. One may squat on a large or on a small scale, squat directly or indirectly, squat in person or by proxy; one may buy stock, borrow stock, hire stock, or take stock on the system of “thirds,” in which the working partner gets one third of the wool and of the increase, while the proprietary partner, as he may be called, follows some other profession, or his pleasures, or holds some Government appointment at the capital or elsewhere. Two friends conjoin in a squatting concern, and take it by turns to enjoy “a spell” in Europe. Two or three brothers unite their resources, the two younger perhaps conducting the business of the stations, while the elder—a bit of a dandy—manages the mercantile and shipping part. When the squatter is a married man, and carries with him into the bush the courtesies and amenities of life, his retrogression from a high standard of social polish need not be very visible, but it is pinned on the sleeve of the bachelor squatter. You may know him anywhere. He brings the bush into Sydney with him, like the burr on the fleece. Shy and ungainly, or tigerish and impudent, he prefers the upper boxes of the theatre to the drawing-room, and the

company of gamblers, adventurers, and horse-dealers to that of the more respectable, and what he would probably call the "slower" classes. Even the more favourable specimens of this order,—and there are many formed to move in the best society,—are not unapt to relapse into what an old Indian calls jungle habits on their return to the interior from a temporary sojourn at the capital. The same young man whom you may meet in a Sydney ball-room, well-dressed, well-looking, getting handsomely through a quadrille, decently through a valse, and something of a backjumper in the polka, you would be clever—in short you must be a French *préfet de police* (Vidocq himself) to recognise a month later, after he has rebushed himself. Cabbage-tree hat, colonial tweed jacket, fustian trowsers, rusty boots, short clay pipe, unshorn beard—one would suppose that soap and water, dressing cases, clean shirts, and other such effeminacies, had been discarded the moment Sydney was out of sight. In the *bonâ fide* working bushman, gentle or simple,—him who passes the hot hours of the day in riding after stock and "looking up" sheep, the growth of the beard is not only excusable but advisable, for you see by the way in which his nose is barked that his mouth and chin are none the worse for their natural shelter.

Among the poorer of the single men engaged in it, pastoral life in Australia is almost savage life—the life of the savage without the softening influence of squaw, gin, or wyenee.* But the grazier grandees, the squatting magnates, like some I had the pleasure of visiting, are the aristocrats of the land. Many of them are well-educated gentlemen—Eton and Oxford, Westminster and Cambridge men, who contrive to spare time for the culture of the mind as well as that of wool and tallow, "hides, horns, and hoofs;" and who maintain their connexion with the higher aspirations of humanity by a constant supply of books, periodical publications, correspondence with Home, as well as by their hospitality extended to persons of other pursuits, who are able to import fresh subjects of discussion to their distant and secluded homesteads. The worst feature of bush-life for family persons must be the difficulty of obtaining education for their children, especially in "the more elegant branches." Indeed there are not a few establishments where a help-mate in the strict sense of the term, rather than a

* Wyenee, New Zealand woman.

helpless mate endowed with all the gifts of the muses and graces combined, is the domestic desideratum.

Although it may not require any great amount of intellect to manage grazing affairs, let no man embark on it heedlessly. The bush, believe me, is no rose-bush; or if it be it has its thorns, its cares, its fluctuations, its reverses. Nowhere more than in this colony is verified the quaint adage,—“Many go out for wool, and come home shorn;” for sheep-farming has been the ruin of hundreds. But, grown wise through their own and others’ misfortunes, the squatters of the present day conduct their concerns with more prudence and foresight than of old; and the majority of them, I hope and believe, are laying up for themselves, if not very large fortunes, at least certain competence. There are many enemies to the squatter; of which the rivalry of other wool-growing nations nearer England may be the greatest. Their chief local foes are bush-fires and blacks, drought, dingoes and disease.

There are two great leading classes into which the squatocracy may be divided, those who are but temporary sojourners in the land—younger sons or brothers of opulent English families, who have ventured their 10 or 20,000*l.* in a grazing investment with the very natural intention of making a good round sum of money—enough to live “like a gentleman” in England—and of carrying their gains to their still cherished home; and on the other hand, those *bonâ fide* settlers who, on planting their foot on Australian ground, adopt it as their country and resolve to invest in it what they win on its soil. No need to say which of the two is the better class of colonists. It is sometimes, however, not easy to distinguish the one from the other. Of course, he who deliberately intends to make of the colony a sponge to wring wealth out of, does not think it necessary to publish his resolution; indeed I have heard individuals—especially those who value local popularity—take the very opposite course, in publicly and privately vapouring about their “adopted country,” its future prospects, and their own vested interests therein, whilst in fact they were only counting the number of days, and of bales of wool that would enable them to shake Australian dust from off their feet for ever.

November 18th.—Coombing. A lovely morning. I was awakened early by a chattering of parrots absolutely stun-

ning, and looking forth I found the standard cherry-trees thronged with these birds,—a thousand beautiful and mischievous creatures frisking among the branches, eating no small quantity of the fruit of these exotic plants reared with so much trouble, and wantonly destroying every berry and bud within reach of their strong little beaks. What wonder that the old Scotch gardener strewed the ground, in vain however, with their painted corpses, as he prowled round the garden with a vengeful face and a gun as long as himself! Beyond the garden fence, down on the cultivated land, the fields were covered, as by a snow-drift, with flocks of the large white cockatoo,—a bird of the strongest anti-protectionist principles on the subject of the Corn Laws. The seed in the ground, the ripening or the ripe grain, are “all fish” to him; the havoc he commits is immense; and he is so wary as to preserve an absolute impunity from gun or snare. In delightful contrast with the shrill harsh voices of these two feathered scolds came, from the garden hedge, the full soft note of the organ-magpie—like the low breathing of the flute-stop of that instrument. Some of the tones are as soft and sad as those of the cushat, but with even more of music in them.

There is a sort of ventriloquism in his voice. You may be looking out afar for the instrument of the seemingly distant music, when a note louder than the rest calls your attention nearer home, and you find the songster sitting on a branch within six feet of your head. The organ-magpie, pied crow, or barita, is somewhat larger than the English magpie, with a tail as much shorter as his voice is sweeter. When trying afterwards to find some likeness for this bird’s song, it suddenly struck me that it resembled in some degree the notes of an accordion, or rather a flutina, touched by a timid and uncertain hand, attempting over and over again the first two or three bars of “Nix my Dolly,” an air which, unsentimental as are its associations, I always thought full of beauty and originality. On my return to England after three years in America this tune was in possession of the London butcher and pot-boys; and my friends, I remember, were much amused when I told them, on the first evening of our reunion, how charmed I had been with a certain song of the streets, which proved to be no other than Blueskin’s popular and vulgar air.

There was another vocal bird that I frequently observed perched on the topmost branch of some tall tree, with its bill pointed skywards and singing with all its soul in a tone somewhat sharper, but not very unlike the magpie's. This bird appeared to be a kind of woodpecker, at least in shape, though I never detected him in the act of "tapping." I could not learn his name, so gave him that of Dick Swiveller, because, to my "fanciful mind," he seemed to have that gentleman's habit of indulging in snatches of song, the prevailing ditty sounding like the commencement of Macheath's solo, "When the heart of a man," &c.

One of the greatest curiosities of animated nature at this season is the locust,—the *Tettix* of Anacreon,—the Latin *Cicada*. When the weather becomes warm, this insect, which has been all winter laid up beneath the earth, perforates its surface and emerges in a full suit of russet armour. Crawling to the nearest tree he lays fast hold of the bark with his gauntlets, then, squaring his shoulders, he splits the back of his cuirasse,—and lo! a gay, bright green, gauze winged and gold spotted denizen of air,—his subterranean attire left hanging up like a fusty old garment at a Jew's door in Monmouth-street, or a rusty, battered suit of armour on the walls of an ancestral hall. Not a word is to be said in favour of this creature's voice; his stridulous notes ring through the air from morning to night with an effect so distracting that one can hardly afford to pity him when one hears him chirping through the closed fingers of the Sydney urchins—each of whom, in the locust season, carries about in his clutches at least one of these living castanets. One species of locust, as is well known, reappears from his earthen retreat only once in seventeen years; no wonder he makes a noise in the world during his short holiday.

We witnessed to-day the several processes of shearing, sorting, packing, and pressing wool. The weather being extremely sultry, it seemed very hard and hot work—yet some of the best hands contrive to clip 70 sheep in a day. It was curious to observe how rapidly the poor panting, helpless, innocent beast was disrobed of its thick downy fleece without breaking it, and was then let go naked and astonished back to its pen; and it strongly reminded me of a process I have watched at Doncaster, Newmarket, and elsewhere, in which

the patient looks equally sheepish after he has been done! A more displeasing and cruel operation is the branding of young stock. Every colt and heifer is marked with the initials or other cypher of its owner, burnt on some conspicuous point; on the shoulder of a fine horse it is very disfiguring, yet no less necessary to prevent theft in a country where the animals, roving over their wide and wooded pastures, are sometimes not seen or heard of for months together. But branding does not as a matter of course preclude cattle stealing; for the marks are either cut out bodily or altered by rebranding,—some letters being easily changed to others. The roars and groans of the suffering *juvenci*, as they were hauled by ropes into a sort of wooden cage, proved how painful was the system of impressing upon them their A B C.

Among other stockyard sights I was attracted by seeing a lot of men preparing to capture, and as I thought to slaughter out of hand a remarkably wild cow. She knocked down one of her pursuers and was making towards myself, who having a gun on my shoulder was conning the idea of shooting her through the head to save further trouble and expense, when I was quietly informed that they were only going to milk her. It was the most flagitious case of "violence with intent" to milk I had ever met with! Having lassoed her horns, and induced her to run her head through the rails of the yard, they quickly belayed it there; her legs were then tied with thongs of "green hide," and the poor mad cow was milked accordingly by main force. Be it known to all dwellers in Cockaigne that green-hide rope, an article used here in various departments georgic and bucolic, is formed of long narrow strips cut from the raw skin of an ox; the epithets "green" and "raw" are synonymous, as some of my young friends know.

In large establishments, like that of our host, where many scores of hands are employed, the proprietor is compelled to keep a store well filled with all the requisites of consumption—such as shop-clothing, tea, sugar, tobacco, soap, rum, blankets, &c. All those extras not included in the stipulated ration are charged against the consumer at what is considered a fair price; and I have been assured that masters do not lose by the transaction;—on the contrary, that some of them turn it to good account. Indeed some employers are accused

of making too large a profit by this retail business, charging their servants 50 and 100 per cent. for the expense of carriage from Sydney or the nearest market town. At Coombing there is a regular office, with clerks, issuers, &c.—in short, a Commissariat of stores. The scarcity of labour at the present juncture is severely felt by the country residents; indeed it threatens stagnation and ruin to those who work up to the extent of their capital. In New South Wales all the great annual business of a stock farmer is necessarily crowded into the summer months—sheep-washing and shearing, hay and grain harvests, operations connected with breeding, &c.; so that the pressure for labour falls heavily and at once. No wonder that convicts or any class of able workmen were welcome at Mr. Icely's establishment; for hands clean or dirty must be procured at the present busy time, and during the existing industrial destitution. Our host indeed (who, like many capitalists in the earlier days of the colony, received free grants of land on condition of employing and maintaining convicts, and who on the other hand entitled himself to a supply of prisoner labour by the extensive purchase of Crown land,) appears to feel no repugnance to the employment, in any department, of prisoners or of men who have "served their time." This feeling is founded on his own personal experience. During the days of the old system he had many hundreds of "Government men" assigned to his service, and most of them proved excellent servants. His present butler, a trusty and trusted man and quite a privileged character, did not expatriate himself voluntarily.

I shall have to descant on the plague of Australian servants in another place. The present tour—to go a little ahead—afforded us apt illustration of its excess. The several hospitable gentlemen who received us were naturally anxious to afford the new Governor the best reception in their power; but wherever we went, almost without exception the domestic upon whom depended the well-being of the party took this particular occasion to get drunk—and perhaps to quarrel with his master, in order to show his independence. To violate still further the chronological order of this journal, I may here remark that in 1851 matters had but little mended on this head; really good domestic servants, especially males, were still hardly known; really bad ones vibrated from pantry to

pantry, from coach box to coach box of the Sydney gentry, and smiled impudently in the face of the master who last discharged them—or whom *they* had discharged—well knowing that if they could lay a table or drive a pair of horses they could always get a place, and no impertinent question asked as to character. It is a regular Doularchy—a servile tyranny, which nothing but competition, an influx of 500 or 1,000 good house servants can rectify. This very day, while busy sketching in the midst of the bush about a mile from the house, I was surprised by a rough voice close to my ear,—“Any hands wanted on this ’stablishment?” It was a tall ruffianly looking fellow, with his personals wrapped up in an opossum rug which he carried on his stick, and followed by two as rascally looking dogs. “What can you do?” said I, as if I were the lord of the manor. “Well, most things,” replied he, “split, saw, wash, shear, break horses—what not.” “Go away up to the office; the overseer will put you on the books, I dare say,” I rejoined, only anxious to get rid of so unpromising a comrade; and it was so. In a town he would have been arrested on suspicion. In the country and at shearing time he got 1*l.* a-week and full rations, and no questions asked.

The wide extent of Mr. Icely’s concerns renders him peculiarly vulnerable by a dearth of labour. The great graziers and even the wealthiest landed proprietors of the Old Country may hide their diminished heads when compared with him in point of territory, stock, and numbers of persons employed. This gentleman’s estate and live stock are said to consist of 50,000 acres of purchased land—purchased when the price was 5*s.* an acre; how much of granted land, I did not learn; with of course hundreds of thousands of acres of pasture rented from the Crown; 25,000 sheep, 3,000 head of cattle, and some 300 horses. Near the dwelling-house is one paddock—as it is modestly styled—consisting of 3,000 acres, another of 1,500 acres; and there are about 45 miles of substantial three-railed fencing on the property. This latter article alone must have cost a small fortune. On one occasion of the reduction of his stock, *i.e.* the sale of the surplus above the depasturing capabilities of his runs, Mr. Icely, as I have been informed, sold by auction horses, cattle, and sheep to the amount of 25,000*l.*; but this occurred, it is needful to

remark, when prices were more than double their present rate.

In the afternoon the ladies took a drive, and the gentlemen a ride in the "park"—as it is styled, although to merit the name some portions of it should be cleared and thrown open. The undulating and lightly wooded uplands are very beautiful. These are occasionally diversified by naturally clear and swampy savannahs, in which the cattle luxuriated up to their knees in herbage. We saw some very handsome cattle—two or three Durham bulls, for which the owner had paid large sums—100*l.* and 200*l.* in England, and a few well-bred and clever horses. He has one of the finest Arab sires I ever saw, even in India; as well as one of first-rate English blood. Hundreds of parrots of various sorts, sizes, and hues, darted through the air in flocks, giving us a shrill scream and a flash of brilliant colours as they passed—or climbed among the gum-tree branches, busily engaged in eating the seeds. In the moister grounds we flushed several snipe, like the English bird but larger, wild ducks of more than one sort, and a good many pigeons of the bronze-winged kind—specimens of all of which I brought to bag. Later in the afternoon too, not being so ardent an admirer of farm-stock as His Excellency, I betook myself to a lucerne field near the house, and in about an hour shot fourteen brace of quail, and could easily have doubled the number.

A chain of ponds just outside the park abounds, as I was informed, with that curious animal, the Platipus, *alias* Ornithorhyncus Paradoxus, *alias* Water-mole, which latter is perhaps the plainest and most descriptive name. The Platipus is always cited among the inconsistencies of Australian natural history; and is very like a large mole with the head and mandibles of a duck;—he is in short a beast with a bill, like a Christmas tradesman! The fur is soft and prettily shaded from black to silver-grey. The natives spear and trap these animals, and they are easily shot by any one liberally endowed with patience, perseverance and immobility of person and who can shoot straight and sharp just as they rise bubbling to the surface of the water.* The houses, the fields, the

* The Platipus was long considered a fabulous animal in England; and when the first stuffed specimen came under the inspection of the London naturalists, they had difficulty in persuading themselves that the duck's head had not been artificially annexed to the body of a mole.

wildest parts of the bush, swarm with flies at the present season; and, not to mention the intolerable nuisance of their continual teasing, their attacks are apt to cause what is called the fly-blight in the human eye, occasioned either by the bite of the insect or by the deposit of its larvæ. Acute inflammation and temporary deprivation of sight are the results attending the attacks of this petty creature—results painful to any one, but disastrous to the working-man. We sometimes met a dozen bullock-drivers in a day more or less affected by this blight—poor wretched fellows with large green leaves bound over their eyes, staggering along almost blind but unwilling to give in. The ladies at Coombing employed their inventive faculties and fair fingers very charitably and usefully—as we found afterwards—in making a kind of netting for the hats of the travellers, so contrived as to drop round the face; and, although the meshes were large and therefore did not obstruct the air, the insects never entered within the precincts of the “Fitz Roy paramouche”—as the appendage was aptly named.

The evenings at Coombing were passed very agreeably: music and singing were not wanting; there was plenty of books; and on the table, just as might be in a country house fifty miles from London, lay the last numbers (four or five months old, of course) of the Illustrated London News, Punch, and other periodical publications. The pictorial press is a very important and valuable vehicle of general information to the people of these colonies—especially to those who have never visited the Old World—the plates conveying impressions more distinct and probably more lasting than could ever be afforded by verbal description alone. Through the pleasant medium of the pencil they learn the beauty and grandeur of the mother country, and the effect is to incite her children to follow and emulate her. As for dear, old “Punch”—he always does one good. Besides, the Australians, through his intervention, have become indelibly acquainted with the external peculiarities of most of the notable personages of Europe. They are perfectly convinced, for instance, that Louis Philippe had a face like a huge pear with a top-knot of hair curling up, flame-like, above it, and no straps to his trowsers; that Lord Brougham has a square end to his nose, wears his chin in his cravat and plaid pantaloons day and

night ; that a very fat white waistcoat and a double eye-glass are part and parcel of the late Sir Robert Peel's idiosyncrasy ; and that Mr. D'Israeli has no end of spiral curls.

November 19th. Coombing.—A trip to the Abercrombie Caves. Our party was a large one, occupying two carriages-and-four, one tandem, and two gigs. We had, besides, an officer and two privates of the mounted police, with several other horsemen—fourteen persons in all and twenty horses. A dray with tents, provisions, &c. preceded us at daylight—the cavalcade itself following at 8 A.M. Our halting-place for the night was a spot called “Fiddes Station,”—but whether the said Fiddes was a being still in the flesh, extinct, or purely imaginary, no one, I fancy, inquired. Here we camped till morning.

The treatment of the horse in journeys through the bush is in the last degree simple, inexpensive and unceremonious. Having pulled him reeking and panting out of his harness, you give him—not corn, or even a promise of it, but a “tchik” (horse language), or a slap on the quarter, which means, “Be off till further orders and help yourself;” and away he goes to pastures new, happy if he find a few blades of grass among the dust and stones for food, and a muddy puddle for drink. The strangest part of the story is, that the next morning he comes up looking sleek and hearty and ready for the longest day's work. The fact is, there is much good and hard nourishment in Australian grass, nourishment greatly better than that yielded by ranker pasturage ; for a steed that had passed his night revelling in a Cheshire meadow would make but a poor figure in a series of journeys of forty to sixty miles a-day under a semi-tropical sun. Hereabouts the feed is abundant ; the hills lightly wooded and grassed up to their tops—the valleys bare of trees, with chains of pools running along them. After a merry if not a very delicately dressed meal *à fresco*—fresco, with the thermometer at 85°—we all set to work to hut ourselves for the night. The Governor and his lady had a bell tent. Other canvass contrivances were pitched or half pitched, for we had few practised hands and the ground was almost impenetrable to the pegs. A more loose and lop-sided camp I never saw. My tent, viewed by moonlight, looked like a drunken giantess staggering in quest of adventures. Then came the serving

out of blankets, the purloining of carriage cushions for pillows, the pulling on of various but not picturesque or becoming nightcaps; (whoever saw a male nightcap that was not quizzical?—quizzical enough to injure materially, perhaps fatally, the dignity of the husband in the eyes of the wife! what hero continues to be a hero in a cotton nightcap with a tassel to it? Ladies and gentlemen, I pause for a reply.) Lastly, there supervened such a night as I would not wish my direst enemy to undergo. The heat, the damp, the smoke of the fires, the mosquitoes, the flying bugs! The ants they crept in, and the ants they crept out of the inmost penetralia of our clothing; sleep, in short, with most of us was out of the question.

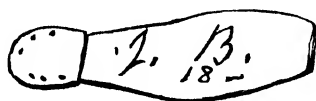
November 20th.—Early rising this morning required no great effort;—we were up and off by four o'clock. Away we went through pathless woods—for here no track guided our steps; nor in any other country in the world could a four-in-hand carriage have been safely driven over the natural surface of the forest soil. We passed one or two small sheep stations;—nothing of the Arcadian, the romantic, or the picturesque was there; nothing to recal Florian and his meadows *émailées de fleurs*, his *brebis*, his *bergères*, and their garlanded *houlettes*. There was poverty, dirt, and rags, only to be surpassed in the worst provinces of poor Ireland. The women, who were acting as hut-keepers, and their children looked half starved and dejected, and their huts were totally devoid of any of the ordinary domestic utensils or articles of comfort. At one of these places it was with difficulty that we procured a tin cup of very bad water. Whenever I met in New South Wales with such cases of family destitution as this, I suspected that a drunken husband and father was the cause thereof. As we approached the Caves the scenery grew wilder and rougher, reminding me somewhat of the Lower Himalayas; but the eucalyptus and acacia are poor substitutes for the tree-rhododendron and the deodara pine. It would have been beautiful, but for the total absence of water and the dismal aspect of the myriads of fire-blackened logs, erect or prostrate, encumbering our path. Path, indeed, there was none: for some time we had been driving through brushwood up to the horses' knees, as thick as, and not unlike moorland heather; but we had no fear of losing ourselves, for we were under the

guidance of Mr. Davidson, who, on a surveying expedition, had originally discovered these caves.

At length we reached the brow of a hill about half a mile from the object of our visit, beyond which the carriages could not proceed. Right below us, in the cleft of a deep ravine overhung by grassy hills, lay a huge black rock about a quarter of a mile in extent, which we reached after a severe scramble. The mass is perforated by a natural tunnel 200 feet in length, from 50 to 80 feet high, and from 30 to 50 in width, whence numerous minor caverns and galleries ramify to the right and left. The tunnel has the appearance, by the subdued light within, of an immense Pagan temple, numerous idol-like crags and stalagmites assisting the similitude. Water has evidently been both the excavator and the beautifier of this grand natural edifice; about half way through there remains a dark pool, exquisitely pure and cold. The caves are the night lodgings of numerous wallabies and wombats, the former a small kind of kangaroo, the latter a sort of marsupial bear nearly resembling the sloth. Swallows were the only day boarders we found there. The police-officer and myself explored with lighted tapers many of the galleries and vaulted chambers, the colonnades, chapels, and aisles of this singular spot. To get into some of them, we had to crawl on our hands and knees. All were as cold as death, and smelling of the grave, hot and healthy as was the atmosphere above ground. The horrid reflection more than once crossed my mind that a trifling fragment of the vast arch might fall, and, (*not* crush us to atoms, for that would have been comparative mercy!) but close the narrow passage between the upper world and our living tomb! A momentary effort of the imagination took in *all this* and a host of other concomitant pleasantries, including a meal upon sperm candles, another upon boots and gloves, and, lastly—closing scene of the subterranean tragedy!—the “terrific combat” for whether of the twain was to devour the survivor. After all, there are things upon the cards more serious than a sleepless night in company with crawling and stinging insects!

The Abercrombie Caves are certainly a magnificent freak of Nature. Yet I will not press my Derbyshire friends to lose no time in coming to visit them, because a journey of 16,000 miles might possibly interfere with the ordinary course of life

of quiet domestic people; and besides there are caves very similar to them, and quite as beautiful, at Matlock. Upon my life! I might almost fancy myself there now; for at this distant spot among the wild Australian hills, where there is not a man to a million acres, I descry remnants of the well-known black bottle, proof positive of the presence of the beer and beef-fed Briton, and great vulgar names scrawled on the white quartz rocks and snowy stalactites. Thus fares it with the Pyramids; thus with the Table Rock of Niagara; thus with that monument of exquisite and delicate taste, the Taj Mahâl of Hindostan! An honest man need never be ashamed of his name; and such, I suppose, is John Bull's apology. Woe betide the leaden roof of any architectural *chef-d'œuvre* John may climb to under the guidance of Mr. Murray, for there, without fail, he leaves to posterity the figure of his hoof with his name and the date within it,—thus:



Returning from the Caves, at a filthy cabin where we halted for the night, some of us tasted for the first time the Australian bush-bread, a baked unleavened dough, called damper—a damper, sure enough, to the stoutest appetite—whence its name, I suppose, for it is as heavy as lead. Its manufacture is as follows:—a wheaten paste is made, kneaded for a short time, flattened out into a muffin-shaped dough, about the size of the top of an ordinary band-box, and an inch or two thick; a part of the hearth-stone is cleared of the wood ashes, the dough is dropped upon it, and the hot ashes raked over it; if not made too thick, the damper comes out done to a turn in about half an hour. The Indian Chupâtee is akin to the damper, but of much more flimsy fabric. I soon learnt to think the latter very palatable, preferring it to ordinary bread. Human love of change is apt to relish the coarse after long feeding on the superfine. 'Tis in the spirit of the legendary ceremony of being "sworn at Highgate," wherein the neophyte is made to vow "not to eat brown bread if he can get white; not to kiss the maid if he can kiss the mistress, &c.; unless he prefers it."

November 21st.—A pleasant drive back to Coombing, where this evening—fifty miles to the westward of the Australian Blue Mountains—letters reached me from my parents in London, from one brother in Jamaica, and another in Borneo. Verily, thought I, as I conned the domestic intelligence from such distant quarters,—verily, most respectable Mother Britannia, sitting in thy cosy arm-chair with spectacles on nose, thou cuttest out with the old-fashioned scissors hanging from thy farthingale a good deal of work and wanderings for thy children! From Pahatanui to Penetanguishine, from Ootacamund to Amapondaland—places never heard of, perhaps, by other European nations, and not much known by the “gentlemen of England who stay at home at ease,”—from Timbuctoo to Tipperary—regions not utterly civilized—the names of thy sons are familiar in the wildest and uttermost parts of the earth! Venerable dame! may thy shadow never be less! It extends already pretty nearly over the surface of the globe.

November 22d.—Attended Divine service in the little courthouse of Carcoar. About fifty persons were present. It was performed by an Oxford gentleman, thus far from his *Alma Mater*.

When I revisited this secluded village, a handsome church stood on the hill, and a large parsonage near it. The cottage occupied by the former minister had been swept away, and the worthy pastor himself had gone to man’s last resting-place;—whither, alas! he had been preceded by the excellent and amiable lady whose society formed the first charm, as her comfort and safety were the first care of her travelling companions on this tour and of the kindly colonists whose guests we were. Thus it is, as we advance in life. Scarcely can we look back a few short years upon pleasurable occurrences in which we have been associated with a group of friends, without sadly reflecting that one or more of the well-remembered and perhaps well-beloved circle have been taken from its numbers; and without wondering why we ourselves should have been spared by the ruthless scythe of the destroyer.

November 24th.—Trip from Coombing into the squatting districts, within and beyond the boundaries of location.

The projected trip, this day commenced, is to take in Bangaroo, the chief grazing station of our host on the banks

of the Lachlan, whence we are to describe a circle round the Conobolas Mountains to Wellington, the chief town of the county so named, and from thence through the pastoral districts of the western portions of Wellington and Bathurst back to Coombing. Most of the quarters we were likely to occupy on this extended tour being reported too rough for a lady's accommodation, our party on this occasion was exclusively male. We made an early start, and setting our heads westward, jogged at a steady travelling pace of about six miles an hour through the apparently interminable bush.

About eight miles from Coombing, in a tolerably open part of the forest, my eye was attracted by the movement of some animal's head, which turned to look at us over a thicket not thirty yards from the road. It was a bustard, the first I had seen since the year 1829, on the plains of Bundelcund. No one perceiving it but myself, I allowed the carriage to proceed about a hundred yards, when, having put together my gun, I alighted, and, the bird rising, got an unsuccessful shot, the charge taking an obstructing tree and cutting it in two. Away went the splendid bird through the tops of the gums, slowly flapping his enormous wings. Hastily dismounting a trooper, I jumped on his horse, followed at full speed, and soon had the satisfaction of marking down my quarry. Halting at a respectful distance, and quickly reloading, I attempted to convert my temporary charger into a stalking-horse; the brute, however, having an apparent antipathy to fire-arms and becoming unruly, I let him go, and back he went on our track all the way to Coombing. This incident caused a diversion favourable to my views; for the bustard gazed stupidly after the retreating steed, totally unaware that his real enemy was crawling up to him like a chetah upon an antelope, screened by every intervening bush and hollow—when the snapping of a twig startled, too late, the unwary bird, and he had just lifted his body heavily into the air after running a few paces to catch the wind, when at about sixty yards the fatal cartridge pierced his head and neck, and he fell dead. Being a fine young bird, weighing about fifteen pounds, he was sent back to Coombing as a present to the ladies.

After a drive of twelve miles we reached the residence of Mr. Rothery, a near connexion of our host, where we breakfasted. He possesses a comfortable cottage, with a good

wide clearing round it, a pretty wife, and a quiver full of those arrows, which are very useful weapons in a colony, although in Europe they are apt to be somewhat burthensome. Of course at some distant squattage browse the flocks and herds that support this establishment, and feed the numerous mouths—as yet too young to earn their own subsistence. At 2 P.M. we halted at Canoindra—a station on the Belabula River, where in a half-finished hut and in a tremendous storm of rain we enjoyed a capital lunch provided by the forethought of Mr. Icely. The rain had been falling for many days here, for the rich alluvial plains over which we now prosecuted our journey were terribly heavy for our horses. The grass was two and three feet high on the spacious savannahs between the rivers Belabula and Lachlan, the trees growing in fine clumps and of enormous magnitude, with wide open pasturage between them—very unlike anything we had previously seen in the country. Here we came in sight of several bustards, flying in flocks of six or eight over the forest with slow and heavy wing, or stalking in twos and threes on the distant plain. With our large and noisy cavalcade it was idle to hope to get within good shot of so wary a creature on open ground; I brought down one indeed at a long distance, but the bird recovered and escaped. On a horse that will stand fire it is easy to approach and kill the bustard—still easier in a cart. Numerous becks of quail arose from under our carriage wheels as we ploughed wearily through the deep wet loam.

At 6 P.M., after twelve hours' work, we drew rein at Mr. Icely's station of Bangaroo, which is represented by a couple of ordinary huts built of split stuff and thatched with bark. One of these had been nicely whitewashed, and became our banqueting-hall by day, and at night the dormitory of His Excellency, his son, and myself. There was just room enough for the three little stretchers and the enormous fireplace. It was a night of united rain and heat, that made our lodging not unlike a forcing-house for orchidaceous plants. The rest of the party betook themselves to tents, which were quickly wet through; nevertheless, we all slept soundly—for

“Weariness can snore upon a flint,
When resty sloth finds the down pillow hard.”

Bangaroo is situated in a bight formed by the confluence of the rivers Lachlan and Belabula, which at this point con-

stitute the present boundary of the colony—properly so called. Beyond them are the “Unsettled Districts”—the waste lands, in which many thousands of the live stock of New South Wales find their subsistence, driven westward by the increasing demand for pasturage in a country where three or four acres are required to feed a sheep, and twice as many for an ox or a horse. The Belabula, about fifty yards from the huts, afforded our beasts plenty of water in a chain of ponds which the heavy rains were just beginning to convert into a running stream—enormous heaps of drift-timber proclaiming how furious are the torrents which occasionally force a channel along this now only too placid watercourse.

November 25th.—Halted at Bangaroo. At the generality of grazing stations each hut contains two shepherds and a hut-keeper; the folds are near the hut; the shepherds tend the flocks to their pastures by day, and bring them home at night. The hut-keeper cooks for the men, receives the sheep at night, and is answerable for them until morning. With the assistance of his collies, and a gun perhaps, he guards them against the attacks of the native dog, and what is worse, the native man. The mischief inflicted by the dingo is not confined to the mere killing a sheep or two; for sometimes at night this animal will leap into the fold amongst the timid animals and so “rush” them—that is, cause them to break out and disperse through the bush,—when it becomes very difficult to recover them. I have heard that the dingo, warragal, or native dog does not hunt in packs like the wolf and jackal; though occasionally two or three together have been known to follow on the scent of a stray foal or calf, and to catch and kill it in company. Cattle keeping requires fewer hands than the care of sheep; the beasts being strong enough to take care of themselves by day and night—except when the blacks get among them and take their tithes, as they sometimes do in the far interior when kangaroos and emus are scarce. The stockman, as he who tends cattle and horses is called, despises the shepherd as a grovelling, inferior creature, and considers “tailing sheep” as an employment too tardigrade for a man of action and spirit. The latter sits all day “*sub tegmine* gum-tree,” playing on the Jew’s-harp or accordion; or sleeps supine, while his dog does his master’s duty with one eye open. The importation and sale

of the above instruments—substitutes for the ancient shepherd's reed—are immense; five hundred accordions and fifty gross of the harps of Judah are considered small investments by one vessel. A shepherd has been known to walk 200 miles from a distant station of the interior, to purchase one of them at the nearest township.

The stockman lives on horseback. He has always a good horse—very likely has selected the best in his employer's stud, and is the only person aware of his superior quality. He has need of a staunch and a fast horse, and one that is not *afraid of a three-railed fence* or a wild bullock's horn. The riding after cattle in the bush for the purpose of driving them in or collecting them for muster, is very hard and sometimes dangerous work. It is so exciting an employment as not only to become a favourite one with stockmen, but of the bush-gentlemen; nay, the stock-horse himself is said to enjoy the sport—much as the high-mettled hunter at home, when not distressed, seems to relish his gallop with the hounds. By this rough work, however, many a fine young horse has been broken down or “stumped up” before he has shed his colt's teeth; and many a broken rib or limb has fallen to the stockman's share. The stockman brags of his horse's prowess and his own, and, as I have said before, contemns the shepherd's slothful life. You know the stockman by his chin-strapped cabbage-tree hat, his bearded and embrowned visage, his keen quick eye; he wears generally a jacket and trowsers of colonial tweed, the latter fortified with fustian or leather between his thin bowed legs; but the symbol of his peculiar trade is the stock-whip—a thick, tapering thong of twelve or fourteen feet, weighing perhaps a couple of pounds, affixed to a handle of a foot and a half at most. At the end of this cruel lash is a “cracker,” generally made of a twisted piece of silk handkerchief, or, what is better than anything, a shred from an old infantry sash. The wilderness echoes for miles with the cracks of this terrible scourge, which are fully as loud as the report of a gun, and woe betide the lagging or unruly bullock that gets the full benefit of its stroke delivered by an experienced hand; for I have seen a pewter quart pot all but cut in two by one flank of the stock-whip. Practice alone gives the power of cracking this implement; it is as difficult as the use of the flail to the uninitiated, and is

· emphatically a bush accomplishment. The juvenile bush-brats apply themselves to its acquirement with grave devotion; and nothing pleases one of them more than to see the abortive and self-flagellating efforts of an adult in the infancy of the art. Dandy amateur bushmen have the handle of their stock-whip made of the *Myál*, *Acacia pendula*, or violet wood, and are otherwise dainty about its ornaments. Myself did not fail to import to England a specimen of this implement—as an article of “*vertu*,” but I hereby give notice of my inability to afford instruction in the use of it.

In the earlier days of the colony—as the Attorney-General stated one day in the Legislative Council—the condition of shepherd or stockman was the only one aspired to by the Australian youth. At that time Government situations went a begging in favour of such employment. Those were, doubtless, the days when the gentlemen squatters played whist at sheep points and a bullock on the rubber; and remunerated a doctor for setting a broken limb (no other ailment is ever heard of in the bush) with a cow-fee.

Another important “hand” employed by the squatter is the bullock-driver—or teamster; he who conducts the huge wains full of wool from the station to the port for shipment, and brings back the yearly supply of stores. Through heat and dust, rain and mud, over rock and sand, plain and mountain, he plods his slow and weary journey of three or four months—never, perhaps, seeing the inside of a human dwelling during its monotonous continuance. With his blankets and mattress, his iron pot and tin tot—stretched at night under the tarpaulin of his dray, with a smouldering log-fire before him and his vigilant dog as sentry over his charge, his mind aspires not after higher luxuries. In spite of his rough and reckless character when unemployed, or only employed in spending his accumulated wages, and his sometimes barely human exterior, the bullock-driver is generally trustworthy to his employer—although occasionally his virtue does succumb to the temptations offered by a cargo of rum or tobacco. I could put my finger on more than one person engaged in this capacity who came out to the colony as men of birth, education, and capital, but, having been ruined by misfortune, misplaced confidence, or misconduct, have betaken themselves to an employment so uncivilized. The worst feature of bush-

labour is the almost exclusive employment of males—a remnant, of course, of the old convict system. The habit of engaging married couples to do the duty of shepherds and hut-keepers is, however, growing into use, and even children are made of service in carrying the rations to the men in charge of flocks. The wages of this class ranged very high during the whole period of my stay in the country—from 15% to 25% for shepherds, stockmen, and draymen; watchmen or hut-keepers, 15%. The usual ration allowed consists of 10 lbs. of meat, 10 lbs. of bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of tea, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar, per week. Any extra supplies are booked against their wages. It is needless to say that tobacco is an absolute necessary of the bush. High and low all indulge in smoking—smoking, solace of the empty head among the well fed, of the empty stomach among the starving!

During busy seasons a handsome addition is given to the wages of those employed. All workmen lodge gratis, and at many farms or cattle stations where milk is plentiful a supply is furnished to them. Some of them find time to cultivate a few vegetables. The bush affords them fuel “galore” for warmth and cooking. As for meat, it is such a drug that twice as much as the ration is often devoured or wasted. Alas! what a pity that some of the lusty paupers of the 10 or 11 per cent. of England’s population receiving parochial relief are not sharing in the excessive abundance of these colonies, and giving their labour in return for it! What pity that the small capitalists, who are daily trenching on their principal under the pressure of rates, and taxes, and dear food, do not more frequently bring their money to a market, where with common industry they may make it the nucleus of a handsome competence, and meanwhile assist in the development of the still latent resources of the colony!

I feel some degree of responsibility in making remarks of the above tendency, because, as I have said before, it is not to be disputed that hundreds have met ruin in New South Wales, whether engaged in pastoral or other pursuits; and that, in the cases of some, no human exertion could have averted the catastrophe; yet I cannot but gather from all I have heard and read, that the mishaps of the majority are clearly traceable to the idleness, ignorance, or imprudence of the sufferers.

Halting at Bangaroo this day, the whole of our party went out, in different directions, in search of game. Some taking with them greyhounds rode a circuit of nearly thirty miles in hopes of getting a kangaroo, but only succeeded in killing two or three of the smallest kind, called the kangaroo rat—about the size of a hare, and affording pretty good coursing. Others followed the bustard on the Plains; but owing to the wet weather these birds were more than usually shy. Although I found full a dozen of them I did not get a fair shot all day. A curious instance occurred of the method in which the bustard conceals himself from observation—an instance by no means confirmatory of the old story that this bird, in common with the ostrich, while hiding his head only, fancies his whole body secure. Espying a very fine bird descending in his flight, I marked him down on flat open ground about a mile distant, and immediately galloped to the spot. The grass was thin, and not six inches high; there was indeed one trifling bush or tuft which might have held a pheasant. I examined it at the distance of twenty yards, but feeling satisfied that it was not capable of containing an animal four feet high and weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, I passed on, sorely puzzled. After proceeding about 100 yards, I returned with a feeling of doubt towards the tuft, when, sure enough, up jumped the mighty bird, and after two or three strides, took to his wings. I gave him a shot which broke his thigh, and might have broken my own neck, for my horse shied and plunged at the report and for some time refused to be comforted. A stockman on a fast little horse pursued the stricken bird at full speed, and had almost reached him with his whip when he rose again from a mound on which he had alighted, and with renewed strength swept out of sight. Mr. Fitz Roy was more fortunate. Cantering home towards the station in the evening through the bush, a bustard started up almost under his horse's feet, and so slow was the bird in getting under sail that he had time to pull up, dismount, and make a successful shot before he was out of reach. This was a very fine bird, weighing upwards of twenty pounds.

November 26th.—Breaking up our quarters at Bangaroo, we retraced our steps amid a storm of rain across the beautiful parklike Plains, to Canoindra, with the intention to cross

the Belabula at that point in prosecution of our tour. Here a council was held as to the abandonment of or the perseverance in the original plan of operations; for the roads in advance were merely bush tracks, easily rendered impassable by heavy rains, and traversed by many rivers and water-courses liable to flood. I gave the casting vote. "*En avant*," was the word; and, dashing through the mingled mud and water of the Belabula, the Governor, guided by the police, led the way across the heavy loam of an alluvial country, the rest following on his track. The whole day's journey was like a ploughing match; but in due course of time—without one moment's reprieve of the elements—we gained, after sunset, the little bush-settlement of the C—— Brothers. Here, "far removed from noise and strife," except such as may arise among themselves, four of a family with their wives and children reside in as many slab-huts, within a few hundred yards of each other. Would not experience predict family jars and disunion under such circumstances? I fear me the fraternal establishments so strongly bound to support each other in the solitude they had chosen, were not connected by such peaceful relations as the ties of blood should have warranted; for the domestic atmosphere was manifestly cloudy, and doubtless the question of which of the four tenements was to shelter the person of Her Majesty's representative, was calculated to bring on a storm. The cottage allotted to the Governor, his son, and myself had evidently undergone some considerable beautifying in the expectation of its becoming a temporary palace; the windows were shaded by clean white dimity curtains, festooned with pink calico; a coarse but snowy table-cloth was spread on the old cedar table, and a regiment of rickety chairs were drawn round the capacious, newly whitewashed chimney-lug, in which crackled a cheerful wood-fire. All this, with a suit of dry clothes and a hot beaker of negus, after a substantial and wholesome meal, was far from unenjoyable, while the rain fell in ceaseless cadence on the bark roof and splashed in torrents off the eaves.

Heavy rain in Australia is so completely an exception to the general rule, that I always contemplated it with that degree of interest and curiosity with which one observes a phenomenon of whatsoever sort. After a year or two in this country it

becomes a new sensation to be wet through; and the grave adult feels as much pleasure as the street urchins in England appear to do in personal experiments on a puddle.

The nuptial couch of the proprietors of the hut, with a green gauze mosquito net and a fine patch-work quilt, was decently spread for His Excellency; his secretary was accommodated with the sofa in the sitting-room, while myself was consigned to what appeared to be the dairy. I cannot enlarge on my share of enjoyment of the bed that fell to my lot, not being its only tenant by some thousands; suffice it, that I had rather for ever "press my pillow alone" than in such sprightly company. Odious, filth-engendered insect! there is bliss in shedding the blood of the guilty mosquito caught in the fact—though, after all, it is our own blood that we spill; there may be felicity in the cracking of a flea *in flagrante delictu*;—but there is no retribution for the bug—his life and death are alike offensive!

Our hostess was assisted in her household operations by a remarkably pretty girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, whom I was surprised to see carrying a bouncing child which she claimed as her own. She was the daughter, it appeared, of one of the brothers, and the wife of a soldier serving in New Zealand. When I told her that the head-quarters of the regiment—for he was in the band—was on its way from the land of the cannibal to Sydney, the sunny beam of blushing delight which *ought* to have suffused the young bride's cheek at the unexpected news, would have fallen warmly on the heart of an old soldier and bachelor like myself. Unluckily for connubial sentiment—the deuce a beam was there!—on the contrary, a dark cloud passed across the pretty countenance of the absent soldier's wife, and was succeeded by a deadly pallor. There were whispers regarding the visits of a handsome stockman at the family hamlet—"one;" perhaps, "who had blighted many a flower before." I closed my ears to the details; yet some months afterwards the *dénoûment* was, as it were, forced upon me:—the returned soldier was in hospital, mad, having lost his reason through repeated paroxysms of jealousy!

November 27th.—At 4 A.M. I called up my fellow-traveller on the sofa; and, putting on our slippers, we repaired through the dusk of day-break to a pool hard by, where plunging in we cooled

our flea-bitten skins. The water seemed deliciously fresh to our feverish sensations, and I mention the trifling circumstance as a warning to inexperienced Australian travellers ;—the extreme muddiness of the rain-swollen water-hole, imperceptible in the dark, was a bagatelle ; but we heard on returning to the house that the pool was full of horse-leeches, and that, but for the freshet of rain and our hasty bath, we might have suffered phlebotomy to an extent extremely inconvenient on a long journey.

During this day's work we occasionally came near the Belabula River, whose course was easily distinguishable by the dark selvage of casuarinas fringing its banks. It forms, at present, the frontier between the located and the unsettled districts, and will probably long remain so, unless the upset price of waste land be reduced. Traversing a fine pastoral country, with a fair share of land well calculated for agriculture, we passed the grazing stations of Tolong and Roreecabon—making our mid-day halt for rest and refreshment at Boreenarang, the homestead of Mr. Barton, who gave us as hearty a welcome as a fine, English-looking, and I believe, English-hearted gentleman could offer while lying on his couch with a desperately fractured leg ; his lady being prevented from appearing by a less melancholy cause of confinement.

The rain rattling down as though on purpose to convince *the new Governor* that the general colonial croak of “drought, drought,” was a thorough humbug,—a bugbear got up to frighten the Legislature out of further concessions to the “suffering squatters,”—onward we went through miles after miles of mud, always haunted by the doubt whether the next creek (as the fresh-water streams of the interior are absurdly called) would place a bar to our further advance. At about five P.M. we found ourselves on the bank of the Mölong creek, which separated us from our destination for the night,—the Mölong Inn,—a lone house on the opposite plain. It was an ugly-looking turbid stream, of the consistency of pea-soup, with greasy and rotten banks. However, our night's lodging lay before us as well as the obstacle ; and Sir Charles, appearing to consider the circumstances such as to warrant the remark of the old huntsman to the “craning” rider—“the more you look at it the less you'll like it,”—pushed his tired team boldly at the brook ; and, after a pause in the

middle that looked very like sticking, the yellow drag was seen to emerge from the black slough, the last spot of its original colour completely blotted out.

A few minutes brought our cavalcade to the inn, where we were politely received by M. Hyeronimus, the host of the Mölong Hotel as well as of the chief hotel at Wellington, 28 miles from this spot. A foreigner, civil and civilized, with a good deal of the courier-cut about him, Monsr. H. gave us excellent fare and beds, nor did he forget to charge for them. The bar of the house was filled by a dozen regular bush-boys—great hulking fellows, labouring under a temporary plethora of pay, and hanging about the rum butt until it should be spent. There was a fiddler, too, for their delectation; and these boisterous, half-drunken clowns continued to dance together the greater part of the night, apparently as much inspired by the cracked violin, the “real Old Tom,” and the rough-muzzled partner, redolent of rum and “nigger head”—indeed very much *more* inspired than I have often seen the white-waistcoated, patent-leather-booted dandy, with his Weippert, his iced Roman punch, and the belle of the season as his associate in the valtz.

Uncouth as they appeared, these good fellows were civil in their way, and did not persevere in their uproarious pastimes when told that the Governor and his party were tired and gone to bed. Many a large and rapid fortune has been made in New South Wales by publicans, from no other customers than such as those I have just sketched.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BELL RIVER—PASTORAL HOSPITALITY—PASSAGE OF THE MACQUARIE—WELLINGTON—CLEANLINESS *versus* DIRT—A KANGAROO HUNT—AUSTRALIAN VENISON—GUANAS—SNAKES—THE TREE-GRUB GASTRONOMICALLY CONSIDERED—FIRST OF DECEMBER IN AUSTRALIA—HOW TO STOP A FIGHT—PASTORALS, REAL AND IDEAL—SUMMERHILL—A RIGHT LOYAL RECEPTION—A MOONLIGHT TRIP—GOLD IN PROSPECT—A FLYING SQUIRREL—BRUCE DALE—QUAILS AND MANNA—A DINNER—A DANCE—A DESERTER—MILITARY CONVICTS—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WAITER—HORSES FOR A RIDE AND A DRIVE, HOW OBTAINED—SNIPER SHOOTING—PIPER'S FLAT—BUNGARABEE—A SUICIDE—SYDNEY.

November 28th.—Up at four o'clock. A regular "old country" rainy day—"very dirty weather," as they say at sea. During the last 48 hours we had enjoyed various fine views of the Canobolas Range, the highest peak of which is 4,500 feet. We halted for an hour at the Head Station of the Messrs. Burton, where three brothers, living together, conduct the provincial part of the business, while a fourth attends to its interests at Sydney. The station is one of the simplest construction—a log-hut or two, bark roofed, for a dwelling-house, and some farm buildings somewhat more carefully put together; the locality is well chosen for grazing purposes, and there appears to be plenty of game in the neighbourhood; but the idea of comfort could hardly be connected in my mind with so homely a lodging and so few of the less absolute requirements of civilized life as are enjoyed by these gentlemen.

We crossed three or several times this day the river Bell. Each attempt was both hazardous and doubtful, and delayed us much; for the stream had overflowed its banks, (Australian rivers possess two sets of banks, one for dry, another for wet seasons,) and the strength and depth of the water could only be proved by actual experiment,—a duty which devolved upon, and was well performed by, the troopers. The annexed Plate will give some idea of the plan adopted with perfect success at these perilous passages. The leaders, being unmanageable in deep rapid water, were taken off, and, with the police horses,



assisted in carrying over to the opposite bank the servants, the policemen, and some of the gentlemen, and, with them, a stout green-hide rope, one end of which had been affixed to the carriage-pole. Sir Charles gallantly kept his place on the box, myself standing on the seat behind him to help in case of need. When all was ready, the wheel-horses were urged into the stream; eight or ten men hawled on the rope, thus assisting in the draught and keeping the pole straight, and we were soon tumbling about like a ship at sea, over stumps and stones, some of which were heard rumbling along the bottom of the current. However, after a brief struggle, Cæsar and his fortunes were safely delivered on the opposite shore. As for the joint phaëton of the Colonial Secretary and myself, every article of baggage having been removed, my servant, sitting up to his waist in water, drove it across, assisted by the rope. Old "Merriman" looked more like a mermaid, as his long mane floated on the waves; and poor "Punch" was terribly diluted, his ears alone at one time remaining above the face of the waters.

At one of these fords an old settler, living on a bit of cleared land near it, stopped our progress by his well-timed advice to wait awhile for the partial subsidence of the flood, which the tide-mark proved to be sinking. He brought us some black damper and a dry chip of cheese, (for we were famished,) together with a hot beverage in a tin pot which richly deserved the colonial epithet of "post and rail" tea; for it might well have been a decoction of "split stuff" or "iron bark shingles," for any resemblance it bore to the Chinese plant. Another notorious ration tea of the bush is called "Jack the painter"—a *very* green tea indeed, its viridity evidently produced by a discreet use of the copper frying pans in its manufacture. Hunger is indeed the best sauce; for, sitting in a fallen log, and watching the gradual retrocession of the water-mark, like "Rusticus" awaiting the flood's recess, we discussed our damper and discoloured hot water with more appetite than many a better repast under more facile circumstances. These sudden floods are one of the many scourges of the squatter—as destructive as the blacks, the dingoes, rab, catarrh, drought, or bush-fires. I read in a newspaper lately of a flock of 2,000 or 3,000 sheep being hemmed in, with a single shepherd, on an insulated patch of ground hardly

wide enough for them to stand upon. On the third day, (the poor sheep having long before nibbled off the very roots of the narrow pasture, and the shepherd having swallowed his last crust,) the latter plunged into the current, in the hope of reaching the mainland; his ductile and famished charge followed him to a sheep, the faithful colley followed the last of the flock, and shepherd, sheep, and dog were swept away together. We saw a good deal of game to-day, four or five bustards, and several kinds of water-fowl; but there was too much rain and hard work to allow of our pursuing them. At the third crossing of the Bell, we were met by Mr. Maxwell, our host for the night, who welcomed us to his flourishing sheep-station of Narrigâl. The proprietor repairs to this place in the shearing season only, his chief homestead being far away elsewhere. He possesses, however, purchased land with eleven miles of water frontage on the located side of the river, and extensive runs on the opposite bank, the Bell here forming the frontier of the Colony proper. Mr. Maxwell has the reputation of being what is financially styled "a warm man;"—with such a mountain of wool as we saw piled under tarpaulins, he can hardly be otherwise. He had "lots of sheep," he said, (which probably meant 30,000 or 40,000;) "but only a few head of cattle," (1,000, or so!) The dwelling-house at Narrigâl is a mere shieling; the abodes of the servants, (as the performers of any kind of labour, domestic or agrarian, are called in Australia,) form a village street of whitewashed bark-huts, with stables, stack-yards, &c., and a huge wool-shed, like a railway engine-house, in which (the bales having been for the purpose turned out), we dined sumptuously,—claret, hock, champagne, and of course bottled ale, as plentiful as though our carouse had taken place on the banks of the "blue Rhine," the "arrowy Rhone," or the beeky Trent, rather than on those of an Australian bush-river only a few years ago discovered by the enterprising surveyor, Mr. Oxley.

There was a large party of natives, men, women and children, camped behind the station, that is, squatted before a fire and behind a sloping sheet of bark turned from the wind,—in bush lingo, a break-weather,—or in gunceahs* of boughs thatched with grass. From the half-drunken looks of some of the men, the greedy begging of others, and certain

* *Gunceah*, hut of the black.

indications of good understanding between their women and the station-men, (not a single white woman was to be seen there,) I set them down as one of the many families or tribes of the Aborigines who have nothing to thank the English for but demoralization and deeper degradation. As for the Christian inhabitants of a squatting hamlet like the one I am describing, they may be all honest men and trusty servants; but whether they have ever set eyes on a parson, their foot in a place of worship, or their minds upon the contemplation of a future state, can hardly be a doubtful question.

November 29th.—Started early on horseback, and leaving the vehicles to follow, rode to Wellington, fifteen miles, through a fine rich valley of naturally clear pasture land framed in wooded hills. The road passes close to the famed caves of Wellington, where many curious fossil remains, specimens of which were sent home for the examination of Professor Owen, have been discovered. Mitchell describes, I think, three distinct caverns, full of fragments of bones, apparently belonging to a gigantic species of kangaroo. I entered the larger of the caves with another of the party, but having no better light than that procured by lucifers and a bit of bark, we could explore but little. The roof and sides are of limestone, with a floor of soft snuff-like dust, and a temperature, on a day of uncommon heat, cool as a catacomb. We passed, *en route*, the ruined Apsley Mission station, whereof I have previously given some account, and where, I believe, a most patient experiment of several years' duration, and the united endeavours of two or three zealous Clergymen, did not produce as many true converts amongst these wild and intractable tribes. The situation of the abandoned establishment is beautiful and every way suitable for the habitation of civilized man. It was sad to trace the almost obliterated foundations of the buildings, and to see the spacious gardens relapsing into wilderness. The Government had formerly in this fine valley a considerable stock-farm, and an establishment for the custody and employment of convicts.

After a delightful canter of about three hours across a country where a horse might well be left to his own pace and guidance, and where the falconer might follow his hawk without one glance at the ground under foot, we found ourselves stopped short at the confluence of the Bell with the

Macquarie, just beyond which junction the township of Wellington stands. The latter river, the same that waters Bathurst about 150 miles to the eastward, had increased in importance very much since we last crossed its stream almost with dry axles—increased both from the tributaries it has received in its winding course, and from the late heavy rains. There was now no question of axles; the ordinary ford was quite impassable; trees denoting its original rivage stood trembling in the midst of a rushing muddy torrent; a naked black attempted to swim our horses over, beginning with an old experienced bush-horse, whose very experience taught him to refuse the doubtful voyage. So the project of passing them over was abandoned, and, saddles and bridles having been stripped off, the quadrupeds were turned loose into the luxuriant meadows within the loop of the two rivers. Our selves and our saddles were transported, two by two, across the stream in a rudely-fashioned punt, trough, or quadrangular tub, with a pair of paddles—all which apparatus looked as if it had been growing in the bush and in the full pride of leaves and life not half an hour before.

Mr. Wright, formerly of H. M. army, the present Crown Commissioner for the district, who had been our very agreeable fellow-traveller for some days, received the Governor and his suite most handsomely at his residence just beyond the town. The duties of Commissioner of Crown Lands are multifarious and important; he is general superintendent of the Crown's demesne, the waste lands of the colony; looks after the revenue, in so far as it depends upon depasturing licenses and assessment of live stock; and as a government functionary and justice of the peace is in other points a potential person. He is furnished with a house, and is tolerably well paid. The dwelling-house of the gentleman holding this post in the district of Wellington, although rude in structure, has all the neatness and order of a barrack. It is beautifully situated on a bend of the Macquarie, here rolling between high banks, on the further of which Mount Arthur rears its wooded crest, dominating the Plains. Within its walls, this most comfortable of Australian bachelors afforded us practical proof that, even on the confines of civilization, a *cuisine recherchée*, with perfect cleanliness, may be obtained under the eye of an experienced and attentive master. Every part

and article of the cottage shone with cleanliness; it was possible in this establishment to ask in the morning for a tub of water without impressing the owners with the notion that you were about to fulfil the conditions of "every man his own washerwoman," or to perform some rare experiment in hydraulics; and the plate, linen, and servants' dress were neatness itself. Such-like domestic observances are too much lost sight of in the bush—more's the pity, because they cost nothing, and without cleanliness household comfort is a word of mockery. If in certain Australian houses a couple of hours a-week were devoted to domestic purification, it is fair to suppose that the travelling guest from cleaner quarters would escape the endurance of a severe course of practical entomology, which, science and joking apart, becomes a serious affair when pursued through a week of wakeful nights. *

The township of Wellington is 117 miles from Bathurst, and 238 miles from Sydney; from which city it is the most distant settlement directly inland, or to the westward. Nothing I think can give a clearer impression of the vastness of the insular continent of New Holland, and of the comparative insignificance of its occupancy by civilized man, than the taking on the map a step of the compasses from Sydney to Wellington, and from thence describing a stride of that instrument across the unknown wilderness of the interior to the settlement of Swan River on the western coast. The step would cover, as the crow flies and the compass walks, hardly 200 miles, the stride not less than 2,300 miles! From north to south the measurement is computed at 2,000 miles. New Holland is indeed a cruelly compact mass of earth. Look at its form on the map, and pursue with your eye the coast line; there is scarcely an indentation on the whole circuit of sufficient magnitude, nor a river of sufficient importance, to assist in the least degree the explorer in penetrating its distant and mysterious interior.

November 30th.—This day was devoted by some of the resident gentlemen of the vicinity to an attempt to show the Governor the sport, *par excellence*, of the country,—kangaroo hunting. Under their guidance, accordingly, well mounted and accompanied by three or four greyhounds of a powerful breed, we traversed a wide extent of forest-land where in ordinary seasons this animal was known to abound. In a

long day's ride, however, we only found one kangaroo, fortunately a good specimen of that kind known as a red-flyer, a strong and fleet animal not less than five feet high. The bush was tolerably open, hampered only by fallen timber and occasional rocky or boggy soil. The kangaroo, which was feeding in a patch of long grass, jumped up under our horses' feet, and at first starting looked very much like a red-deer hind; its action was less smooth though equally swift; but no one could have guessed that it consisted only of a series of jumps, the fore-feet never touching the ground. A shrill tallyho from one of the finest riders I ever saw made all the dogs spring into the air; two of which got away on pretty good terms with our quarry, and, while facing the hill at a pace considerably greater than an ordinary hunting gallop, I thought we should have had a "whoop—whoop!" in less than five minutes. After crossing a ridge and commencing the descent on the opposite side, however, the red-flyer showed us quite "another pair of shoes," and a pretty fast pair too. I never saw a stag in view go at all like our two-legged friend; and, in short, after a sharp burst of twelve or fourteen minutes, both dogs and men were fairly distanced. In about half that time I had lost my place by riding at full speed into the fork of a fallen tree concealed in long grass, a predicament out of which there is only one means of extrication, namely, retreat; for cavalry has no chance against a good abattis. The Australian gentlemen present rode with snaffle bridles pretty nearly at full speed, through, under, or over the forest trees, according to their position, standing or prostrate, the great art being, it should seem, to leave the horse as much as possible to his own guidance. On the whole, taking into consideration the hardness of the ground, the stump-holes, sun-cracks and deep fissures caused by water, the stiffness of the underwood and the frequency of the trees, living, dying, and dead, burnt and burning, the riding in a kangaroo hunt may be considered tolerably dangerous. It affords, in short, to English manhood that quantum of risk which seems to form the chief seasoning of the dish called sport; in a good run with fox-hounds your person, on a race-course your purse, are just sufficiently jeopardized to promote a pleasing degree of excitement.

The dogs employed to-day were in no condition to cope

with a "red-flyer," or "old soldier," as a large kind of kangaroo is called, on good ground; in deep ground, either is soon caught by really good dogs. I think I perceive the reason why the animal always, if possible, takes a down-hill course when pursued. The hare, which, like the kangaroo, has very long hind-legs, prefers running up-hill, but she makes good use also of her fore-legs. At full speed the kangaroo's fore-feet, as I have said, never touch the ground, and therefore, in going down-hill he has more time to gather up the hinder limbs to repeat his tremendous spring than he could have in facing an ascent. I wish I had had time to measure the stroke of the "red-flyer" we chased to-day when at his best pace; I am convinced it would have equalled the well-known stride of the great "Eclipse."

At bay, the kangaroo is dangerous to young and unwary dogs from the strength with which he uses the long sharp claw of his hind foot, a weapon nearly as formidable as the wild boar's task. The animal, when hard pressed, not unfrequently takes to a water-hole, where from his stature he has a great advantage over the dogs, ducking them under water and sometimes drowning them as they swim to the attack. The tail of the kangaroo makes excellent soup; the haunch is tolerable venison, but, like most really wild venison, it is too lean. A good bushman, or a black, knows, however, where to find a certain portion of fat when he is about to make a hunter's dish, which might with propriety be called an Australian kabaub. The directions are as follows:—Skewer, or *skiver* (to use my informant's stronger word), skiver alternate slices of lean and fat on your rainrod, roast at a fire that any native will make with two sticks; and if you happen to be hungry, you will not require knife or fork, salt, pepper, or pressing. Kangaroo "steamer" is another bush-dish—a sort of haggis of venison and salt pork, very popular with those who have time and patience for the culinary process called simmering.

An officer from Van Diemen's Land told me that he had once killed in that colony a kangaroo of such magnitude, that, being a long way from home, he was unable, although on horseback, to carry away any portion except the tail, which alone weighed 30 lbs. This species is called the boomah, and stands about seven feet high. Besides the single kan-

garoo, we saw this day no other animals with the exception of a few kangaroo rats, which the dogs occasionally bounded after with little success among the scrubby rockland, two large guanas about two feet long swarming lazily up a tree, one of which a black fellow brought down dead with a cast of his boomerang; and a poisonous ash-coloured snake, which I cut in pieces with my hunting whip under my horse's legs. There were also a good many quail, which, as we flushed them, were swooped at by a large black falcon that kept his place near us on the march, now on a tree, now on the wing—and thus shared our sport. In the grass lands a sort of ground pigeon, called the dudu, a very handsome little bird, got up and went off like a partridge, strong and swift, re-aligning on the ground, and running into cover. I never saw the bird except on this occasion.

Our hunt led us through some fine tracts of forest pasture; the "intervals," as alluvial flats near rivers are called in Canada, were extremely rich; the trees too were of the most majestic proportions. I measured the girth of one of these bush Falstaffs, and found it no less than thirty-three feet. Along the surface roots of the largest trees, the soil, we observed, had been turned up as if by swine. 'This is done, as we were told, by the blacks in their search for a species of grub, a favourite article of food with them, and reported to be quite as palatable as marrow. 'There is something truly revolting in the idea of eating a great white maggot; the very thought makes one shudder; yet, after all, the man who first tested the qualities of the raw oyster, "ripped untimely" from its mother shell, was no less adventurous than the grub-eating Australian savage. Poor blackey! although the white usurper will exterminate, devour, or drive away your kangaroo, emu, and wallabi, and shoot you if you indulge in mutton chops in return; I do believe he will leave you in undisputed possession of your tree grub—the only food in which the British maw cannot follow you; except indeed human steaks, which, I imagine, have never yet been deliberately eaten by white man—although it is notorious that dogs, cats, and horses, in unrecognised forms, do occasionally find their way into the London meat-market!

December 1st.—My English friends may perhaps imagine that on this first day of December I am blowing my fingers

—as **THEY** are; nor would they indeed be wrong; for I am blowing them, as the satyr's guest in the fable did to cool his porridge. An Australian bard sings—

“ While hot December's sultry breeze
Scarce moves a leaf on yonder trees ”—LANG;

and this day was a smoking hot one.

I would describe the town of Wellington if I could: but what can be said of a town where there are scarcely two houses within a stone's throw of each other, and every second one is a public-house?

In the morning we retraced our steps to Mr. Maxwell's station at Narragâ, fifteen miles, where we resumed the carriages, and continued our retreat to Coombing through the squatting districts of Wellington and Bathurst, thereby travelling over fresh ground. Our party were indebted for our supper and beds this night, and our breakfast the following day, to the hospitality of two squatting establishments; the gentlemen were away at Sydney with their wool; but it was impossible very deeply to lament an absent landlord, when landladies so very agreeable remained at home. Perhaps it was in consequence of the absence of the master that in the former of these houses there arose, after our retirement for the night, a glorious disturbance among the menials—the scene being the kitchen, towards which my bedroom looked, and where both sounds and sights announced a serious affray. Pulling on my boots again I proceeded through the back-door to the spot, and found two rough-looking fellows fighting, or rather sparring, in the midst of screaming women and crashing crockery. I saw at a glance that the combatants devoutly hoped in their hearts that my interference was intended to promote peace: but no, my object was to save our kind landlady's property—not their eyes and noses; and I read in their looks bitter disappointment when I simply invited them to finish their set-to behind the stable by the bright moonlight, and offered myself to see fair play. These pugnacious fellows shook hands immediately!

During the early part of the next day, December 3d, our guides fairly lost their and our way. We got into a boggy tract of country, and became seriously apprehensive lest the carriages should permanently stick fast. The position was

far from pleasant, for we had no provisions, and our next halting-place was at some distance. Horsemen were sent out in different directions in search of a track. At length, sweeping the dreary prospect with eager eye, I discovered a moving object; it was a sheep;—there was a flock—and near them I found a young girl seated on a log. A youthful shepherdess tending her snowy and bleating charge under the sylvan shades of the forest, sounds highly romantic and charming; one recalls at once the sighing swains and tender maids of Arcady the Blest, and the Strephons and Floras of pastoral song. In this case there was no room for sentiment, except that of pity for the poor girl and anxiety for our own situation. She seemed half idiotic, answering not a word to my inquiries, but pointing to a distant hut.

The father of the poor little shepherdess having guided us into the right road to Summerhill, at which place we were to bait, we soon drew near that little settlement; and at about half a mile therefrom a deputation of some thirty horsemen advanced to meet the Governor, and conducted him to a very tolerable inn where we received and digested a loyal address and an early dinner. Little thought His Excellency—little thought the good folks who were welcoming him with every showy demonstration in their power—that our meeting at Summerhill in 1846 took place on a “field of the cloth of gold!” It was not until 1851 that, in the bed of the Summerhill Creek, not far from this spot, gold was first found, and first announced to the public of New South Wales.

While we were regaling ourselves in the parlour of the inn, affairs at the bar of the house were going on with spirit. The health of Her Majesty’s representative, and of each other was repeatedly and enthusiastically drank by the deputies; and when our progress was resumed, it had become a kind of bacchanal triumph. “The plump and ruddy individual who took command of the escort ought to have been mounted on a leopard and crowned and cincted with vine-leaves. It was wonderful to see the strength and balance with which he kept his seat in spite of his potations. His aide-de-camp was nearly as remarkable in the same line. It was clear that both had practised equitation and inebriety as twin sciences, from their boyhood upwards. In the centre of a dozen jets of mud splashed up by our zealous guardians, our cavalcade

passed out of Summerhill under a pair of gorgeous banners sustained by two standard bearers standing, or, more properly, staggering opposite each other, and apparently on the worst of terms. I heard one of them, a little old native of the land of pat-riotism, conclude a volley of abuse discharged at his *vis-à-vis* by contemptuously denouncing him as "a bloody immigrant!"—thereby leaving the hearer to infer that the speaker was himself a "Government man," that his rival was a free man, and that it was disgraceful for any one to come to this country except in pursuance of the sentence of a court of criminal jurisdiction.

We were getting somewhat tired and bored with our equestrian companions who continued to canter by the sides of the carriages, when, just as one of them had sworn eternal friendship to myself and good fellowship with all mankind, and had repeatedly wrung my hand at the risk of his neck, a largish house hove in sight; a sign-post stood before it; it was a public house, "licensed to retail fermented and spirituous liquors." To our great relief, this apparition put an immediate, a natural, and a general termination to the attendance of our well-meaning friends.

Passing over the rich lowlands of "King's Plains," we reached at 7 P.M. the snug country inn of Mr. Doyle; and here a council was called on the question of remaining there for the night, or pushing onwards the fifteen miles to Coombing. "Forward" was once more the verdict, and accordingly we enjoyed—the enjoyment somewhat doubtful—a most beautiful moonlight drive through forest, swamp, and swollen creek, over crackling branches and soughing mud, brier and brake, sand and rock; and for some miles through the "burnt fathers" of the bush—a large tract just passed over by fire, subdued but not extinguished by the rain; and in four hours and a half, at one o'clock of the night, we thankfully reached Coombing;—and so to bed with great content," as old Pepys cozily expresses himself. Thus, with a good day's work of nineteen hours was concluded our circuit of 230 miles round the Canobolas Mountains and the pastoral districts at their feet. This range has since been discovered to be the axis of an immense gold-field.

In the spring of the year 1850, when I paid a second visit

to Mr. Icely, this night journey would have been impossible; for during the preceding winter, or rather at the close of it, so heavy and unusual a fall of snow had taken place that the whole face of the country round about was strewn with branches broken down by the weight of the drifts. Many of these disjunct members of the gnarled old gum-trees were thicker than a man's body; and so completely were the bush-pastures cumbered with the *débris*, that the area of grazing ground was seriously diminished; nor could it be restored until the whole of the fallen timber had been burnt off—a dangerous remedy to adopt. The oldest blacks had never seen the like before; they were alarmed, and their lives endangered, by the continual and general downfal of boughs during two or three nights. The poor wretches could find no safe shelter from the chilly storm, for every tree might be a traitor. Experienced bushmen seldom sleep under a large gum-tree, well knowing the dangerous brittleness of the branches.

This part of the country, so destitute of humidity, has rarely been viewed under such flattering circumstances as distinguish it at present, the unusually heavy and continuous fall of rain having made it one sheet of verdure. It was easy to see that the squatters were alarmed lest the new Governor should imbibe, together with the numerous wettings he got, too high an idea of the natural wealth of the soil, and thus form too low an estimate of the risks and difficulties of their position, with reference to his future legislation. It must not be forgotten that Sir Charles's inland tour took place in 1846, previously to the cession of further privileges of tenure, &c. to the stock proprietors, as conferred by the present regulations.

In the subsequent visit to Coombing I found the worthy proprietor, in addition to his other avocations of squatter, landed proprietor, member of the Legislative Council, &c., had got yet another iron in the fire; but he was introducing it so cautiously as to run little risk of burning his fingers, an accident which has befallen many dabblers in mining. Within 200 yards of his dwelling he had discovered a rich lode of copper, and had got well down to it at fifty or sixty feet. Amongst other mineralogical curiosities, Mr. Icely showed us on this occasion two or three minute specimens of a "metal

more attractive"—of gold in a quartz matrix, found on his own estate, so minute as to be clearly visible only through a microscope. He produced also from his cabinet a letter—I forget whether printed or in manuscript—from the hands of Sir Roderick Murchison, dated some time back, in which he states, with reference to a specimen sent home by Mr. Icely, that the precious metal is found in the Ural Mountains in a like deposit, and under similar geological conditions; and expresses an opinion that the western slope of the Australian Cordillera would be found highly auriferous. Here was an actual specimen of Australian gold, with the judgment of one of our first geologists that it existed in abundance on or near the spot where we stood. In September 1850, an almost invisible speck of native gold was displayed to me with evident signs of exultation by a resident of the Bathurst district: in July 1851, at the town of Bathurst, was exhibited to me a single specimen of Australian gold, weighing upwards of one hundredweight!

December 4th.—We bade adieu to our very kind and agreeable hosts of Coombing, and started early on our return towards Sydney. This day's journey was to terminate at Brucedale, the country seat of Mr. William Suttor, member for Bathurst, about eight miles from that town. Threading the usual number of gum-trees, we performed it very satisfactorily and wholly without accident, except that of His Excellency's carriage passing an hour up to the axles in a boggy bit of ground, from whence it was at length retracted by a stout cart-horse borrowed from the only dray we met on the road.

Amongst other game we saw to-day several flying squirrels; one of which Mr. Fitz Roy succeeded in killing with a ball from a policeman's carbine. It is a beautiful little animal, its fur dark coloured and soft, and its floatlag mode of flight from tree to tree, supported on the membrane stretching between its fore and hind-legs, extremely graceful and singular.

Our route took us once more across the Plains of Bathurst; leaving which town on our right, we re-plunged into the bush, and, gradually ascending some four miles more, emerged, late in the afternoon, after a journey of eleven hours, at Brucedale. The house is large and commodious, situated on a knoll which pushes itself into the midst of a richly cultivated vale, through

which winds the pretty little Windburndale rivulet. The prospect is bounded, at the distance of half a mile or thereabouts, by wooded hills, highly picturesque and making the position of the place romantically sequestered. Yet this is precisely one of the faults I find with the home scenery of New South Wales; to be shut up in a forest, with no outlet for the eye, gives me always a sense of mental suffocation. Thus situated, I should never lay down the axe until I had obtained a vista of sufficient extent to take a long breath in. The detritus of these hills affords excellent soil for the vine; the climate also favours it; and whereas this plant, though stimulative and assuasive of human thirst, is itself not greedy of moisture, there will doubtless be good wine produced here some day—for the grapes are beautiful. If my gustative acumen is worth anything that day had not arrived in 1846. In 1850, when I had the pleasure of visiting Brucevale again, it had certainly dawned, if not reached its meridian.

We found two kinds of natural bush-fruit growing in great plenty on the uplands,—namely, the “five corners,” produced by a beautiful species of fuchsia after the fall of the blossom, and the geebung, a native plum very woolly and tasteless. With regard to the former flower, the children of Mr. Suttor taught me to find at the bottom of each calyx a single drop of the richest honey-water; and we sipped together some hundreds of these fairy cups of hydromel. Depending from some of the larger gum-trees were the most enormous mistletoes I ever saw,—one or two of the clusters of this parasite being so uniform in shape as to look like a huge oval chandelier of bronze, (for that was their colour,) hanging plumb down from some slender twig. In the lowlands here, as at Coombing, the *Eucalyptus mannifera*, or Flooded gum, grows in great profusion and of majestic size. It sounds strange to English ears,—a party of ladies and gentlemen strolling out in a summer’s afternoon to gather manna in the wilderness: yet more than once I was so employed in Australia. This substance is found in small pieces on the ground under the trees at certain seasons, or in hardened drops on the surface of the leaves; it is snowy white when fresh, but turns brown when kept like the chemist’s drug so called, is sweeter than the sweetest sugar, and softer than Gunter’s softest ice-cream. The manna is seldom plentiful;

for birds, beasts, and human beings devour it, and the slightest rain, or even dew dissolves its delicate components. Theories have been hazarded and essays published as to the origin of this singular substance; but whether it is formed by the puncture and deposit of an insect, or is the natural product of the tree, no one, I believe, can venture to assert. Nor was there wanting hercabouts another special article of the heaven-sent food of the wandering tribes of Israel; for hundreds of quails were to be found within a few paces of the manna-fields.

Mr. William Suttor is one of the second generation of the name settled in the colony; a third is rising pretty rapidly. His father, a venerable and highly intelligent gentleman, whose acquaintance, also, I had the pleasure of making on this occasion, having established himself originally on an estate granted to him by Government near Paramatta, sent forward his son, still in his teens, to superintend the squatting stations in the Bathurst district. In like manner, the branches as well as the property of the family having subsequently increased, some of the younger scions are now about to join a party of youths on an expedition to seek for locations for flocks and herds, and to take charge of them when established, on the Bargan River, far in the interior. Our host, who appears to be one of those men well calculated to grapple with difficulties, and to make none, gave me some interesting details connected with his early occupation of the country. Surrounded with convict servants, and with numerous tribes of the Aborigines, he never had any trouble with either. Doubtless, his treatment of both was firm, just, and consistent. The mutual relations of these two classes were, however, not so peaceable—frequent collisions taking place, in which blackey of course fared the worst; yet, on one occasion, no less than seven white men fell under their spears.* Mr. Suttor possesses very considerable property in land and live-stock; and has discovered copper, lead, and even indications of gold on his estate. He prudently contents himself, however, at present, with the superficial produce of the earth.

A party of some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen from Bathurst and the neighbourhood dined at Brucevale this day to meet the Governor; and about forty more came to a dance in the evening. During the dinner, I found myself

very assiduously waited on by a servant belonging to a gentleman present; his face was familiar to me; but where, when or how we had met before I had no recollection. Amid the noise and bustle occasioned by the ball, he drew near me, and whispering, said, "Don't you know me, Sir? don't you remember James ——? I was six years in your company in the 43d." I immediately recalled to mind that this man had been transported *for life* by a general court-martial for deserting from the regiment during the Canadian rebellion in 1838. In 1846, I (the Deputy Judge Advocate, as it happened, of the court which tried him) find the disgraced and dishonoured soldier, who was "marked with the letter D, and transported as a felon for the term of his natural life," now the trusted, well-paid, and well-fed domestic servant of a wealthy colonist! Is not this fact a direct premium for "mutiny, desertion, and all other crimes," for which transportation is awarded by a military tribunal, and a somewhat dangerous subject for discussion in a barrack-room, when duties happen to be heavy or officers severe? How this fellow and felon must chuckle over the loyal soldier who toils through the world, following his colours for 1s. a-day, while *he* gets his 20% or 30% a-year, food, and lodgings, and can go where he lists over a wide continent,—to which thousands of the poor and honest labourers of England would joyfully repair, could they afford the cost of passage and outfit, both of which were furnished to this criminal at the public expense! Mr. Deserter —— was very much inclined for conversation with his former captain; but I told him, that, as an officer in Her Majesty's service, I could hold no communication with one who had forsaken his colours and broken his oath.

Military crimes are thought nothing of in New South Wales; and men who have been transported for committing such are high in the labour market and eagerly sought for. A wide distinction is drawn between him whom a breach of discipline has made a felon, and him who has gained that title through a civil court for robbery, burglary, perjury, forgery, or other offences against society at large. The soldier who, once or twice a year scales the barrack walls and makes away with his kit in order to raise funds for a nocturnal spree, and in a paroxysm of pot-valour trips up

the heels of the fat sergeant who is testing his sobriety by putting him through his facings;—or who punches or threatens to punch the head of the corporal of the picquet which captured him—is, in the martinet's eye—indeed in that of every good soldier—a terrible and unpardonable delinquent;—yet when grown a year or two older and wiser, perhaps the very qualities of flesh and spirit which induced these disorders would render him eligible for the posts of constable, policeman, overseer, watchman, or such other as a Colonial Government or private employer, in times of scarcity of labour, has great difficulty in filling. This very scarcity and dearness of labour, which has subsisted for so long in the colony and which certainly did not decrease during the five years of my sojourn there, present a powerful incitement to desertion, for crimps are active and unscrupulous, and, when a half-drunken private, known to be a tolerable handicraftsman, is promised ensign's or even lieutenant's pay—and moreover gets it—what wonder that he should forget the obligations he subscribed to in his attestation? And should his conscience afterwards urge him to return to his allegiance, he can only do so through the gates of a military court. I met in this Colony with more than one deserter or other delinquent from our military service, who, having completed the period of their sentence, are now doing well and living as respectable and useful citizens. But there was one case that came to my knowledge, so singular that I am tempted to insert a notice of it here, rather than admit it in its more strictly appropriate place, because I am unwilling to point too directly to the person in question. In 1850, when proceeding with my wife on an excursion into the provinces, a gentleman recommended us to pass a day or two at a certain rural inn, where the climate was considered cool, and where, as he said, “old John ———, the waiter, will take excellent care of you and make you very comfortable, if you mention my name.” Accordingly we soon became very good friends with John, whom we found to be a little weakened old fellow, quick and intelligent although evidently declining in strength, most attentive to our comforts, a first-rate cook (for he performed that office in the absence of the hired one), and full of amusing anecdotes and proverbs *à la Sancho*. I believe I must admit that, with all his estimable

qualities, rogne was so indelibly written in his countenance, that although it belied his present character it was still impossible to look in old John's face and feel (however one might place) implicit trust in him. I knew nothing of him further than that he had led an adventurous life; and one evening while sitting over our tea, which the old fellow had embellished with some regular English-inn buttered toast, I asked him to give us his history—for he had just told me that he had served "a little" in the army. He was nothing loth; and I took down the following "Autobiography of a New South Wales Waiter," nearly in his own words; nor have I since taken the trouble to test his dates and facts.

"I was born," began John, "in the island of North Shetland, and was, as early as I can remember, and long before I could lift an oar, employed in the ling-fishing trade. In 1806—7, I was in Greenland, where I served a short apprenticeship in whaling. In 1808, when at North Scalloway, plying in my father's boat, I was pressed by a man-of-war's tender. I ran from the press-gang the very same day, and went and enlisted with a party of artillery stationed in the fort. Marched with them shortly afterwards to Aberdeen, and was employed there and at Glasgow recruiting, for some time. Being considered too short for the artillery; I was transferred to the 1st Royals, and joined their 4th Battalion in December 1808, on their return from Corunna. I embarked with them July 1809 in the *Revenge* (74), Captain Paget, for Flushing—the second expedition. Landed under Colonel Hay, and assisted at the taking of five batteries. Was wounded in the head by a musket-shot the day before the town surrendered. Came to England, and was placed in hospital at Harwich. In January 1810 I was sent with the force to Portugal, and was landed in the Black Horse Square, Lisbon, where we were brigaded. Thence we went by water to Santarem; afterwards to Thomar. I was at the battle of Busaco, and the subsequent retreat to the Lines. In 1811 I was present at the affairs of Pombal and Sabugal; at Almeida, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo; at the siege and capture of Badajos; at Salamanca, where I received a bad sabre wound in the side; at Madrid and Burgos, and the retreat from the latter. I was at Lamego and Visu, (but these were mere skrimmages!) at Vittoria, and St. Sebastian—where

I was shot through the thigh, and taken prisoner by a sortie while reconnoitring the horn-work and breach;—this was 21 July, 1813. Was retaken on the 31st August, when the place fell. I lay for some time in hospital at Santander and Bilboa; but I was young and strong, and my wound soon healed. I was fit for duty, and present at the sortie of Bayonne.

“ In 1815 I embarked at Cork for the Netherlands with the 3d Battalion of the Royals. Recollect well the towns of Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, and Brussels. Was employed at this time in the regimental mess. Was quartered close to the house where the Duchess of Richmond gave the grand ball on the 17th of June. I was married then, and both myself and my wife were employed in the officers’ mess. I was on the field of Waterloo, and was sent, with the quarter-master of the battalion, back to Brussels after the battle, and thence to Clichy. In 1816 I was stationed at Valenciennes with the Army of Occupation; and in the same year I got my discharge. I set up for myself, and at one time had 500*l.* or 600*l.* in the Bank. In the year —— I came out to New South Wales; and in this country I have met with adventures, successes, and troubles such as few men have gone through.”

The retired veteran was proceeding to recount some of the leading incidents of his Australian career, when his present historian interrupted him with the pertinent, but perhaps indelicate remark—“ But, John, you have not told us how or why you emigrated.”

“ No, Sir, I have not,” replied my hero, with a slight change of countenance. “ Well, Sir, I endorsed a bill for a person who signed another man’s name; was tried for being an accomplice in a forgery—(forgery itself was, you know, a hanging matter in those days)—and was transported. I don’t complain of my judges. They behaved very well to me. They could not know that I was innocent of any wrong intention when I signed my name. The authorities in this country, too, behaved very well to me. I was always a sober man, you see. They assigned me as servant to Mr. H——, of G——, whom I served for four years as cook and house-steward. Having made some money, I afterwards set up an eating-house at Sydney, and did well in that line. However,

getting tired of it, I purchased a vessel of 95 tons lying in the Hawkesbury; stored it well in Sydney, and traded to Hobart Town, where at one time I had a house. I also made several trips to Swan River when it was first settled, carrying sundries there which I sold at high profits—especially wooden frame houses. Unfortunately I entrusted my vessel and cargo to a hired master, who got drunk with his crew and totally wrecked the schooner on the rocks of the Five Islands. Vessel and freight were worth, I suppose, 3,000*l*. Being now entirely ruined, I accepted the post of supercargo in a vessel trading to New Zealand; and whilst in that country I lost the use of my limbs from rheumatism. Returning to New South Wales, and having once more saved a little money, I rented a farm on the Kurrájong Hills, but the main road from Sydney to Bathurst was diverted from it by the Government; the caterpillars devoured my crops, and I was compelled to give up the lease. After that I took to house-service again, which I find the safest and surest employment in my old age. I am now nearly worn out, and shall try no more experiments.”

I have elsewhere remarked—or shall remark—that present good behaviour, independent of former character and conduct, is all that is required of a servant—(I had almost said of an *employé* of any sort)—in New South Wales. John, when I first made his acquaintance, was cook, waiter, and indeed ostensible manager of an excellent inn; for the host and hostess were of that easy-going and invisible order which is remarkable, although luckily not universal, among the hotel-keepers of this country. When I left the colony, I ascertained that the old man had quitted the public line, and had become major-domo and factotum to an opulent squatter. The narrative is as he gave it to me. Subsequently, accident enabled me to fill up one or two of the many *hiatus* which self-esteem naturally inclined this much-by-fortune-buffeted Shetlander to leave in his autobiography. In a casual conversation with one of the judges of the land I was made cognisant of John’s second entrance into the bonds of matrimony, as well as other bonds. It appears he wooed and wedded one of his own feather, who shortly afterwards was convicted in the colony of being principally, while the husband was proved to be

secondarily, engaged in a grand robbery of ardent spirits. What became of his better half I did not inquire, but my respectable old friend paid a compulsory visit to the two sequestered islands of Cockatoo and Norfolk. His Honour who pronounced the sentence was nevertheless so much impressed with the many valuable qualities of the exile, that, after seven years of probation, he procured his return to New South Wales. Even in Norfolk Island itself his talents did not remain under a bushel; for the officers of the detachment found out his cooking qualifications, and John was once more engaged at a military mess.

The above is a long story—here is a short one, on the subject of convict servants, just as it was related to me by a friend holding an exalted office in one of the Australian colonies. Pleased with the conduct and capabilities of a foreigner whom he had employed for some time as his butler, the gentleman, departing from the ordinary custom in such cases, demanded privately of this meritorious domestic what might have been the cause of his being “sent out.” “Something about a vatch,” was the prompt, frank, yet diplomatic, and therefore valet-like reply.

December 5th. Brusedale.—A riding and driving expedition. When the party about to be thus employed promises to be a numerous one, the following are something like the preliminary operations at the residence of an Australian provincial gentleman.

Host.—“How many horses have you got with you?”

Visitor.—“We have three for the saddle, and six carriage horses.”

Host.—“Oh! then we shall want three more riding horses and four for the carriages;—your carriage horses will be all the better for a ‘spell,’ (a rest.) Here, Larry, take Fishhook with you, and drive in eight or ten horses. And, John, step up to the store-room,* and bring down two new saddles and a couple of bridles and martingales;—and, John, two or three whips. And, oh, John, you must get up twenty or thirty of the best colts for His Excellency to see this afternoon. He will see the heifers too; so let Paddy and Johnny Russell (a black) drive them down to the lagoon by five o’clock;—and halloo!

* The proprietor’s private store, which contains everything, from a plough to a tin-tack.

you, Bill Ugly Mug ! (another black), run down and open the slip-rail into the 1,000-acre paddock !”

Then comes a galloping of wild steeds with a cracking of stock-whips, and, after sundry wily evolutions of the drivers, the requisite number and perhaps a dozen or two more are collected within the stock-yard. They are soon halted, saddled, and bridled by fair means or foul ; for the Australian horses are generally good-tempered, and besides no option is allowed them. The chestnut is a capital hack but a little stale in the fore-legs, for he is a favourite stock-horse and has passed the greater part of his life at full gallop over ground as hard as the floor of a racket court ; moreover he happens to have only one shoe on, and that ' a hind one ;—mere trifle ! The “ Emigrant ” Filly has a sore back and mouth from the breaking—bagatelle ! she will be all right after the first half-hour. The “ Agitator ” colt will buck-jump a bit at starting ;—“ Oh ! put Willy on him—he'll soon take the devil out of him ! ” . . .

The weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed a delightful excursion across the plains past Alloway Banks, a pretty cottage residence belonging to the Suttor family, and into the town of Bathurst, where we visited the barracks of the infantry detachment and of the mounted police, the Government cottage, now the quarters of the officer commanding the troops, and other public buildings.

December 7th.—G. F. and myself, with a small Aboriginal boy as guide, repaired this afternoon to seek for snipe in a swampy valley not far off, and had a very good two hours' sport—my bag containing seven couple of those birds, a wild duck and four brace of quail. One of the pleasantest passages of the sport was to count the teeth of the black lad, as he grinningly picked up a pair of widgeons which my companion and I respectively and simultaneously brought down on his head, as they skimmed over the tops of a clump of gum-trees. The floods were very much out—so were the sun and the mosquitos ; and I don't know that I was ever, in a short time, so burnt, bitten, and wet through. The snipe of Australia appears to me to be a finer bird than him of Europe, to the eye ;—not so to the palate.

December 8th.—Quitted Brucedale, and set forth on our return to Sydney—our own horses having been sent on twelve miles to the hostelry of the widow Jones on the high road,

and Mr. Suttor obligingly supplying us with teams for one stage. It was on this occasion that, as previously related, an accident to my ill-starred vehicle drew out the bush resources of Mr. Suttor in the manner described. It was truly a disreputable looking carriage when I turned it over—for the last time, fortunately! to Mr. Martyn, coach-builder, Sydney. A few miles beyond Diamond Swamp we cheated the Surveyor-general and turned his flank, at least in so far as he is identified with the awful passage over Mount Lambey, by taking the line of Piper's Flat, a fine alluvial oasis in the midst of hills, covered with rich grass and watered by a beautiful stream, on the banks of which the well-fed cattle seemed almost to stagger under their fat. The projector of the concurrent mountain road, for which he has been so much abused by travellers, would have smiled sarcastically could he have looked down from his pet mountain upon our weary cavalcade, toiling like tortoises through the deep, black, flooded soil of the valley below. Had it not been for the change of scenery, I could almost have wished myself and my carriage upon the steep and precipitous, but at least firm road of Mount Lambey, by which route we performed our upward journey.

December 10th.—A stage of twenty-one miles along the route already described, brought us to Bungarabee, the H. E. I. Company's stud establishment (just on the eve of abolition), where Captain Apperley gave us a warm reception and excellent entertainment—albeit his old butler *did* select this particular evening to get most uncommonly and inconveniently drunk. His grey hairs, I think, alone saved him from what his master calls, and sometimes inflicts—"a deuced good hiding." Bungarabee consists of an excellent dwelling-house and offices, stables permanent and temporary for several hundred horses, with some fine open paddocks around them, and is about twenty-three miles from Sydney.

December 11th.—To-day we passed a spot where a year or two ago, in a thicket not far removed from the public road, was found a human skeleton with a military cloak and cap lying near it. On the peak of the latter, scratched with a penknife, were the words—"J.—H.—Major, died of starvation, May the —, 184—." I was told that the cause of this fearful incident was simply that the poor old ruined officer

could not dig, was ashamed to beg—so he died, after writing his own mournful epitaph.

As for our party, we reached the capital safe and sound at five P.M., after a most agreeable tour of thirty-three days. “Travelling,” says Ford in his amusing “Gatherings,” “makes a man forget that he has a liver, that store-house of mortal misery, bile, blue pill, and blue devils.” I believe that no one of our party rejoiced at the change from the road to the city—from the picturesque and pastoral scenes of the Bush to the “Fumum et opes, strepitumque *Sydneæ*.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SYDNEY GAY SEASON—SOCIETY—GENERAL COMPETENCE—THE MARRIAGE-MARKET—SETTLERS, SOLDIERS, AND SAILORS VIEWED MATRIMONIALY—THE FITZ ROY HOUNDS—THE TURF AND THE RING—PIGEON AND PARROT MATCHES—SHARKS AND A SHARK HUNT—LA PEROUSE—PLAGUES OF NEW SOUTH WALES—DOMESTIC SERVANTS—MOSQUITOES—OLD NEWS—MENDICANCY—BEZONIANS—MIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA.

WINTER is the gay season at Sydney. During the hotter months—November, December, January, February and March, the society very wisely withdraws within its shell, shutting itself up, and the sun and hot winds out, “until further orders”—as we say in the army. No one moves abroad during the day-time for mere pleasure; but towards four or five o’clock in the afternoon, those who wish for air and exercise get into their carriages or mount their horses; and if there be a breeze in the air it may be met with on the road to the Heads, blowing over the vast Pacific. Though not always cool, it is at least always pure and fresh.

Of the surface peculiarities of the Sydney society, I have said and shall say but little. There is a feature of deeper importance to which I am pleased to be able to bear testimony. I have visited no part of the world where there appears to exist so much of universal competence, so much equality of means, if such were possible; there must be very few individuals in New South Wales spending 1,000*l.* a-year upon the ordinary appliances of living; equally few who cannot afford a sufficiency of good clothing, bread and meat and firing for themselves and families every day of the year. The barometer of domestic finance has but few degrees on its scale; no one in health can be at the zero of indigence, and scarcely any will burn like Dives, for the same cause. In spite of the occasional grumblings of discontent on the subjects of the “exhausted resources,” the “paralysed energies,” the “universal insolvency,” and the “downfall of the colony!”—

there exists, in New South Wales, an amount of comfort and happiness for which its people ought to be deeply thankful. I have heard the society of Sydney accused—I have heard them accuse themselves, of an addiction to scandal and tittle-tattle; and I dare say, many persons who know the city quite as well as myself, will *disagree with me* when I exonerate the good people in general from those vices, or at least from possessing them in an inordinate degree. In New South Wales there is no aristocracy, properly so called, no hereditary idlers, no pensioned dowagers, no half-pay loungers, few widows or *unmarried elders* of either sex;—all are working people, from the Governor downwards. There is, therefore, I think, less backbiting and gossiping, less amiable uneasiness about other persons' affairs, than are generally to be found at an English watering place or country town.

In the cool weather this society meets together very pleasantly at dinner parties of ten to fourteen, and at *soirées dansantes* of one hundred to three hundred persons. The really splendid rooms of Government-house, during the same season, receive a vast number of guests at dinners of twenty to thirty persons, and at balls from two hundred to twelve hundred persons, the latter number being, I think, something under that of the cards of invitation issued on Her Majesty's birthday.

In spite of the worthy Colonial Secretary's statistics, which tend to prove the still existing undue proportion of males over females in the colony generally, the fair sex preponderates very largely in the ball-rooms of Sydney. The brothers and sons of those pretty girls and respectable matrons are, one must suppose, pushing their fortunes in the Bush or elsewhere; and, were it not for the officers of the staff and garrison, and now and then a lucky influx of naval men, the young ladies might live unpaired—even for the fugitive engagement of a quadrille or valtz. Viewed as a marriage market New South Wales must at present be set down as decidedly and shockingly bad. A speculative young woman emigrating, without capital, in the hope of securing an establishment for life, will no more succeed than would the young man without funds make a livelihood by coming out as a squatter. In former days, indeed, when times were good and wool remunerative, the prosperous settler, tired of

solitude, and desiring with Paul Richter "to find a gentle girl who could cook something for him, and who would sometimes smile and sometimes weep with him,"—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food :"

desirous, in a word, of assistance and sympathy in the loneliness of the bush—repaired to the metropolis in deliberate and determined quest of the article desiderated; but the reverses of the colony made men cautious, and unluckily for the ladies they still continue so. Sentimental impulse seems to have utterly stagnated! Perhaps many of the fair damsels have souls above damper and bark huts—perhaps some of them really prefer celibacy. Be this as it may, I see numbers of nice girls still performing the very natural and graceful duties of daughters, without any apparent prospect of engaging in woman's main mission. Perhaps, as I said before, they prefer celibacy;—but, admitting the possibility of there being one or two dear little creatures who do *not* prefer that state, it is painful to me, who have a soft heart (I write now as a married man!) to see the vine, the honeysuckle, the passion-flower, stretching out their delicate tendrils, and finding, alas! no responsive oak or elm to lend its firm and permanent support! Strange to say, too, the well brought up and pretty maidens of the middle and servant classes of Sydney do not appear to be much sought in marriage. Yet it is undoubtedly in these classes that the well-known preponderance of males exists. The single men do not want wives, and the responsibilities and encumbrances of family life. They prefer working hard—working like slaves—four or five days, and "larking" the rest of the week.

It results from the circumstances I have above noticed, that in Australia, as in other dependencies of the Crown, the members of the martial professions are more graciously regarded in the light of possible husbands and sons-in-law, than they are known to be in the Old Country. There is a vulgar old-fashioned notion among all classes at home—for which some of the ancient novel and play-writers may be thanked—that, if the private soldier be notoriously a "rascal in red," the officer must be a dicer, a drinker, and a ruffler—capable of jilting a woman and bilking a turnpike—a perpetrator of

“broken oaths, and hearts, and heads,” and of every intermediate enormity between chuck-farthing and manslaughter;—or, what is worse, a pauper! Who has not seen the cautious husband or father watching with distrust the epauletted attentions of the most innocuous child of Mars, wholly unsuspecting of the spruce young fellow in the black coat and white cravat who, two to one, is the real snake in the grass of the domestic lawn? Thus the mouse, in a good old fable, fled in terror from the cock strutting and crowing about the farm-yard, but looked without fear on the sleek tom-cat, whose gentle purring manners disarmed suspicion! Luckily we have the softer and more influential sex on our side;—although occasionally “a malignant and a turbaned” *chaperon*, possessing a pretty and wealthy daughter or ward, *will* turn against us and “traduce the state” of our morals, finances, and intentions.

As the close application to business, rendered necessary by the badness of the times, has operated as a deterrent from matrimony among the Colonial gentlemen; perhaps it is the great amount of leisure enjoyed by, or rather forced upon individuals of my profession in this country, that has given the combined forces of Cupid and Hymen such an advantage over them. The shafts which glance harmless off the rhinoceros hide of the money-hunting merchant and the wool-gathering squatter, have transfixed the unoccupied heart and secured the unemployed hand of many a son of the sword in New South Wales and the neighbouring colonies—to a greater degree perhaps than occurs in any other of the five-and-forty dependencies of Great Britain. It was here that that social prodigy, a married ensign, first broke upon my astonished sight! Alack-a-day!—’twas a fearful spectacle for a philanthropist or a prophet; but the parties most concerned were as happy as if there were no to-morrow;—and life is short,—so the consequences usually accruing from the condition of “nothing a-day, and find himself,” had no terrors for the head of this youthful establishment. May they never meet the troubles that, in the panoply of trusting and loving hearts, they have not feared to brave! The blue-jackets too have not come off scot-free. Not a few of these open-hearted fellows, rendered doubly susceptible by long deprivation of female society, have fallen in love and into a proposal, with

some fair Australian—some lily of the Pacific; and, since their mission into these seas by “their lordships” in Whitehall does not comprise a clause for the replenishment of the population, and the inexorable rules of the service forbid domestic felicity on board ship, the consummation of these tender engagements is generally and necessarily deferred “*sine die*.”

New South Wales is certainly not what is considered in the army “a good quarter,” especially for the officers. It must be admitted, I suppose, that, taking them as a class, gentlemen of the sword are not deeply addicted to literary pursuits; that no great amount of midnight oil—in the poetical sense at least!—is consumed by them in their general avocations. In these colonies, and especially near Sydney, there is no shooting or hunting, usually so rife in countries without game laws; nor any other safety-valves for exuberant vitality,—while all the less innocent pastimes common to large towns, and seaport towns in particular, extend their temptations to young men of leisure and spirit. I err in saying that there is *no* hunting. There was none near Sydney when I first arrived. Formerly some approaches were made to an imitation of the good old English sport of fox-hunting; for your Briton generally contrives, in obstinate resistance to climate and circumstances, to carry about with him the customs and pursuits of the Mother-land. The mere non-existence of the fox in this country presented no obstacle to the performance of fox-hunting by Her Majesty’s servants in New South Wales. As the jackal obligingly undertook at the shortest notice that character in Hindostan, so, in Australia, the dingo or native dog,—(you may see a fine specimen in the London Zoological Gardens.)—was not permitted, through any diffidence on his part, however natural, to decline the performance of fox to the best of his ability. And truly he is no bad substitute. The Cumberland Hunt was only a matter of history when I reached the colony. It was left for Mr. George Fitz Roy to establish a regular pack, well turned out, master and whippers in “pink and skins,” fixtures advertised, and everything orthodox.

The country is as inimical to fox-hunting as can well be conceived; wide tracts of dense forest, salt creeks, impracticable ravines, a hard, sandy, scent-repelling soil, and in the

cleared and enclosed ground three and four railed fences of iron bark and other unmanageable timber, which might well appal the stoutest heart—if not break the toughest neck—that ever put a nag at a fence or tumbled over it. Now and then occurred such slight incongruities as the master, servants and field coming home with only half-a-dozen hounds out of the twenty couple, and sometimes without a single card of the pack,—during which absence of the proper authorities some uneasiness could not but be felt as to the nature of the prey fourteen or fifteen couple of hungry hounds might happen to pick up in their uncontrolled course. Not unfrequently indeed, when legitimate game was scarce and when the woody nature of the country favoured an outbreak; the mottled conspirators would “run into” some stray sheep-dog before they could be whipped off; or, on the way home, would “walk into” some old lady’s fat lap-dog—the latter a species of “riot,” which gave me, I confess, unmitigated satisfaction. The destruction of noxious animals was, as every one knows, the original motive of the chase;—I am old enough to remember the pug-dog, the very type of useless cur-ism;—he is now—with his black snout and curly tail—as extinct as the mastodon and the golden pippin. I wish all drawing-room rug-dogs a like fate!

To get a good run with a real wild dingo, it is necessary to rise with the lark as our ancestors did—“dull sleep and our downy beds scorning,”—and while the dew is still on the ground to try to cross the trail of the robber of hen-roosts and reveller in the garbage of boiling-down stations; for later in the day he is laid up in some rocky bank; and the sun quickly dispels the scent so strong while the turf is yet damp. I beg to insert a short account of a run with this pack, which I joined in and reported to a newspaper.

“SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Fitz Roy’s hounds had a brilliant run on Saturday last, the 5th of June. The fixture was Vineyard, the seat of H. Macarthur, Esq.; the hour five A.M. On being thrown into covert, the hounds almost immediately unkennelled a fine dingo, which made off at a good pace along the north bank of the river towards Kissing Point. Owing to the dryness of the ground the scent was not very good, but after a slight check the pack hit it off again on the swampy land near the river, carrying it breast high through

Mrs. Bowerman's grounds, and across alternate scrub and cleared land till they reached the cross road to Pennant Hill wharf. Here Reynard, hard pressed, turned his head northward, and, skirting the road, gave the field—most of whom had lost ground in the dense bush—an opportunity to retrieve lee way by racing up this woodland lane. Close at his brush the pack pushed him across the Paramatta road and through a long rough dingle, without giving him a moment's breathing time, into a large grass paddock of forty or fifty acres thinly dotted with acacia bushes, the horsemen charging several stiffish flights of rails; until dingo, hounds, and field together, reached the paddock above mentioned, in the middle of which the pack fairly coursed up to him and pulled him down, not a single hound having lost his place. A party of farming people who were working in a field hard by, hearing the whoo-whoop! joined in the ceremony of breaking up, and appeared highly delighted at this realization in Australia of the good old field sports of the Mother country. This capital run occupied twenty-six minutes; the pace in the low grounds was very fast, and the fences were of a less impracticable nature than is usual in Australia. At one point a field of British fox-hunters found themselves in the somewhat uncommon predicament of thrusting through a dense scrub of burnt wattle-bushes about the height of hop-poles, to the great disfigurement of white leathers; and at another charging, at full cry, over hedges of lemon and through alleys of orange-trees, laden with fruit. As the worthy master trotted home through Paramatta with a white-tagged brush peeping out of his pocket, the dingo's head hanging from the whipper-in's saddle, and the hounds following with blood-smeared muzzles, a wizened veteran, looking like a retired earth-stopper from the old country, exclaimed, "Well, d—— me, but this looks like work!"

I have little to say about the turf of New South Wales. The Homebush course, which is situated between Sydney and Paramatta, is well attended by all classes, from the Governor of the colony down to the real lord of the soil—the Aboriginal black. The *dullest* feature in Australian racing is the fact of one or two well-known horses carrying off all the prizes. I was sick and tired of hearing the "ould horse, Jerrocks," cheered by his numerous and uproarious

friends as he came in "a winner" a dozen seasons in succession. The *worst* feature is the dishonest and scampish characters of the jockies.

If on the Antipodal Turf the race is not always to the swift; neither in the Antipodal Ring is the battle always to the strong. The latter thoroughly British pastime is therefore in very bad repute here, and I dare say deservedly so. Amongst the "Pets" and "Chickens" of the modern English ring there are not to be found many individuals of high moral worth, although some of them have attained eminence as public characters. It is needless therefore to hint that your Botany Bay "Slasher," or your Hobart Town "White Headed Bob"—considering the probable causes of their excursion to these colonies—are hardly likely to add lustre to the profession of the noble art; and the authorities seem fully to appreciate this fact. One reason, perhaps, for the little popularity of pugilism, even among the lowest orders of this purely English colony, may be that fistic encounters are here often fatal—so often as to lead to the supposition that the climate may have something to do with it. In reference to this subject, I find a note in my diary of a talk I had one day with a blacksmith on the Paramatta road, in whose forge I had taken shelter from a shower. On my remarking that the name and sign had been lately removed from a large roadside tavern opposite his shop, he told me that the licence had been taken from the landlord on account of a man having been killed in a boxing match on the premises. The worthy son of Vulcan favoured me with a really sensible lecture on the effects of climate and intemperance. "Drink is the ruin, body and soul, of the people of this country," said he. "With a pint of East Indy rum inside, and a burning sun like this outside, any little accident will finish a man; a clip on the head that at home would not do a chap a morsel of harm, would settle him here outright. You might as well blow out his brains at once as give him a heavy back-handed fall." This "harmonious blacksmith" was himself in excellent health, which he attributed to sobriety and good temper. The thermometer must have ranged at about 90° in the shade, and he was thundering away at his anvil with a twenty-pound hammer and within a yard or two of a tremendous furnace; he would not be pitied, however, insisting upon it that the forge heat kept out the

heat of the climate. This is the right stuff whereof to make a prosperous emigrant. Strength of arm, cheerfulness of spirit, sobriety and good sense, must command success in this country—or any other where the trades are not overstocked;—the converse ensures rapid ruin.

In the absence of game near Sydney, inveterate shooters engage sometimes in pigeon matches, but these birds being expensive here, and the real blue-rock seldom attainable, the purveyors for the trap occasionally substitute parrots, which at some seasons are easily caught in sufficient numbers. The English bird-fancier's feelings will be shocked when I tell him or her that I have seen fifty couple of these beautiful denizens of the bush—blue, red, green, and yellow— butchered at one shooting match. He must be a quick shot who can kill ten out of twelve parrots at twenty-one yards from the trap.

I have said elsewhere that fishing excursions down the harbour often take place. Those who engage in the sport often return with a good basket of schnappers and flatheads—perhaps a rock-cod or two; and with every bit of skin burnt off their noses and chins;—moreover, if they fish in their shirts for coolness sake, they are not unlikely to have their shoulders and arms blistered by the sun. Shark-hunting was the only kind of fishing in New South Wales that I thought worthy the trouble. I propose to give a specimen of a day's sport in this line.

If there is one luxury greater than another in a hot climate, one exercise more healthy than another, it is bathing. Until late in the year 1849 it might be enjoyed to perfection at Sydney; for there is a bathing cottage at Government-house, a large hulk moored and fitted as a public bathing-house in Woolloomooloo Bay, and every villa near the harbour possesses a like convenience. A shady bank of the Domain called the Fig-tree is the favourite bathing-place of the populace. Although large sharks had more than once been caught far up the harbour, no accident was ever heard of, and bathers swam about the coves without fear and with impunity. It was in November of that year, I think, that a dead whale was floated by some accident within Port Jackson, and was picked up and "tried out" by some speculating fisherman. A troop of sharks must have followed the dead fish, and, having

disposed of his carcase, remained foraging near the shores round Sydney. One day a large Newfoundland dog, swimming for the amusement of his master near the Battery, was seized by a shark, and only regained the shore to die. The newspapers warned bathers; but no caution was observed until, early in December, a poor man swimming near the Fig-tree was attacked by a huge shark so near the bathing-place that another person repeatedly struck the fish with a boat-hook, thereby forcing it to release its victim. The unfortunate man was so dreadfully torn that he bled to death a few minutes afterwards. Not many days later I saw a fool-hardy fellow swimming about in the very same place with a straw hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth!

Soon after the destruction of the man in the Woolloomooloo Bay some fishermen reported that, a part of the dead whale having been carried by the tide into Botany Bay, a detachment of sharks had followed it there. An expedition against these tigers of the deep was organized while the desire of vengeance was still vivid, and I accepted an invitation to join it. We were four amateurs, with an old experienced fisherman, and a stout youth his son. We met at the "Sir Joseph Banks Hotel," on the shore of the Bay, and proceeded at high tide to a spot usually frequented by sharks, and by other fish of different kinds, in a good staunch little boat furnished with sail and oars. There was plenty of tackle both for larger and smaller game; shark hooks, as big and strong as those on which butchers hang up a sheep or calf for flaying, with stout chain lines to resist their teeth, and a graduated scale of others suited to the capacity of jaw of schnapper, flathead, bream, &c., and adapted to their habits, whether of grovelling at the bottom like the latter fish, or hunting in mid-water for his food like the former.

Besides the implemients for securing our funny foes, there lay across the thwarts a small magazine of weapons for dispatching them when hooked—iron lances, with handles of stout ash, and long and strong iron gaffs or landing hooks. Anchoring the boat in about thirty feet water, the first operation was the baiting of the spot with burnt fish, and with the eggs of sharks. Lines were then thrown in as far as possible from the boat, the hooks for sharks being baited at first with pieces of star-fish, and afterwards, when some of these had

been caught, with huge junks of shark's flesh. The latter seemed peculiarly tempting to the sharks themselves;—the huge pot-hook to which it was attached, together with a yard or two of dog-chain, being swallowed as an accompaniment too trifling to mention—much less to damp appetite. When one of the sportsmen feels a tug at his line, and judges by its energy that he has a shark for his customer, all other lines are, if possible, hauled aboard, in order that there may be no confusion and ravelling. If the fish be strong, heavy, and active, no little care is requisite to save your tackle from breakage and your quarry from escape. He who has hooked the fish holds tight—like grim Death on his victim; and if you watch his face you will see powerful indications of excitement, mental and muscular;—his teeth are set, his colour is heightened, the perspiration starts on his brow, while something like an oath slips through his lips as the cord strained to the utmost cuts into the skin of his empurpled fingers;—he invokes aid, and with his feet jammed against stretcher, thwart, or gunwale, gradually shortens his hold. Meanwhile the others, seizing lance and gaff-hook, “stand by” to assist the overtaken line, as the monster, darting hither and thither in silvery lightnings beneath the translucent wave, is drawn nearer and nearer to the surface.

“My eyes, he's a whopper!” cries the excited young boatman.

“He's off!” shouts another, as the shark makes a desperate plunge under the boat, and the line, dragged through the hands of the holder, is again suddenly slackened.

“He's all right, never fear—belay your line a bit, Sir, and look here,” says the old fisherman. And sure enough there was the huge fish clearly visible about ten feet under the keel of the boat, and from stem to stern about the same length as herself.

“Now, Sir, let's have him up.” And the instant the line was *taut* the shark shot upwards—his broad snout showing above the surface close to the boat. Then comes a scene of activity and animation indeed. The fish executing a series of summer-sets and spinnings, gets the line into a hundred twists, and if once he succeed in bringing it across his jaws above the chain links—*adieu* to both fish and tackle. But, in the midst of a shower bath splashed up by the broad tail of the shark, both

lance and gaff are hard at work. He is speared through and through—his giant struggles throwing waves of bloody water over the gunwales of the little boat; the gaffs are hooked through his tough skin or within his jaws—for he has no gills to lay hold on; a shower of blows from axe, stretcher or tiller falls on his devoted head, and, if not considered too large, heavy or dangerous, he is lugged manfully into the centre of the boat, and, threshing right and left with his tail to the last, is soon dispatched. A smart blow a few inches above the snout is more instantly fatal than the deepest stab. The “school-shark” is dealt with as above. But if the “grey-nurse,” or old solitary shark be hooked, the cable is cut or the grapnel hauled on board, and he is allowed to tow the boat as he darts away with the line. The tables, however, are soon turned upon him; and after being *played*, as this cruel operation in fishing is blandly styled, for awhile until some portion of his vast strength is exhausted, the line is drawn over a roller in the stern of the boat, the oars are set to work, and, towed instead of towing, the shark is drawn into some shallow cove near the shore, where his bodily powers avail him less than in deeper water; and after a fierce resistance and some little risk to his assailants, he falls a victim to their attacks.

Man has an innate horror of a shark, as he has of a snake; and he, who has frequented tropical climates, felt the absolute necessity of bathing, had his diurnal plunge embittered by the haunting idea of the vicinity of one of these sea pests, and has occasionally been harrowed by accidents arising from their voracity—feels this antipathy with double force. There is, therefore, a species of delightful fury, a savage excitement experienced by the shark-hunter, that has no affinity with the philosophy of Old Isaac’s gentle art. He revels in the animated indulgence of that cruelty which is inherent in the “child of wrath;” and the stings of conscience are blunted by the conviction that it is an act of justice, of retribution, of duty he is engaged in, not one of wanton barbarity. These were precisely my own sensations, when, drenched to the skin with showers of salt-water, scorched to blisters by the burning sun, excoriated as to my hands, covered with blood and oil and dirt, and breathless with exertion, I contemplated the corpse of my first shark. Tiger hunting is a more princely pastime; boar hunting in Bengal Proper the finest sport in

the world; fox hunting an Englishman's birthright. The chase of the moose is excellent for young men strong enough to drag a pair of snow shoes five feet long upon their toes; and Mr. Gordon Cumming tells you how man may follow the bent of his organ of destructiveness on the gigantic beasts of South Africa. Shark fishing is merely the best sport to be had in New South Wales; and affords a wholesome stimulation to the torpid action of life in Sydney. The humane or utilitarian reader will be glad to hear that the shark is not utterly useless after death. The professional fishermen extract a considerable quantity of excellent oil from the liver; and the fins, cut off, cured and packed, become an article of trade with China—whose people, for reasons best known to themselves, delight in gelatinous food.

The most hideous to behold of the shark tribe is the wobegong, or woe-begone, as the fishermen call it. Tiger shark is another of the names of this fish. His broad back is spotted over with leopard-like marks; the belly is of a yellowish white;—but to describe minutely so frightful a monster would be a difficult and ungracious task. Fancy a bloated toad, elongated to the extent of six or seven feet, and weighing some twenty stone; then cut off his legs, and you have a flattering likeness of the wobegong—two of which we killed this day. A heavy sluggish fish, he lies in wait for his prey at the edge of some reef of rocks or bank of sea-weed; swallows the bait indolently; appears but little sensible to the titillation of the barbed hook; and is lugged, hand over hand, to the slaughter without much trouble or resistance. Neither lance nor gaff will penetrate his tough hide, but a blow on the head with an axe proves instantly fatal. The schnapper affords a long and strong pull at the line; and is considered by the colonists as one of their best table fish. We killed one to-day weighing 21 lbs. The flathead is half buried in the sand at the bottom, but bites freely; and is, in my mind, a much better fish than the former. Our fishing-basket of this day comprised nine sharks, four schnappers, and about forty flatheads.

Just opposite La Perouse's monument we saw a Black spearing the rock-cod and groper, which feed on the shell-fish torn from the rocks in stormy weather. The figure of this man poised motionless on a pedestal of rock, with his lance

ready to strike, the waves dashing up to his feet, was a subject for a bronze statue. This must have been the very spot where in April, 1770, two natives armed with spears opposed the landing of Cook and his party, "and seemed resolved," as he says, "to defend their coast to the uttermost, though they were but two and we were forty." The last of the Botany Bay tribe, old "Boatswain," who had long been permitted to establish his guneah in the gardens of the Banks Hotel, died a short time before the fishing excursion I have just described.

The monument of La Perouse stands on a cleared spot near the entrance of the bay. Fifty yards from the obelisk is an old dead tree, on which may still be faintly traced some words of an epitaph in memory of one of the unfortunate French captain's fellow-travellers, and which have since been transferred to a tombstone by its side. They run thus:—

HIC JACET
LE RECEVEUR
EX F. F. MINORIBUS
GALLIÆ SACERDOS,
PHYSICUS IN CIRCUMNAVIGATIONE MUNDI,
DUCE D. DE LA PEROUSE,
OBIIIT DIE 17 FEB.
ANNO 1788.

The view from the spot is very picturesque.

On the evening of my shark hunt I had the pleasure of seeing my twenty pound schnapper at the foot of a friend's dinner table, looking something like a fine English cod-fish. But, alas! crowning disgrace of the colony!—wretched destitution, in the earliest and worthiest of the sciences!—there is no one—in a word, there is not *a cook* in New South Wales,—never has been, I believe, since the great circumnavigator just mentioned; for the cooks in this country are no more cooks in the European and artistical acceptation of the term, than any one of my coats would have been a coat in the eyes of Brummel!

And the word cook leads me to the subject of domestic servants in general. Of all the plagues in New South Wales, and indeed of all the Australian colonies, the household servants are the worst; there are few good and faithful—as few skilful. One reason of this is the blameworthy indifference to character exhibited by the employing classes—a relic of the old convict system. Another cause lies in the unsettled mind

of the emigrant, and his trying half a dozen trades of which he knows nothing, before he is driven to accept service. A servant, holding the most responsible place, discharged in disgrace at an hour's notice and without a character, is engaged the next day in a similar post, and you have the pleasure of seeing him installed as confidential butler behind the chair of the lady or gentleman who may be entertaining you at dinner. You recognise at the table of your neighbour the *soupe à la jardinière*, the baked schnapper *farçi*, in the preparation of which and other dishes it had taken you six months to instruct your late cook—whom you had just discharged for repeated insolence and dishonesty. But, as I have said before, a cook—in the solemn signification of the word—is in New South Wales a fabulous animal—fabulous as the Bunyip of the blacks. The men-cooks are mostly ship-cooks, or stewards, dealers in cocky-leekie, sea-pie, plum-dough, and other blue-water barbarisms;—the she-cooks are—kitchen-maids at best. Few private dinner parties therefore are given, or can be given in Sydney, without the attendance of a professional cook, as well as a public waiter or two. This has a singular effect in the eyes of the traveller lately arrived from England; for in the general exercise of hospitality towards him he is led to believe that each well-found establishment has an uniform butler—white waistcoat and tie, frill, toppin, Irish brogue, and all;—never suspecting that this functionary is one and indivisible—the same honest and civil, but glass-jingling and plate-rattling Mr. O'Coffee-Tay—price 7s. 6d. per evening—public and transferable property!

The Sydney domestic servants treat service like a round of visits, taking a sojourn of a week, a month or a quarter, according to their own tastes, the social qualities of their fellow-servants, the good living of "the hall," or the gullibility and subserviency of their employer. They greatly prefer engaging by the week. Not uncommonly they maintain a kind of running correspondence with the heads of neighbouring families, and after coquetting for terms, pass over to the best bidder. The gentleman may think himself lucky if he have not occasionally to "groom and valet" himself and his horses; as for the lady—to chronicle small beer is her lightest task, happy if she be not compelled at intervals to try her fair hands at cooking, or spider-brushing. I have been

myself the guest at a country house where the lady confessed that she had not only dressed the dinner, but had with her own hands carried the logs to the kitchen fire, while the good-man was busy sawing and splitting them in the yard. The cook had got sulky because she had been expected to do what the lady was thus compelled to do, and the man servant, her husband, had gone into the town to drink and fight, "because the fit was on him."

I must have had twenty or even thirty servants in one year, always giving the highest wages. I shall not readily forget the amusing results of an advertisement for a butler and valet, which I inserted in the "Sydney Morning Herald." There was no want of applicants: the first was a miserable old ruin of a man, scarcely four feet high, who indignantly repelled my well-intended hint, that I did not think him strong enough for the situation. The next was a gigantic negro; who had been "'teward," he said, on board three or four merchant vessels, and was tired of the sea. He looked like a descendant of Mendoza the pugilist, and had probably been transported for killing a man in a twelve-foot ring. A tall, thin, grey-haired man, of polished exterior, next tendered his services. He had been a solicitor in England; had met with reverses; was at present a tutor at a school; could clean plate, because once he had had a service of his own. Then came a handsome, dark-eyed *gaillard*, with long black curls hanging over the collar of his round jacket, who threw rapid glances over the furniture and trinkets of the drawing-room—not forgetting the maidens as he passed the kitchen-door—in a truly buccaneering style. He gave his name Juan da Silva, and resented any mention of references. At length we were suited;—it was a highly respectable young immigrant just landed, who had served in an aristocratic family at home; and "Jeames," being steady, attentive and perfectly acquainted with his duties, we were charmed with our acquisition, congratulating ourselves on something like permanence of service, when, lo! in less than a month he gave warning. He had made use of my house as an hotel until he could settle himself; and having at length decided in favour of the drapery line, he was in a few days duly installed behind a counter in George-street. This mode of action had probably been suggested for his observance by some crafty adviser in England,

and the idea is by no means bad. A gentleman's regular household is not a bad look-out post for the newly arrived, perhaps penniless, immigrant;—he gets good pay, food, and lodging; he disguises his ambitious projects under a show of zeal for his master's service; no one suspects that he has a soul above crumb and coat brushing;—when on a sudden the mask is thrown off, and the tape and ribbon measurer elect stands confessed! In the case just mentioned, our old nurse warned us that “that young fellow ain't a-going to stay;” and I wondered the less at his want of taste when she told me that she had one son in the ironmongery line getting fifty-two guineas a-year, and another, only twelve years old, receiving at some shop 20/. and his “diet.”

My first coachman had learnt all the arcana of his trade by driving a muffin-baker's cart. My second was an old worn-out gouty man, but an excellent whip, who “had druv the last four-oss coach between Lunnun and Huntingdon, for Muster Newman,” and had been beat off the road by the railways. This was an immigrant at the expense of the Land Fund. He remained about a year, and then went off to California (thereby defrauding that same Fund) to dig gold, just three weeks before the gold was discovered in Australia. I may here state as a fact, that the only really steady, sober, active, and efficient stableman I had in the colony was an emancipated convict. Another specimen of the well-selected immigrants paid for out of the territorial revenue as an addition to the labour market, was a fine lady cook from London, last from the service of Sir——, Bart. She had plenty of money and clothes, could not work without an assistant in the kitchen, had delicate health and appetite, preferred solitary titbits in the kitchen to dining in the servants' hall with the rest of the household; was glad to quit service and to set up a shop; failed, and before she had been two months in the colony had advertised to get a passage back again to England as lady's maid, or nurse to a lady returning home. This is not the notable, strong handed, cheerful minded, butter churning, cheese and child making woman, fit for a free emigrant to a working colony—coming out at the colony's expense, for the colony's good! I have seen something of the *helps* in the Western New World;—the Southern is no better off in this essential article of housewifery, although the homes of Sydney

certainly have a larger allowance of what we English associate with the name of domestic comfort than those of the Atlantic cities.

Talking of the domestic pests of the colony, I must reserve a place for the mosquitos; and ought to have placed them at the head of the list. The mosquito is known, I dare say, in every colony and dependency of Great Britain, from the Pillars of Hercules to the foot of the Himalayas—from the swamps of Hudson's Bay to the boiling springs of New Zealand. In *five* quarters of the globe, (if such division can exist,) has this minute enemy stabbed at my personal peace;—let me drown him in my bitterest ink! Those lucky persons who are unacquainted with the mosquito, cannot appreciate the discomfort arising from so contemptible a cause;—reading and writing, riding and walking, eating and sleeping, by daylight and candlelight, indoors and out, during six months of the Australian year, you are hemmed in by an army of these insidious insects;—presume to wear shoes and silk stockings—a pleasant dress in sultry weather, and before dinner is over, your insteps and ankles are covered with burning wounds;—a Stoic could hardly resist scratching, however undignified the act; a saint could hardly help swearing, however small the provocation! But the fair lady is the mosquito's chief victim. Her ungloved hand, her unguarded shoulders, her velvet cheek, are the too tempting objects of the tiny epicures. The truculent proboscis stabs the lily skin, sheds the innocent blood; and, what is worse, plays the deuce with good looks. How curious its history! The eggs of the mosquito are laid on the surface of the water. The grub disengages itself, and passes through two innoxious stages of its life in this element. In the second stage it lies wrapped in a thin membrane, which soon bursts; the little water-demon draws itself out of its wrapper, stands for a few minutes on the surface, expanding its wings to dry in the sun—miniature likeness of Satan surveying the world he was about to ruin, and at length takes flight in search of adventures and to fulfil its mission—the art of tormenting carried into practice. As the weather grows colder, the sufferer has his revenge. Although the appetite of the mosquito is as voracious as in the summer of his existence, his movements are faint and languid, he becomes too weak to pierce the

human skin, and is now seen recruiting his waning health by sipping at wine-glasses and tea-cups. The winter arrives, and the vampire that has lived so long on the life-blood of others, ceases to exist. The reprieve to suffering humanity is, however, but short; returning spring brings back with returning vegetation the mosquito in all its glory, and in countless myriads of legions. It was truly as well as forcibly remarked by an English housemaid in my family, that the mosquitos appeared to be most "biteful" just before the cold weather kills them.

Amongst the plagues incidental to this colony I must not forget to anathematise the tardiness and uncertainty of epistolary correspondence. I could enumerate a hundred instances of results, inconvenient and perplexing, ludicrous, or truly lamentable, which have arisen, and do still arise, through the irregularity of the mails from Europe. For instance—to begin with political events. In the first days of October, I think, in 1848, the *Charlotte Jane*, emigrant ship, arrives at Sydney, bringing the news of a revolution in Paris having been accomplished; a provisional Government formed; the Tuileries and Palais Royal sacked; the throne burnt; and the King of the French a refugee in England! Unprepared by any revelation of previous events, the intelligence falls like a thunderbolt on the quid-nuncs of Australia—upon those especially whose gains depend on the peace of Europe. Not until the 19th of the same month slopes in, at the rate of two knots an hour, the Post-office packet, *Achilles*, (not the swift-footed!) 133 days from the Downs, with all the public despatches, gazettes, &c., informing us that things were beginning to look somewhat democratical and republican in La belle France; that the Reform Banquet was to come off at Paris on Tuesday next; and that the King intended to prohibit it, &c.! I give a case in private life. Mrs. A——, of Sydney, receives intelligence from England that her younger sister has evident prospects of becoming a mother. And it is not until several days later that a letter of much earlier date announces the not irrelevant preliminary of that beloved relative's marriage.

Steam communication has long been talked of, and it is to be hoped that Her Majesty's Australasian dominions will not long suffer the disadvantage and disgrace of being the only portion of her realm beyond the reach of this great agent.

Time and space must be, if not annihilated, so far modified as to diminish the difference of distance from England to America and to Australia respectively; for who can doubt that it is the length and expense of passage that prevent the emigrant from pitching his tent in a colony of his countrymen, rather than amongst a people where he will lose his individuality as a Briton?

It is a pleasant feature of the Australian social status, that there are no beggars: indeed it is only in the older countries that mendicancy is not only a necessity but a trade. Sydney owes this happy exemption not a little to her own charitable Institutions, supported equally by Government and voluntary contributions of the public. But the cheapness of the common necessaries of life is no doubt the chief cause. I am speaking of street begging alone—beggary which is done to perfection in France and Ireland only, but in which England is not very far behind—beggary which haunts the traveller, and the lounge, the man of business and the man of pleasure; famine, nakedness, disease and deformity dogging your steps, running by your side, and often extorting alms by exciting feelings rather of impatience and disgust than of humanity and sympathy. No one but he who has returned to London or Dublin after a long residence in a thriving colony can appreciate the torment of mendicant solicitation, with a concomitant desire to give, poverty of means and fear of imposture; nor can know the luxury of exemption therefrom. Not that the givers of alms in Sydney are saved money by this freedom from street beggary, however much their feelings may be spared; for every now and then comes an appeal that cannot well be resisted, and of a somewhat more expensive cast than the mere dole of coppers or sixpences. A decayed professional gentleman, with a folio full of testimonials to character; one who not many years ago spent his thousands a-year, and “had the honour of entertaining at his table many gentlemen of your cloth;” waits on you with his memorial. Another, having retired from a civil branch of the Military Service, on the faith that starvation was impossible in a land of plenty, relates his melancholy tale, ending with the assurance that he passed the last two or three nights in the Domain under a tree, because he could not afford a lodging;—he begs a *loan* of 5%, and refuses indignantly the prudent offer of a free gift

of smaller amount. Some lady of fashion in England coolly asks the Colonial minister or other patron of Emigration for a free passage to Australia, (which she understands is one of the West Indian Islands,) as well as for a recommendation to the Governor, in favour of "an excellent creature, an old governess of mine." Her style of singing is out of date at home; her voice is cracked, her French somewhat German, her health and nerves rickety;—she arrives with two or three letters of introduction, five pounds in her pocket, and as many smart evening dresses—fully expecting that before that handsome sum is spent a situation of 2 or 300*l.* a-year will drop from the Australian skies into her lap. In a month or two the charitable public hears of her having been "sold up" by her landlady for board and lodging; some worthy clergyman puts his name and mite to her "Humbly sheweth;" and society supports her until she finds employment very much less lucrative than her ill-founded hopes led her to aspire to. She had better have asked in London how many families in Australia can afford to give 50*l.* a-year to a governess. Such is by no means a rare specimen of the persons unfairly thrown upon the charity of a poor community. In 1848 a young lad of good family, aged eighteen, was deliberately sent out here with only 30*l.* wherewith to begin life—because his wise parent had heard that everybody could "get on" in New South Wales! He presented a letter of introduction and his card with smiling confidence to a friend of mine occupying a high post in the colony; and was dumb-struck when he found that he had an excellent chance of starving.

I remember some years ago purchasing for 6*d.* at a book-stall in Covent Garden Piazza, a little work entitled "How to live well on 100*l.* a-year, and how to live like a gentleman on 150*l.* a-year." Some of the aimless emigrants I have met with here had better have stayed at home, and lived according to the statutes of that sixpenny code.

At intervals the Sydney cits are dazzled by the evanescent career of some "bright particular" "swell" from Europe. He contrives one or two introductions, gets admission as an Hon. Member to the Australian Club; talks largely and knowingly of his English stud—the whole of it glittering probably in mosaic gold on his corazza front; dines once at Government-house—and disappears, leaving a scarlet hunting coat and

leathers, with a few minor articles of attire, to defray his just debts. It is only after the total evaporation of such a visitant that sagacious persons begin to find out that no one knew much about him; that his advent to New South Wales had never been well accounted for;—and, indeed, that such a visit to such a country does require some explanation.

Sydney was relieved of not a few Bezonians of a more pretentious order at the first outbreak of the Californian mania. I remember, some time in 1849, missing from his “pride of place” on the driving-box of a well turned out and beautifully driven tandem, a dashing looking personage, who from the tip of moustache to that of patent leather boot was the very perfection of *point de vice*. I may say I was sorry to miss him; for somehow or other, from my boyhood upwards—in common with many another of my species—the spectacle of a tandem artistically and boldly driven always caused a certain undefined degree of pleasurable excitement. Through the medium of the Sydney papers, not many months later, we received the intelligence that our showy friend had accepted the appointment of waiter at an hotel in San Francisco; which at first sight would appear a downhill stage in the journey of life; but he is probably much better paid now than either he or his creditors ever were before. I could enumerate sundry other special instances of rapid wane, but in mercy to my patient reader I forbear. I may mention, however, that some of the human meteors that shot from Australia to California about this time were heard of as helping, for hire, to unload merchant vessels at the mouth of the Sacramento. Persons from Australia were received there with suspicion, and were the last in the labour-market to obtain employment. The “Sydney Rangers” were a proscribed race in the Californian wooden cities; and such is the disadvantage of a bad name, that some of them met the dog’s fate, and were hanged out of hand, without deserving it a jot more than the “free and enlightened” citizens who acted as their judge, jury and executioners in the one summary process of the law of the backwoods.

CHAPTER IX.

[1847.]

Second Excursion into the Interior. From Sydney, by sea, to Port Macquarie, 200 miles north of Sydney,—and from thence a ride of 150 miles to the Squatting District of New England.

SEA-SICKNESS A SEDATIVE—PUNCH—PORT MACQUARIE—LAKE INNES COTTAGE—
 BAGPIPES—PRETTY GIRLS AND THE POLKA—THE BUNYIP—MILITARY COLONISTS
 —HOSPITALITY—RIDE ACROSS THE MACQUARIE MOUNTAINS—SQUATTING STA-
 TIONS—THE YARROWS—TIMBER—CEDAR—GLOOMY FOREST—THE BELL-BIRD—
 THE TREE-FERN—FLIGHT OF PARROTS—THE MOUNTAIN ROAD—A LUNCH
 “PLANTED”—A SECLUDED HOME—A ROUGH STAGE—SALISBURY COURT—
 A VERITABLE SQUATTER—SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS—BLACK-MAIL—DIVIDING
 RANGE—ARMIDALE—GYRA—A DEATH STRUGGLE—BUCK-JUMPING, ETC.—
 RETURN TO SYDNEY.

March 1st.—THE Governor, being desirous of visiting some of the more northern parts of his government, fixed upon this day—the first of the Australian autumn—for the commencement of his tour.

At 8 P.M. accordingly, His Excellency, with a party consisting of two ladies and four gentlemen, embarked in the *Maitland* steamer, and put to sea. Major Innes of Lake Innes Cottage, who attended the Governor on the voyage, was to receive the whole party for a visit of some days; and Mr. Marsh, an extensive squatter of New England, had invited the gentlemen to share the hospitality of Salisbury Court—the name of his homestead; in order to show them something of pastoral life in that distant province. Our vessel was a slow one, but safe and clean, the commander an excellent seaman, and besides ourselves there were few passengers. The night was dark and calm; but towards morning the wind and sea, getting up together, imparted to our little craft a degree of motion which spared neither sex nor age in those unfortunates whose interior economy sympathised with its billowy and bilious undulations. Its effects however were highly beneficial in the case of the only troubled and troublesome spirit on board—a noisy and drunken woman, a

“for’ard”—I may say a *very* forward passenger—who had absorbed during the night the contents of a great bottle of strong waters, and was by sea-sickness so quickly and completely sobered and silenced as could have been done by no other agency—marital and constabulary authority inclusive.

Human vanity is always tickled by a feeling of superiority over one’s neighbour. I do not know that it is ever more satisfactorily indulged than by the exempt from sea-sickness, as he lounges at his ease on the heaving taffrail, and occasionally casts a pitying glance on the “poor ghosts” who, one after another, sink pale and silent through the stage-trap of the cabin-stairs, or on the more actively wretched creatures on deck, flinging their flaccid corpses over the bulwarks, as if they were hanging them up to dry, or as Ponchinello does those of his various enemies—from his wife to the devil—after he has sufficiently pounded them and poked them with his murderous baton. Let me pause a moment to inquire how it is that the high official, in whom resides the duty and the power to quash all public exhibitions or dramatic representations of an immoral or irreligious tendency, has permitted Punch to escape the rigour of his censorship! How is it that the “virtuousest, discreetest, best” of parents expose without apprehension their children to the bad example and evil lessons inculcated by the entire life and character of this popular hero, but unmitigated reprobate? Is not the career of Punch, domestic and public, one of successful and unpunished villany from beginning to end? Does he not break the laws, thrash his wife and dog, murder his infant offspring, belabour the magistrate, cheat his tradesmen and the gallows, hang the hangman, and defy the—devil himself? And yet—humiliating reflection! no sooner does his rascally penny trumpet sound at the corner of a London street or square, than every soul within sight or hearing, even the professional mute who is hired and paid to look grave, gets a grin upon his face in mere anticipation of the enjoyment he is about to receive, in the exhibition of the infamous adventures of this diabolical —. But I have no patience with the inconsistencies of human nature! and no temper to continue so irritating a subject!

March 2d.—During this day our course kept us pretty generally within sight of land, and sometimes very near it.

The character of the coast is scarcely highland, yet neither is it at; presenting a wavy line of hills and hollows covered with bush, occasionally jutting into bold rocky bluffs, or green turfy knolls sloping abruptly to the surf-vexed beach. The verdure of the grass lands in the vicinity of the sea is very remarkable in this country, as compared with the pastures of the interior. The same feature is observable on the banks of the inland salt-water creeks, and doubtless arises from an evaporation which of course falls on the earth in the shape of fresh water.

March 3d.—At 5 A.M. after a roughish passage of two nights and one day, we made Port Macquarie, and ran up to take a look at the Bar—a natural and ugly obstacle that, with the exception of Port Jackson, disfigures, I believe, every harbour on this coast, if not those on all the coasts of New Holland:—with the “Sow and Pigs” shoal just within its jaws, even the splendid harbour of Sydney can hardly be said to be exempt from this serious blemish. The water was leaping and chafing on the sandspit in a manner highly displeasing to a seaman’s eye; but, no pilot appearing, our captain put his head out to sea again, as if to verify the adage “reculer, pour mieux sauter,” and then, wheeling about and plying both “persuaders,” he took the three successive surfs in capital style; and in a few minutes the steamer was alongside the little wooden pier of Port Macquarie. Would he have acted so boldly in the absence of the sleepy pilot, had he been able to look only a few days into the inscrutable future? On the 11th of this month occurred the fearful wreck of the *Sovereign* steamer on the Bar of Brisbane—a port situated about 270 miles north of Port Macquarie. From the 3d (this day) until the 10th, the shoal was considered impassable on account of the weather. On the following day, however, the commander of the steamer attempted to come out on his passage to Sydney. After safely crossing two of the lines of surf, the beam of the engine was fractured by a violent jerk. The third surf curling over the paddle-box fell on board, and sent the vessel to the bottom with fifty-four persons, of whom forty-four perished. On the 27th of the same month a widow lady, residing in Sydney, received the awful intelligence that at one blow she had been bereft of a daughter, a son-in-law, and two grandchildren. In the experience of a life I remem-

ber no object more pathetic than the one surviving little girl of three or four years old, who had not accompanied her parents on the fatal voyage, and whom I frequently saw on my return to Sydney. Dressed in the deepest black, and her childish mind vaguely conscious that her father and mother and brothers were gone to heaven, her sunny face and bounding step were above the reach of grief—for she could not comprehend the immensity of her loss, and had never learned its terrible details. Poor little Leonie!

At eight A.M. our party landed, the Governor being received with great warmth of welcome by all the inhabitants of the town who happened to be out of bed, and by a guard of honour consisting of the whole garrison, namely, an ensign and twenty men. The town contains about 500 inhabitants; it has contained that number for some years; and, although a dozen or two of children were playing on the village green—*brown* rather—there is something about the place which denotes decay rather than growth. It looks like a little man dressed in the clothes of a large one. The streets are very wide, and cut out to be very long,—like a certain street of Toronto, in Canada, whose name I forget, and which maintains its title for upwards of twenty miles into the unpeopled bush,—but the houses are so few and far between, that, in the oppidan sense of the word, there can be no such thing as a next door neighbour among the citizens. There is a good-sized church capable of holding the whole population, of which, however, Romanism and Dissent claim one-half; a gaol capacious enough for an English county; a hospital for invalid and insane convicts; and a small, but well posted barrack for the military detachment. The Hastings River, rather a fine stream, runs into the bay, and forms a kind of lagoon which constitutes the harbour; but in high winds the bar sometimes for days together closes the port, a serious detriment to the success of the settlement. Port Macquarie was originally a penal station, but all the prisoners, excepting the invalids, have been withdrawn; and it is the sudden cessation of the convict expenditure, which here, as in other towns of New South Wales, has given an appearance of waning prosperity not common in young countries inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon, and which I do not believe to be a type of the general condition of this colony.

Two carriages belonging to Major Innes awaited our party, and conveyed us through several miles of forest land, some part of which is remarkable for large and handsome timber and carpeted with luxuriant fern, to Lake Innes Cottage. Here Lady Mary Fitz Roy was courteously received by a numerous circle of ladies; and we were all quickly installed in our respective apartments, as commodious and well appointed as in any English country house. There were drawing-room, dining-room, and library; a separate range for the young ladies; spacious offices on the opposite site of a court-yard; hot and cold baths; and, what is rare in this country, a large stable-yard and out-houses kept well out of sight. The house is situated on the slope of a green hill, descending to Lake Innes,—a wide sheet of water three or four miles long by two miles wide—rare feature in a country which perhaps more than all others is obnoxious to the stigma of the Royal Psalmist—"an arid and dry land, where no water is." Beyond the lake and the bush bounding it, rises a distant background of mountains, and its head is only divided from the ocean by a wooded isthmus about half a mile in width. The view from a hill behind the dwelling house, embracing a panorama of sea, lake, wood, and mountain, is strikingly beautiful. The roar of the surf on the rocky coast, and the silvery ripple of the placid lake, so near yet so different, present a singular and agreeable contrast. A luxuriant and tasteful garden, profuse in fruits and flowers and with arcades of creeping plants bordering the walks, surrounds the house on three sides. From the knoll above mentioned, (the signal-hill, as it is called,) wide as is the prospect, no other human habitation is visible;—the retired soldier is monarch of all he surveys.

The Major possesses sheep and cattle-stations, dotted over the country both on this and on the further side of the mountains we are about to cross. He owns inns, built by himself and tenanted by his overseers or other dependants, on the unpeopled roads of the bush to a distance of 150 miles. His live stock comprises, I believe, about 50,000 sheep, with herds of horses and cattle commensurate. The very soul of hospitality and kindness, I should say that all this, and more, is requisite to keep pace with the suggestions of an open heart and a profuse hand. On the present occasion, this most

elastic of cottages accommodated seventeen or eighteen persons, besides servants; there were dinner parties and dancing every evening, the chief music being furnished by a Highland bagpiper in full costume; in short, at this secluded bush-residence there was every luxury that could be found in the distant capital, except the polka! and *that* one of our party imported and imparted, to the immeasurable delight of a numerous bevy of pretty girls, the daughters and friends of the house.

March 6th.—Early this morning I walked down to the boathouse on the lake, with a view to a row and a swim; but, on my way I was entertained by a legend which somehow diverted me from my intention. Did my reader ever hear of the Bunyip? (fearful name to the Aboriginal native!)—a sort of “half-horse, half-alligator,” haunting the wide rushy swamps and lagoons of the interior—at long intervals heard of through doubtful sources as having been seen rolling his voluminous length above the surface of the silent waters, or rearing his monstrous head over the tall rushes on their banks! A good deal of excitement was created among the scientific and curious at Sydney, not long after my arrival in the Colony, by the announcement in the public prints, that part of the skeleton of a bunyip had been found; and further, that the head of a young one, with the skin perfect, had been picked up on the banks of the Murrumbidgee and forwarded to Sydney for examination. I fully anticipated the fatal result; I was sure that myself and other gullibles would be disabused of a pleasant superstition. Accordingly, the light of science dispelled in an instant the dubious and delightful dusk of tradition; for the unsympathising *savant*, to whose inspection the specimen was submitted, unhesitatingly pronounced the head, (which somewhat resembled that of a camel, but with a more conical cranium,) to be that of the foal of a horse—no more; but to a foal the entire form of whose skull had been changed by a severe hydrocephalous affection! Science is a fine thing, no doubt;—but somehow, after peering over the gunwale of my boat into the deep mysterious gloom of the waters, I found no difficulty in persuading myself that a swim in this particular lagoon was not a paramount necessity! One advantage arose from the aforesaid long-deferred discovery,—a new and strong word was

adopted into the Australian vocabulary: Bunyip became, and remains, a Sydney synonyme for *impostor*, *pretender*, *humbug*, and the like. The black fellows, however, unaware of the extinction, by superior authority, of their favourite *loup-garou*, still continue to cherish the fabulous bunyip in their shuddering imaginations.

In the afternoon we repaired to the town of Port Macquarie to attend a public dinner, given by the inhabitants of the district, (the northernmost of the "nineteen counties,") to the Queen's representative. We sat down about forty-five in number. The loyalty of Port Macquarie,—and in this colony I found loyalty everywhere rife, except among the lowest rabble of Sydney after it had been well stirred up by professional demagogues—the loyalty of Port Macquarie on this occasion vented itself in toasts, sentiments, and speeches full of good feeling and of fealty towards Her Majesty, and her representative. The army was drank with so much enthusiasm as to convince me that there were a good many old soldiers present, which was indeed the case. It is painful to add, that I did not hear of a single individual of the many military officers settled in the district who admitted that the money he had laid out had been profitably invested. Knowing this fact, why, in returning thanks, did I assure our entertainers that if ever I was tempted to turn my sword into a sheepshears, I knew of no spot so attractive for location as that on which we stood, &c.? It must be that there is truth in the cynical saying, that the "use of words is to conceal our thoughts;" for I had seen and heard enough, here and elsewhere, of military colonists, to have arrived at the conclusion that freedom from direct taxation and plenty of beef and mutton, accompanied by burial above ground in the bush, however tolerable to persons accustomed from early youth or reconciled by previous habit to the predicament, must be but poor recompense, and must bring sad retrospection to those who have passed the prime of their days among the changeful and exciting scenes of military life, and who, perhaps ill-advised or prompted by some temporary disgust, have thrown the price of their commissions, their prize-money, and their patrimony, one or all, into an experiment on sheep, cattle, and colonial acres. Yet, after all, what is a married captain of foot, with a couple of hundreds a-year, a barrack-room, and

half a score of wide-mouthed craving callows to do? He cannot be at one and the same time a gentleman, a soldier, and a half-starved beggar!

The rough plenty of a colony like New South Wales naturally enough suggests an agreeable alternative to the troubled mind of one so situated. The route arrives for the removal of his regiment from the country where mutton is 1*l.* a pound, to another where it costs six or eight times as much. At his age and with his family, it would be madness to expend his little capital on further promotion, so he "settles"—awful word! few know how much it imports! In making a just appraisal of the worldly success of military colonists, taken from their own accounts, I always make also due allowance for the nature of the animal. From the goose-step to the grave grumbling is the privilege and resource of the old soldier, the safety-valve to blow off his discontent. We all growl—so do old sailors; and from this sage reflection I deduce the belief, that retired veterans are not always so ill off as may appear in conversation, before a glass or two has enabled them to see things through a more cheerful medium.

March 8th.—Having passed several days very pleasantly at Lake Innes, the Governor, with his son, Major Innes and myself, took the road to New England this morning, at break of day. The journey of 150 miles was to be performed in three days, and on horseback, there being no road across the mountains for any wheel-carriage of less rough construction than a bullock-dray. Our host provided the horses, roadsters as well as the sumpter-nags on which our baggage was bestowed in saddle-bags. The latter animals were driven loose by my servant and a border policeman, both also well mounted;—for many of the pastoral nabobs of Australia possess the horse-power of a 2,000 ton steam-ship, and could mount a dragoon regiment at two days' notice. The country through which we rode this day presented, nearly the whole distance, alternately low, undulating ranges and rich levels on the banks of the Hastings. A good and welcome breakfast awaited us after a trot of two or three hours, or rather a canter—for Australian journeys are usually made at what is called a bush canter, the sort of pace that a man goes to cover in England, and one that comes naturally to a "screw;" and the best bush-horses are always screws.) Our

breakfast awaited us at a lone inn, the "Prince of Wales," one of the major's creations, situated near the Big Creek on a little clearing in the thick of the bush, like a bald patch on a shock head of hair. A mile further we passed the property of a retired officer, Colonel Grey, the dwelling-house prettily posted on a *plateau* overlooking the stream, and, beyond it, a comparative handful of cleared land terminating in the eternal gum-tree wilderness. The soil hereabouts seemed exceedingly rich, and the herbage and foliage wonderfully luxuriant; but although the grass was in some places as high as our saddles; the live stock which we saw hereabouts looked less sleek than on the Bathurst and Wellington plains.

Our halt for the night took place at an inn and stock station belonging to the Major—called the Yarrows—where we found excellent fare and beds. Around this station our worthy host and guide depastures a large quantity of sheep and 3,000 head of cattle. His overseer, the piper Bruce—of whom I have made honourable mention as incorporating within his own person and pipes the dancing orchestra of Lake Innes Cottage—resides at the inn, and makes what custom he can from the rare travellers on the road;—for the more frequented route from New England, Beardy Plains, and other of the northern squatting districts to the great emporium, Sydney, avoids these mountains and (unluckily for that township) Port Macquarie, striking the sea at the mouth of the Hunter River. It is with great difficulty that the mountain road is passable by a heavy dray, and the traject is very tedious.

March 9th.—At six A.M. we mounted our steeds for an arduous day's work—the passage of the hill range dividing the settled from the squatting districts. Our ride was about fifty miles, thirty-five at least of which lay through a most rugged and wild region; and occupied eleven hours—during nine of which the rain never ceased falling in torrents. From the house at the Yarrows to the sheep farm of the Messrs. Todd and Fenwick, on the north-western slope of the Macquarie range—our intended hosts for the night—there is no human habitation. Major Innes, however, in the prospect of Sir Charles's visit, had caused to be erected about half way a slab hut, at a spot called Tobin's Hole;—but whether said Tobin was a Government surveyor, a land-seeking squatter, a bullock driver, or simply a bush-ranger, there exists, I think, no legend

to prove. Indeed in this country the traveller is saved all trouble as to antiquities, whether historical or architectural; for the chances are that, in a whole month's journey, with the exception of a few patriarchal trees that have survived storm and fire and axe, he finds no object around him half so venerable as himself. Where the owls, and bats, and satyrs dwell in Australia, I cannot imagine!

Our progress this day consisted, without exception, in crawling up and sliding down hill after hill, mountain after mountain of deep wet soil—very like the peristaltic advance of a travelling caterpillar. The road leads for the most part right over the crests of successive ridges—as is generally the case with respect to bush roads,—in order to avoid the “sidlings,” which are sure to occur on roads formed along the flanks of hills. The ranges here are invariably wooded up to their summits; there are no rocky crests or jagged peaks; all is eternal bush—a sea of foliage as far as the eye can reach. There is no water in the shape of lakes or even pools, yet we crossed several fine streams fringed with the graceful casuarina, which in Australia is as constant a companion of running water as the willow or alder in England. Here and there as we dropped into some deep cool dell, the monotonous but silvery note of the bell bird—the campanella of Waterton, I suppose—afforded the well-known, and to the thirsty traveller and tired steed, the welcome indication of some rippling but hidden streamlet. The single “ting” of this little harbinger of water is curiously loud and metallic, yet the bird itself is so small as rarely to be visible, even when a score of them may be ringing a peal among the high trees. I once shot one for a specimen, and found it to be about the size of a sparrow, and of a dull olive-green colour.

The vegetable world of these mountains is wholly unlike anything I had hitherto seen in Australia. The gum-tree is of course not wanting; but that tiresome shadeless never-green does not here exclusively usurp the Sylva, as in the Blue Mountains. It grows side by side with a singularly handsome tree of a myrtaceous character, covered with small, dark green, shining leaves, and often of gigantic magnitude;—many of this species measuring from 160 to 200 feet in height, by 25 and 30 feet in girth. Here I saw for the first time the cedar—the most valuable timber in the country for upholstery—

the mahogany, in short, of New Holland, a wood which it much resembles in colour and grain, although inferior in solidity. It has no affinity whatever with the cedar of other climes—it is not even coniferous, the foliage nearly resembling the European ash. Most of the trees of this colony owe their names to the sawyers who first tested their qualities; and who were guided by the colour and character of the wood, knowing and caring nothing about botanical relations. Thus the swamp oak and she-oak have rather the exterior of the larch than any quercine aspect;—Pomona would indignantly disown the apple-tree, for there is not the semblance of a pippin on its tufted branches;—a shingle of the beef-wood looks precisely like a raw beef-steak;—the cherry-tree resembles a cypress, but is of a tenderer green, bearing a worthless little berry, having its stone or seed outside—whence its scientific name of *erocarpus*. The pear-tree is, I believe, an eucalyptus, and bears a pear of solid wood, hard as heart of oak. These two last trees are among the well-known natural paradoxes of Australia. Those very useful trees, the iron bark and the stringy bark, describe themselves very precisely.

In many points along the roadside appeared great thickets of the pretty lentana, with its delicate pink cluster flower and its rough leaf, looking and smelling like that of our black-currant, and springing up wherever the forest has been felled, like the wild-raspberry in North America. We found, indeed, the last shrub very plentiful in this day's ride; but the fruit, though specious in form and hue, mocks the taste by a pulpy substance like cotton. A variety of enormous creepers—vines, as they call them here—threw their grotesque coils from tree to tree, not seldom clothing some old dead stump with a close network of large and lustrous leaves, and giving it the guise of a dandified skeleton. Here and there pliant, leafless ropes, twenty and thirty yards long and perfectly uniform in size from end to end, swung entirely across the road; while others, dropping from the topmost branches, descended in an ominous loop straight down to a level with the rider's neck, inviting him to hang himself in such plain terms, as to be positively dangerous in weather so nearly resembling that of an English November. But, to me, by far the greatest curiosities in vegetation were the *zanthorea* or grass-tree, and

the tree-fern. The former might with more propriety be styled the rush-tree; for on a date-like stem grows a huge bunch of spikes some three feet long, from whose centre shoots a single tall stamen, like a bulrush, ten or twelve feet in height. In the flowering season it is full of honey. The fern-tree here attains a maximum of about twenty feet. Its wide and graceful plume seems to rise at once perfect from the earth,—as Venus from the sea,—the growth of the trunk gradually lifting it into mid air. When I left England, some of my friends were fern-mad, and were nursing little microscopic varieties with vast anxiety and expense. Would that I could place them for a moment beneath the patulous umbrella of this magnificent species of *Cryptogamia*! On the forks of some of the older timber-trees grew, also, the stag-horn fern, as large as the biggest cabbage, the fronds exactly resembling the palmated antlers of the moose and rein-deer.

In no part of the world did I ever see such absolute midday darkness as occurred in many spots of this forest. Not a ray pierced, nor apparently had ever pierced, the dense shade; and the eye ranged through the melancholy colonnades of tall black stems and along the roof of gloomy foliage, until it was lost in the night of the woods,—midnight with an Australian sun at its meridian! We were, perhaps, the more struck with its peculiarity because the reverse is the usual character of the Australian bush; for the foliage of the gum is so thin and so pendulous, that, when the sun is overhead, one rides almost as utterly unsheltered as though there were no trees. If there be such a thing as a sinunbral-tree,—a Peter Schlemil of the woods,—it is the gum-tree. It was a singular and pretty sight to see, as we did this day, during one or two momentary bursts of sunshine, large flocks of parrots dart across our path, like a shower of rubies, emeralds and sapphires, glittering for an instant in the watery beam, and vanishing as quickly in the gloom of the wilderness. The scrub of these mountains, as the beautiful forest is vulgarly called, is by no means rife in animal life. With the exception of a flight or two of these birds, we saw no wild animals but one solitary dingo, whom a ringing “tally-ho” sent scouring into covert as promptly as though he knew the import of the English view-halloo.

We passed within twelve miles of Mount Sea View, whose

elevation is about 6,000 feet, and from whence Oxley, the eminent surveyor, revived the despondent spirits of his exploring party, when bewildered among the mazes of the scrub, by a glimpse of the ocean at a distance of sixty miles. Although the road was all but impassable for horsemen, we overtook several bullock-drays laden with stores for the squatting districts, or met them on their way to the coast with loads of wool. One of them had been ten days in going twenty miles. The savage shouts of the drivers and the clang of their terrible whips echoed through the arcades of the forest; while our ears were saluted by the most brutal and blasphemous execrations ever lavished by human lips upon quadruped objects. As the Governor rode past one of the most excited and foul-mouthed of these fellows, we were diverted by the sudden mollification of tone and language to his beasts,—“God bless your heart, Diamond! Come up, will you?”—but he accompanied his benediction with a flank of his wattle-stick whip that would have cut a crab-tree in two.

At Tobin's Hole we halted for an hour, finding some refreshments *planted* there for us by the Major,—for that is the colonial phrase, borrowed from the slang of London burglars and thieves, for any article sent forward or left behind for future consumption in spots only indicated to those concerned—after the manner of the *côches* of the French Canadian trappers on the American prairies. To “spring” a plant is to discover and pillage it,—an art which is well understood and pretty often practised by the blacks, from whose keen eyes and quick instinct it is difficult to conceal the locality of a “plant.” Horses and bullocks are sometimes driven off and “planted” in some secluded gully by ingenious persons, who will find and produce them when a good reward is advertised. In Sydney, moreover, good round sums of hard cash have been “planted” by pretended ruined tradesmen, and men of business, who, after passing the Insolvent Court, contrive to exhume them again, and again to launch forth into life with handsome equipages and expensive establishments.

At length, after many tedious and fatiguing miles of rapid descent, we came down upon the little settlement of the Messrs. Todd and Fenwick,—the first habitations of the great table-land of New England,—our billet for the night. Two slab cottages of four rooms each, with offices behind,

farm hats around, and divided by a brook, constitute the station. These gentlemen, until lately partners, are at present separated, because one of them has taken a partner for life, as all squatters ought to do,—sole means of saving them from a lapse into partial or complete savaghood. On our arrival to-day at the station, the bachelor was alone at home. On the return of our party, however, the married pair were present, and the lady presided with graceful tact and quietness over the humble but plentiful *ménage* that had fallen to the lot of an old soldier's daughter. We were all well tired, wet to the skin, and were most grateful for the homely but hearty shelter, fireside, and fare here bestowed upon us. I never recollect being so sick of my saddle as I was this day. It was somewhat humiliating to an old staff-officer and sportsman to find himself in the predicament in which the worthy Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. must have been, when, after an unwonted equestrian journey, he remarks, "but I find that a coney-skin in my breeches does preserve me perfectly from galling."

March 10th.—An early start for Salisbury Court, the residence of Mr. Marsh. There were seventeen horses in cavalcade including the pack-horses. These trotted along very quietly after a day's practice, sometimes indeed jostling their saddle-bags against the trees or each other, and sometimes stopping to graze; but never requiring to be led. We rode ten miles through undulating open woodland affording excellent pasturage, to the prettily situated sheep station of Mr. Dens, where, after breakfast, Sir Charles and myself exchanged our hacks for a tandem. Thence to "Waterloo," a station of our friend the Major, where we lunched on roast mutton and potatoes, damper, champagne and hock, in the correctest of green glasses, Mr. —, a Yorkshire gentleman, and a superintendent of our host's, doing the honours of the house. Pursuing thence our onward march, we encountered at the side of a waterhole, twelve miles from his residence, Mr. Marsh with his desert-transit-van, built on the principle of the Egyptian Overland carriages, and driven by him four in hand. It something resembles a large jaunting car on two wheels, rigged like a curricule as far as the wheelers are concerned, and holding six or eight inside. This vehicle seems particularly well suited to the flat roads, and sandy stony

plains of Egypt. One might, after a trial such as we had this day, question its adaptation to the rough, rocky, and hilly tracts of the Australian squatting districts; but, certainly, no doubt of the kind appeared to haunt the mind or daunt the courage of its worthy owner, who, putting his team along at mail-coach pace, after an hour of galvanic exercise to our bones and joints, placed us down safe and sound at his hall door. Some of our party rode the whole distance of fifty-five miles this day without changing horses;—so much for the grass-fed hacks of New South Wales.

The country we passed through latterly did not give us a very favourable idea of the soil of New England, its vegetation or its scenery. Being lightly wooded, it is however well calculated for stock farming. The timber is poor in size and tiresome of aspect.

Salisbury Court is a roomy one-storied house, solidly built of rough stone, and looking over a well-watered vale, just beyond which rises the Mountain Range dividing the waters running towards the ocean from those running westward into the unknown interior. A couple of hundred yards from the more modern and more commodious dwelling stands the proprietor's original squatting cottage, "Old Sarum," now given up to the farming people. The present establishment affords evidence of affluence, good taste, and mental cultivation;—an excellent library being not the least of luxuries in so lonely and distant a dwelling-place. Our host is one of the many gentlemen of superior condition and education, university men and others practising bucolics in this country, who have gained for the squatters the title of the aristocracy of New South Wales. The healthiness of the climate of New England—a vast plateau nearly as high above the sea as the summit of Snowdon—is attested by the rosy cheeks of the children, so unlike the pale and pasty little faces of Sydney. In spite of a nearer position to the tropic by several degrees, this elevation gives a much cooler climate than that of the metropolitan county. We are now in early autumn, yet the potato tops and other less vulgar annuals in the garden are nipped by the night frosts, which have just set in. The thermometer at 5 A.M. to-day stood at 40°. At Sydney it is ranging at a mean of 70°. A good blazing fire in the evening was really enjoyable.

Mr. Marsh and his amiable lady do not usually confine themselves to the bush for the entire round of the year. At the commencement of winter the transit-van is put in requisition, and the family migrates in a body to the milder and gayer habitat of Sydney. Their route on this excursion is not by the mountain track we have just traversed, but by a larger detour which, I have said before, strikes the coast at the mouth of the Hunter River. Thence there is steam to Sydney. Our host is, according to my interpretation of the term, the only true and exclusive squatter whose homestead I have visited in this country. Although bred to the law he practises no other occupation than squatting; has not an acre of purchased or granted land; is a lessee of the Crown and proprietor of live stock, and nothing else. He does not wield a Government quill with one hand and his pastoral crook with the other; is not a member of the Executive, Legislative, or City councils—not a land-jobber, merchant, or commission agent; not an agriculturist, nor a wine factor. He is a gentleman squatter—no more. I may put down Mr. Marsh's sheep at 50,000, I suppose. As for horned and horse-stock I am unable to conjecture their amount. He employs about one hundred pair of hands, and his annual wages and rations cannot amount to less than 3,000*l*.

It is a singular fact, that up to the date of my quitting New South Wales, the squatting interest, by far the most powerful and important in the colony, was unrepresented in the legislature, in so far that no members were returned for the unsettled districts. In the contemplated change of the Constitution, the privilege of legislative representation is to be extended to the squatters, and Mr. Marsh will probably be elected. Our host has a substantial roof over his head, and is surrounded with every possible domestic comfort; yet, if I mistake not, men of his cast of mind, education, and pristine habits, have always latent hopes—perhaps distinct aspirations—beyond a life in the Australian bush—yearnings for enjoyments and associations only attainable in old countries. I shall be surprised and disappointed if at no very distant date I have not the pleasure of meeting this hospitable and intelligent gentleman in our mutual native land. Meanwhile may his “clip” never be less! He had a famous one this year (1846-7);—nor can it have since decreased; for in 1851, when

I quitted New South Wales, he was assessed, if I mistake not, for 90,000 sheep!

March 11th.—A drive round Salisbury Plains, one of Mr. Marsh's sheep-runs, an undulating tract naturally clear of trees and scrub, and clothed with good grass. Both the pasturage and climate are admirably adapted to sheep-farming; suitable also for the breeding, but not for the feeding and fattening of horned stock, the winter nights being too severe for any animal not lanigerous. The herbage appeared to me to be inferior to that of Bathurst and Wellington; but, on the other hand, there is the inestimable treasure of a plentiful supply of water. We came upon several fine flocks—one of them consisting of 3,000 sheep, a strong brigade under one commander and his staff, that is, a single shepherd with two or three collies. It is only in open ground, a condition very uncommon in Australian runs, that so large a charge can be entrusted to one individual. The saving in wages is of course immense; for small flocks, like little wars, don't pay! The pastor in question was a poet, we were told; and I was favoured with the perusal of one of his last pastorals, which was by no means original. Another shepherd, whom I met and questioned as to game in a distant part of the bush, could no more understand my plain English than if it had been so much Sanscrit;—it seemed as though his rare communion with mankind had deprived him of half his mental faculties. Many of this class are or have been prisoners of the Crown—old pickpockets, it is said, making first-rate shepherds.

I have heard it averred that tending flocks is an employment favourable to meditation; but I much doubt whether the inward ruminations of such solitary philosophers are directed to any good end; and am not convinced that a retrospection of past rogueries does not produce in their stagnated minds more satisfaction than remorse. Wives and children are, I really believe, all that is required to humanize these exiles from human sympathies. As it is, they work for a while—if work it can be called, sitting on a log playing the Jew's harp—and they only hoard their pay in order to lavish it on some periodical and senseless debauch. How strange must be the contrast presented to those, whom the avenging hand of the law has plucked from out of the lanes, courts, and

alleys of London, where from infancy to manhood their ears had been accustomed to the eternal roar of the great Babylon, and their eyes to the never ending rush of its thronged inhabitants—how strange, I say, the change to the still calm solitude of the Australian bush!

Considering its great distance from the peopled settlements, the blacks have not lately been very troublesome in this district. On one occasion, however, our host's flocks suffered a serious foray, in which 2,000 sheep were driven off, one shepherd killed, and another, an old soldier, wounded. He, however, shot the savage who threw the spear, an act which put an end to these black-mail inroads. The farm people, in the case mentioned, pursued the native foragers and recovered a great portion of the sheep, but the wanton and epicurean barbarians left hundreds killed on their track, merely taking the kidneys.

Salisbury Plains are, as their British namesake once was, a favourite resort of the bustard. In our drive to-day we saw several of these huge birds stalking in the distance, but we failed in some ill-conducted attempts to get within shot of them; for it is nearly impossible to approach on foot this wary game, unless much favoured by the lay of the ground. Of snipe, quail, and wildfowl, there is plenty in the neighbourhood. In fact, the squire of Salisbury Court, who is fond of shooting and a good shot, has an excellent manor without the bother of keepers, shooting-licences, or other clogs to the sport. He need never fear being warned off a neighbour's preserve—for I suppose it is not too much to calculate that his domain extends over a million of acres.

On the following day I ascended on horseback the Dividing Range, as it is called. It cannot be more than 500 or 600 feet above the site of the house; yet from the summit a most perfect panorama is obtained, the circle of the horizon complete—not a single peak or other intermediate obstruction breaking the entire round of vision—an accident of mountain scenery which is very uncommon. From the spot where I stood, the bare patch of Salisbury Plains, extensive though it be, was almost lost in the vast expanse of the bush below. The spine of the ridge was thickly carpeted with the wild raspberry, and an everlasting, with a large stiff yellow flower.

March 13th.—Although we are here in autumn, one cannot

give the season the poetical name of "the Fall," as it is always styled in America; for nothing falls from the gum-tree except the bark. It might be an English March day, cold and bright and windy, so as to make basking in the sun a positive pleasure. Our party and the Crown-land Commissioner rode to Armidale, the township of the district, about seventeen miles, the only spot in New England, I suppose, where half-a-dozen houses are collected. Disdaining the road, which is indeed not very distinguishable, we struck right into the bush, steering by the sun as we might have done at sea, and had scarcely accomplished five miles, when Sir Charles's horse fell with him in full canter, and rolling heavily on his leg severely injured it; His Excellency, however, nothing daunted, mounted another steed, and with great pain and difficulty completed the remaining distance. The town of Armidale consists of two inns, the Commissioner's house, two or three private stores established by and belonging to gentlemen squatters, for the supply of their stations, of which inns and stores at least one of course appertains to the ubiquitous Major, two or three slab and bark huts, and a sprouting church. It has the advantage of a large piece of naturally clear land, looking precisely like an English race-course framed in gum-trees; and boasts a fine chain of water-holes, which, after heavy rains, puts on the guise of a continuous stream.

The Governor received an address signed by "the clergy (man), magistracy and other inhabitants" of Armidale, after the presentation of which we sat down with the pilgrim fathers of this Austral New England—some twenty young gentlemen—to an excellent lunch, in which we discussed the wines of the Rhine and the Rhone, or very good imitations thereof, 16,000 miles from their birth-place—the last 200 miles of their journey having been performed on a bullock-dray. Armidale, it is needless to say, did not much remind me of the capital of the American New England—the flourishing Boston, where, some 226 years ago,

"A band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England's shore."

Nor can it ever, except by a miracle, approach in the most distant degree the prosperity of its Yankee prototype. The want of navigable rivers and the general dearth of water are

obstacles, not to enumerate others in the road to wealth, which English industry and enterprise may modify but can never wholly remove.

From Armidale Sir Charles got back to Salisbury Court in a gig, the only wheel-carriage in the town;—while a party of five proceeded ten or twelve miles further north to visit the cattle-station of Captain O'Connell on the Gyra River. The rudiments of this gentleman's intended residence,—for he has not yet established himself in the bush,—are well situated on a slope dotted with huge granite crags, just above the bed of the stream, with a fine view of the mountain range over the tree-tops of “the wilds immeasurably spread” round this *Ultima Thule* of European location. Six of us dined very agreeably in the room that is to be some day the kitchen; and at night, although we saw the stars of heaven winking at us through the shingled roof, and felt the frosty breeze playing on our pillows, we slept well, for there were none of the creeping annoyances we had met with at some other of our temporary resting-places. In the morning we walked to see a natural curiosity called the Falls, a singular and tremendous fissure in the earth's crust, six or seven hundred feet deep, and of similar width;—the country below looking like another world, designedly severed from the inhabited surface, as though it had never wholly been redeemed from Chaos. A thread of water, sometimes hoisted by the wind into the air, sometimes trickling like a tear down the wrinkled face of the precipice, seemed never to reach its foot; but when the sun rose higher in the heavens, the cascade was once more revealed in the shape of a tiny tortuous stream, wriggling its silvery way among the splintered rocks at the bottom of the gulf. It was on the verge of this awful chasm, as I was informed, that the Captain's overseer had a struggle for life or death with a native black whom he had surprised in the act of spearing cattle. The sable marauder was both fierce and athletic; but few men, black or white, could stand long before that stalwart Yorkshireman; and, after a breast to breast struggle of some moments, the Aboriginal was hurled over the falls to feed the kites and warrigals below.

My friend the Captain has no sheep at Gyra, only horned cattle and horses. I cannot clearly comprehend how money is to be made by cattle-farming at so great a distance from a

market. After being driven across the mountains we have lately traversed, I should say that very little suet would reach the sea-port on the backs of a herd—however “fresh,” as the graziers say, they might have been at starting.

March 14th.—Rode from Gyra to Salisbury Court, twenty-one miles; and having taken leave of our kind host and hostess, we performed, as before, in three days, the passage over the mountains to Lake Innes. Nor did His Excellency, his son, or myself, complete our journey without each tasting some of the bitters of Australian travel.

March 17th.—I had heard of “buck-jumping,” as who has not in this country of ill-broken horses? but as it happened I had never seen, much less personally experienced, an instance of it. To-day I was fated to be an actor, or rather a patient in the process so styled. When about to start from “The Yarrows” at day-break, I found a fresh horse told off for my use, a tall raw-boned brown with a spine like a park paling, every vertebra visible. No sooner had I mounted than he rushed against the garden fence, before my right foot had found the stirrup, and tried to rub me off; and, finding that did not succeed, he gave a kick and a rear, and then getting his head down, commenced and sustained a series of jumps straight up and down, with his back hogged and his four feet collected together like the sign of the Golden Fleece. For about five minutes, very long ones to me, this was kept up with great spirit, and not one of the half-dozen farming men around could or would get hold of the brute’s head. A little more of this rude exercise would have fairly tired me into a tumble, when luckily for my bones one of the men seized the snaffle by a sudden spring, and the buck-jumper, with one *entrechat* of greater *force* than the rest, concluded the dance. I got from the speculators “kudos” for keeping what is sometimes vacated on such occasions, namely the saddle. The remains of a stout Cape buffalo-hide whip attest the revenge I took on the ribs of my raw-boned steed. G. F. fared worse, for his horse, after carrying him quietly at first, suddenly became restive, ran among the trees, and finally struck him off by a blow on the face, leaving him stunned and bleeding on the ground. Neither did the already battered Governor escape further mishap; for, getting into a tandem to perform the last twelve miles of the journey, and the

wheeler falling over the root of a tree, he was thrown fairly over the splash-board, adding more bruises to his already liberal share. The travellers, however, reached at sunset the hospitable roof of Lake Innes Cottage, where we recruited ourselves until the 22d; Bruce's bagpipes were in good wind and condition; and the same may be said of the eight or nine young ladies in the house, who took care that the Sydney gentlemen should not forget how to dance for want of practice. On that day our party, with a numerous cavalcade of the fair and the brave, quitted Lake Innes for Port Macquarie, where at eleven A.M. we embarked once more in the *Maitland* steamer, for Sydney.

CHAPTER X.

[1847.]

VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.

HISTORICAL NOTES—FIRST SETTLERS—MISSIONARIES—CONQUEST OF HONGI, THE TRAVELLED MAORI—GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHED—TREATY OF WAITANGI—FIRST COLLISIONS—INADEQUATE RESOURCES OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT—AUGMENTED FORCES—COOPERATION OF FRIENDLY CHIEFS—THE REVOLT CRUSHED—NEW ZEALAND IN SIGHT—AUCKLAND—HEAD-QUARTERS—MAORIS' LOVE OF TRADE—THEIR EXTERIOR, ATTIRE, ETC.—HALF-BREEDS—GOVERNMENT HOUSE—BISHOP'S AUCKLAND—LEISURE UTILIZED—PENSIONER VILLAGES—UTU—AN INQUEST—NATIVE NOTABLES—A CONTEMPORARY OF COOK—THE LANGUAGE—SOBRIETY, AND AN EXCEPTION.

I HAD long determined to seize the first favourable opportunity of visiting New Zealand—its chief settlements, military posts and battle-fields, and of making such notes as might be useful at the head-quarters of the Australasian Command in case of further warfare. And the Lieutenant-General Commanding the Forces having expressed his approval of the step, and supported it by giving me a mission "on particular service," I considered myself fortunate in receiving from Commander Hseason, of H. M.'s steam-sloop *Inflexible*, the kind offer of a passage in that ship on her return to Auckland, New Zealand, from Sydney, in the summer of 1847. At mid-day on the 5th of December, accordingly, H. M.'s sloop got under weigh, with fine weather and a smooth sea.

A capacious cabin was allotted to me, and, thus having privacy at my command, I determined to devote a few hours every day to learning something of the country I was about to visit. Not being stinted in amount of baggage, I had brought a small box of books, among which were sundry Parliamentary blue-books, one of which alone contains upwards

of 1,100 pages, and weighs, as expressed on its cover, "under eight pounds!"—a mass of colonial lore which had been thrown at my head on leaving England by an M.P. friend, who, in common with the majority of his brother senators, probably looked upon these volumes relating to savage countries as so much waste paper, and had of course never opened them. They stood me in good stead now; and perhaps I cannot employ myself better, as we steam towards New Zealand, than in preparing, as well as I can, a digest of the information so gathered—furnishing a very imperfect sketch of the history of the colony up to the present day, and serving as an introduction to my journal.

The group of islands constituting New Zealand are in number three, two of them as large perhaps as Ireland, with a smaller one at the southern extremity. They were first discovered by Tasman in 1642; but he experienced so rough a reception from the natives, and was so alarmed at the big fierce fellows with loud voices and long strides, as to leave him little taste for further exploration; and New Zealand was not honoured by another visit from a white face until the year 1770, when Captain Cook circumnavigated the islands, found good harbours for large shipping in the strait called after himself, which divides the two northern islands, and, landing, took possession of the country in the name of the king of England; his instructions being to do so with the consent of the natives, if there were any, and, if there were none, as first discoverer and possessor. In a subsequent visit he landed at several spots, conferring an everlasting benefit on the natives by sowing European garden-seeds, potatoes, cabbages, onions, maize, and other vegetables, which have never since failed.

The first rough pioneers of civilization among the Maoris, were undoubtedly the English whalers and sealers from New South Wales. Others of the same craft but of different nations followed, who, locating themselves on the coast of Cook's Straits, gradually improved their communications with the natives, and pursued a rude but lucrative trade in what is called shore-whaling, in contradistinction to deep sea-fishing. The Sydney merchants gave employment to these land whalers, their vessels carrying away the oil, and leaving money, clothes, arms, and, alas! rum, in payment. These rough-and-ready settlers amalgamated in some degree with the turbulent

Maoris—half-warriors, half-fishermen of the coasts; some of them marrying the daughters and sisters of native chiefs, thereby securing the powerful protection of the latter. Others contracted alliances of a less formal nature with native women, and a half-caste breed sprung up to cement the alliance between the races. In the numerous conflicts between the native tribes, the Englishmen sometimes sided with that which had shown them favour, or was connected with them by marriage or traffic; and their furious bravery, their fire-arms—then rare in the country—and the formidable weapons of their trade, the harpoon, the axe, the lance, and the whale-spade, caused the fortunes of the party against which they fought to kick the beam. They themselves sometimes suffered no trifling reverses. When absent in their boats in pursuit of fish, some foraging party of hostile Maoris would rush upon the settlements, burn down the huts and whaling stages, and carry off property, women, and children—not perhaps so much out of enmity to the whites, as in blind retaliation on the tribe among which they resided. The utter want, or rather absence, of law, or of any superior example of conduct, and the periodical plenty of strong waters, gave rise to and perpetuated scenes of drunken riot, such as, knowing the actors, one can easily conceive, but which to describe would be impossible.

Such being the European *dramatis personæ*, in the first scene of New Zealand civilized, “enter to them” a straggling host of runaway sailors, military deserters, escaped convicts from New South Wales and Van Diemen’s Land, sawyers and lumberers, adventurers and evasives of every sort; and giving the natural Maori every credit for ferocity, villany, and blood-thirstiness, I fancy it will not be denied that his maiden impressions of the European scale of morals and polite arts, as furnished by these specimens, could not by possibility rise above mediocrity. Indeed, the brutal drunkenness and reckless debauchery of the Pakehas* actually “astonished the natives,” if it did not revolt them;—for they are sober by nature and by practice even now. Moreover, on those especial points on which the New Zealander was supposed to excel—namely, the merciless and bloody onslaughts on the unarmed and unsuspecting adversary, where neither

sex nor age was a shield—there were not wanting instances in which Englishmen distinguished themselves above the savage, lending their vessels, boats, arms, and personal aid through every stage of enormity short perhaps of eating what they had killed. Tradition seems to clear them of that consummation; but, as for me, I see no reason for stopping dead short at that particular point.

If therefore, as I have said, the Aborigines were not impressed with exalted notions of the white man's purity of conduct, nor of the code that ruled his morals, there was no mistake about the respect they entertained for the thews and sinews, the powers of endurance, the pluck and spirit, as well as the skill and perseverance of their pale-faced visitors. *Pale*, by-the-bye, is a most inapplicable epithet as conferred on these rough denizens of the coast and wave; for such as I saw were bronzed, burnt, blown, and bloated by sun, wind, sea, and rum, to such a shade of red-brown that, were it not for the wicked blue eyes and wickeder oath, and for the rolling gait acquired on the sea and retained on land by seamen, a traveller might easily mistake his fellow-Saxon for an untattooed Maori. To complete this fortuitous aggregation of the wildest elements of society, nothing was wanting but to engraft upon it a convict penal settlement; and, by all accounts, from this fate New Zealand was saved only by the character of ferocity and treachery generally attributed to the natives. The project, had it been attempted, would have failed amid fearful bloodshed; for what military or police force usually granted to a young colony would have sufficed to coerce at once 10,000 or 20,000 felons and 50,000 savage warriors, united, possibly, in a common cause of resistance and vengeance?

While the Anglo-Maori communities were thus progressing from a bad infancy to a worse maturity, fortunately for the English strangers,—fortunately for the natives,—happily for humanity at large,—the accounts regarding New Zealand, gathered at Sydney from the whalers and others trading between the two countries, as well as from some native chiefs who visited New South Wales, induced the zealous Colonial Chaplain, Mr. Marsden, of Sydney, to attempt the formation of a Christian Mission in the land of the cannibal; and accordingly, in the year 1815, he carried into effect this work of charity, by founding the first Church Missionary Settlement

in the Bay of Islands. A Wesleyan mission followed about 1822, and was located at Wangaroa, on the opposite coast. The labours of the early missionaries, their dangers, difficulties and sufferings for Christ's sake, were so appalling as the courage and constancy of the true Apostle could alone have enabled them to sustain, and finally to turn to good account. Their zeal and perseverance were at length rewarded by the adherence of many chiefs besides followers of less note, under whose powerful protection their labours of love were thenceforth prosecuted with comparative safety and comfort, as well as increased success. Many years later, a Roman Catholic bishop, with a party of Jesuit clergy, arrived, and established themselves also at the Bay of Islands.

Meanwhile, not a few concurrent incidents of stirring and various nature helped to augment the troubles of this distant land. A native gentleman named Hongi, whom the missionaries had brought, as they flattered themselves, within the humanizing pale of Christianity, determined to finish his education by making "the grand tour," under the guidance of an English bear-leader. He accordingly repaired to London, where he attended levees, dined with nobles and church dignitaries, displayed an exemplary attention to the observances of his new creed, rode in the Park, skated on the Serpentine, was petted by the ladies, and, finally, returned to his native land loaded with presents from royalty, nobility, and commonalty,—among which was a number of fire-arms; for, with other western accomplishments, he had learnt to be a good shot. At Sydney he exchanged most of his other presents, less suited to the patriotic object he had in view, for double-barrelled guns, muskets, and ammunition; and, having safely disembarked himself and his armoury in New Zealand, he set to work in right earnest to civilize his native land by the shortest (perhaps the only) method,—namely, by exterminating the Maori race; which, at the head of his tribe, amongst whom he distributed his newly-acquired fire-arms, he found no great difficulty in effecting, when opposed only by clubs, spears, and stone tomahawks. Sweeping onwards from the north, he drove all before him; the great chief, Te Rauperaha, even flying from the "villanous saltpetre." Te Rauperaha, in his turn, unseated from his hereditary lands, cleft his way towards the south, and, paying in the coin he had received,

stayed not his blood-stained course until, crossing Cook's Straits, he had reached their southern shore on the Middle Island, where, after a sweeping massacre of men, women, and children, and a series of grand political dinners on human flesh, at which it is by no means certain that more than one white man did not assist, he finally went into winter quarters—pitching his warree on the territory into possession of which he had thus literally killed and eaten himself.

Among other characters in the earlier scenes of the New Zealand drama, appeared a certain French baron, who having employed an agent to purchase a large tract of land from the natives, arrived and proclaimed himself sovereign of Ahini-Mawi, the northern island; the self-electors' claim however met with but few supporters, his pretensions but little respect,—as may well be imagined, since our gracious Queen Victoria has found the assumption of sovereignty over these proud and warlike tribes no facile task. Monsieur le Baron, accordingly, subsided in due time to his proper level; namely, that of a worthy colonist and an accomplished member of society, and such he still maintains.

On the rise, progress, struggles for existence, and fall of the New Zealand Land Company and Association for Systematic Colonization on the Wakefield System I shall hardly venture to impinge, certainly not in this introductory chapter. A more exquisite *embroglio* than that offered by this body's relations with the natives, the settlers, the emigrants, the local and the imperial Governments, never was left to be unravelled by political patience and ingenuity. But, for the sayings and doings of the New Zealand Company, are they not written in reams of the Blue Book, open to others as to myself?

The state of the islands being such as aforesaid, the interference of Government became absolutely necessary; and, indeed, in 1833, a joint application for protection was made by the missionaries, the settlers, and some of the native chiefs to the Governor of New South Wales, in consequence whereof there was despatched from Sydney to the Bay of Islands a Resident, whose powers, however, proving insufficient, Captain Hobson, R.N. was appointed Consul in the first instance, and, in the year 1840, Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand under the Governor of New South Wales. The short rule of this officer was terminated by death, caused probably by the

troubles and anxieties of his onerous and perplexing office; but one of its most remarkable fruits was the famous treaty of Waitangi, concluded with the natives at the Bay of Islands and ratified by the signatures of 512 chieftains, whereby the sovereignty of the Islands of New Zealand was ceded by the Maori chiefs to Queen Victoria. The proprietary rights of the former to "all their land and estates, forests, fisheries," &c. were secured to them; but the exclusive right of preemption over such lands as the natives might be disposed to alienate, was yielded to the crown.

The gradually increasing love of trade rendered the natives more desirous than formerly of the presence of European settlers, and of the visits of vessels to their coasts; but on the all-absorbing subject of land they were shrewd enough to rise in their demand, as they discovered its augmented value in the eyes of the whites. They not only stood out for higher prices in present and future dealings, but repudiated bygone bargains, on the plea that they had been bamboozled and overreached, which was undoubtedly the fact! Greatly outnumbering the white settlers, they became gradually more aggressive, and disputes and personal scuffles frequently occurred between the hot-tempered of both races. It was difficult, if not impossible, to instil into Maori intellect the full intent and meaning of the sovereignty that had been ceded to England, or rather to Queen Victoria. But the chiefs did not fail to discover that their dignity and authority were slipping from them: indeed, the introduction of the Christian religion had already sapped their hereditary influence over the tribes; for those who embraced this creed, (as many did,) in spirit and in truth as well as by profession, became naturally in some degree subservient to their spiritual masters, the Missionaries—withdrawing, perhaps unconsciously, from their still heathen nobles their pristine reverence and obedience.

The Crown's right of preemption, too, which compelled the native to make the Government his sole customer in land,—a most wise enactment, expressly devised for the benefit of the Aboriginal himself,—was nevertheless offensive and unpopular in operation, more especially when the said customer did not happen to want anything in that line! Jack Maori (as the soldiers call him) had signed away his right to be

swindled by the British public, and he regretted the lost privilege as a sulky child resents an attempt to prevent him burning his fingers!

The interregnum of Mr. Shortland, the Colonial Secretary, who administered the government for a year and a half after Captain Hobson's death, was no bed of roses; and in the midst of it, (June, 1843,) occurred the most horrible event of Anglo-Maori history,—the massacre of Wairau, when seven English gentlemen and fifteen of their followers were slaughtered in cold blood by the natives. The passions of the two races, roused by this frightful event, had lost little of their exasperation when Captain Fitz Roy, R.N., in the latter end of 1843, assumed the reins of Government. The disaffected natives, indeed, had evidently gained encouragement for further outbreak from the easy victory of their brethren over an equal number of armed white men. The now well-known John Heke had about this time commenced his crusade verbal and actual against the British flag, which certain foreigners, hostile to English supremacy, and certain English scoundrels adverse to the establishment of law and order, persuaded him to consider as the symbol of the slavery and degradation of his countrymen. The flag-staff at the settlement of Kororarika, in the Bay of Islands, was cut down, and the town finally plundered and burnt—which events I shall have to notice in visiting the spots of their occurrence.

Governor Fitz Roy had stepped into a hornet's nest. (It will be some time before a Governor of New Zealand will feather any softer one for himself!) No attempt at creating fortified posts had been made, such as with any nation but Englishmen would have been the first care after gaining possession of an acre of land amongst a people of such doubtful friendship. His Excellency had no power to draw on the Home treasury. There was an empty exchequer in the colony, with starving unpaid public servants, and a standing army of some 150 soldiers.

In March, 1845, a reinforcement arrived at Auckland; and, pressed on all hands by bellicose advisers, the Lieutenant-Governor was induced to send against Heke a force which, utterly destitute of equipment for the siege of a strong stockade, was unsuccessful. The following month a second expedition, with augmented numbers and a poor supply of

munitions of war, once more beleagured the rebel Christian chief. Attack by assault failed ; but, after a short blockade, the garrison evacuated the pah, which was entered and destroyed, —an advantage gained at a sadly disproportionate expense of life on the British side. Heki, severely wounded, was quieted for a time, and his adherents dispersed. His fierce old ally, Kawiti, retired to a distant post, where he occupied himself in fortifying the most formidable pah ever erected in New Zealand. The Governor's anxious and unremitting efforts, with insufficient means to control the discordant elements with which he found himself surrounded, were but partially successful ; and certain of the measures which he was impelled by dire necessity to adopt meeting with the disapproval of the Home Government, he was recalled ; and, in November 1845, was succeeded by Captain Grey, late of the 83d regiment, the present Lieutenant-Governor.

The difficulties of the first two Governors had rendered so obvious the necessity of strengthening the hands of their successor, that Captain Grey's resources were largely and wisely multiplied. The dignity of Her Majesty's representative was enhanced by a three-fold augmented salary, a parliamentary grant of 30,000*l.* a-year in aid of the young colony, and a force of 2,500 men. He was, moreover, invested with the superior title of Governor-in-Chief, with a Lieutenant-Governor subordinate in authority seated in the southern province. A general officer, with a suitable staff, was appointed to command the troops ; vessels of war flew on the wings of canvass and of steam to these lately neglected isles ; it was clear that the "powers that be" had resolved "to go the whole" distance between severe economy and lavish liberality at one stride ; but whether this stimulus was borrowed from a sudden appreciation of the importance of the New Zealand group as a Crown colony, or from considerations connected with the aristocratically supported interests of the New Zealand Land Company, is a question doubted by some. His Excellency zealously and actively took up the cudgel which his predecessor had not strength enough to wield with perfect success against the malcontent natives ; and ere a month of his reign he had thrown a force of 1000 men upon the veteran Kawiti, destroying his new stronghold of the Rua-peka-peka, and utterly crushing his power and

party. The Northern province being thus tranquillized by the defeat of Heki and Kawiti, Governor Grey was enabled to turn his attention to the South, where Rangihaieta was committing every kind of depredation and outrage. In July 1846, the treacherous old chief, Te Rauperaha, who, pretending friendship towards the English, secretly cooperated with his friend and fighting general Rangihaieta, was cleverly seized in his pah at Taupo, without bloodshed. A force was pushed against Rangihaieta, and his fine pah of Pahatanui on the Porirua inlet taken and occupied by the troops, he himself narrowly escaping capture by a party which closely pursued him in his flight up the Horokiwi valley. His people were utterly routed and dispersed.

In all these military expeditions, the aboriginal chiefs and their followers, who were attached to the Christian faith and to the English Government, cooperated zealously and faithfully with our troops—in many instances distinguishing themselves by brilliant acts of valour and devotion. As guides, scouts, and skirmishers they were most valuable allies; nor is it too much to say that, had these influential natives kept aloof and withheld their assistance, none of our operations would have succeeded without a loss of life irreparable in so small a force. Had they deserted the cause and sided against the British, the latter would either have been driven into the sea or uselessly cooped up in fortified posts on its shores.

In the spring of 1847, Wanganui, a small military post, and one of the Company's settlements on the S.W. coast of the Northern island, was attacked by a body of natives, who were driven off with loss. With the skirmishes at Wanganui, and the subsequent breaking up of the Taua or war party, ended all serious disturbances between the races; and although up to the time of my visit to the colony, occasional rumours of outbreak reached head-quarters, I found on my arrival at Auckland, as had been truly reported to the Secretary of State by the Governor, "a greater amount of tranquillity and prosperity prevailing in New Zealand than had ever yet existed."

Although imbued with quite as much philanthropy as usually falls to the lot of a mere soldado, I will admit some secret feeling of disappointment at this pacific position of

affairs. An honourable peace is the ultimate object of a well-fought war, and the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest number is the legitimate desideratum of all good government and all good folks. *But* I must confess a regret, that up to this day the Maoris have never yet received what I verily believe would have been of infinite service to their particular complaint,—namely, a good sound thrashing! such an one as has been frequently and salutarily administered by British blue jackets and red, to troublesome people in well nigh every other quarter of the globe. A good stand-up fight, hand to hand, foot to foot, would, I firmly believe, have materially assisted in simplifying and even strengthening and cementing the future relations of the white and native races in this country.*

The present government of New Zealand consists of a Governor-in-Chief, with an Executive Council, formed by the Colonial Secretary, Treasurer, and Attorney-General; and a Legislative Council of four colonists, nominated by the Governor. So it is tolerably despotic in character—the best form for a young colony; and scarcely less absolute than the mode of rule in a public school, or in a man-of-war. The Lieutenant-Governor holds the reins at Wellington in the Southern province, reporting to the Governor-in-Chief, who alone corresponds with the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

December 10th.—Saw land on the starboard bow, and from 3 to 5 P.M. we were steaming past the group of the Three Kings, consisting of one rocky isle three or four miles in extent, showing partial spots of verdure, and surrounded by six or eight smaller ones—rugged, volcanic, insulated peaks, tops of submarine mountains forming the northern outworks of the Islands of New Zealand. Cape Maria Van Diemen—or Rainga as it is called by the natives—the northern extremity of New Zealand, is holy ground in their eyes. ~~It is~~ there that the soul, released from the corpse of the deceased warrior, takes a kind of purgatorial rest, exposed to the furious storms of the rugged promontory, before its final absorption into—what?

* A critic has observed that this sentiment is inconsistent with others afterwards expressed. I think it is not so; because I still believe that, although the Maoris are rapidly attaching themselves to peaceful pursuits, the chances of a fresh outbreak would be fewer had our conquest been of a more decisive character.

December 11th.—At 4 A.M. we were traversing the mouth of the Bay of Islands, a splendid harbour much frequented by whaling vessels as well as Her Majesty's ships, and a considerable military station, to which I shall make a future visit. At 9 A.M. we passed Bream Head. Running within five to ten miles of the coast, its volcanic and peaked character was very apparent. The shore is indented with many inlets, but there are few good harbours, even for small vessels. A fine bluff was indicated to me as "Cape Rodney*;" and I was pleased to find an ancestor's name commemorated in these distant countries. We passed during the day several groups of islands,—the "Cavallos," the "Poor Knights," and the great and little "Barriers." About 2 P.M. the ship was gradually becoming involved on either hand, and fore and aft, in a frame of land—*island and continent*; but, all alike in feature and expression—a very plain repulsive face indeed, with a dingy brown complexion spotted over with extinct volcanoes—like eruptions on the human skin. Verdure seemed to be very scarce, the higher order of vegetation still more so. Certainly there is nothing inviting in the aspect of New Zealand at this point, so far as is to be gathered by a distant view of its shores.

We were now approaching Auckland, the present capital. On our left was the island of Rangitoto,—an immense volcanic cone composed of scorix and stunted bushes; on our right, Mount Victoria, a long tongue of land terminating in a lofty knoll surmounted by a signal post, from whence a sudden jet of little flags announced our approach to the expectant functionaries of Auckland;—expectant, I say, because the *Inflexible's* trip to Sydney was "a visit to my uncle," on the part of the New Zealand Government, and 50,000*l.* was the result, by way of loan, from the military chest of Sydney. ~~Right ahead~~ we saw, some six miles off, the Bishop's College; and shortly afterwards, wheeling round the signal promontory we opened the truly splendid harbour of Waitemata. We passed on the right or northern shore the fire blackened spot where, only four weeks previously, the entire family of Lieutenant Snow, R.N. had been, as was then supposed, massacred and half devoured by the natives;—almost rubbed sides with Her Majesty's ships *Dido* and *Calliope*, and finally, at 4 P.M.


* So named by Cook, Nov. 24, 1769.



THE GREAT HALLS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

anchored about three-quarters of a mile distant from, and right abreast of, the city of Auckland.

Akarana, the Maori name for Auckland, and indeed their closest approach to its pronunciation, contains about 6 or 7,000 inhabitants. It is seated on a rather high plateau of land, divided by ravines into three coves—called “Mechanic’s,” “Commercial,” and “Official Bays.” The former is a strand devoted to boat-building and rope-making, with a small native village long established there; Commercial Bay is the sea-vent of the mercantile and shop-keeping quarter; and a nest of neat villas, with pretty little gardens around them—houses and grounds exiguous almost to the extremity of Dutch toyism—denotes Official Bay, where the public officers and aristocracy have congregated. Mount Eden, shaped like a little Etna, but, unlike her, now extinct and innocuous (for every dog and volcano has its day!) is the grand natural feature of the scene, and is situated about three miles south of the town. The brick steeple of the Protestant church, the Old Barracks on a fortified bluff called Point Brittomart, and the Catholic chapel beyond Mechanic’s Bay, are the artificial features most prominent;—for the Government House, with its long, low, shingled, barn-like roof has no very important place in the landscape. The New Barracks are further inland, but the officers live, here and there, in numerous small cottages, some of them prettily situated and romantic with roses and wood-bines. The mess rooms, commissariat stores, brigade office, &c. are within the old barrack yard, which is defended by a breast-work and ditch towards the land, and is naturally scarped seaward.

Major-General Pitt, who has but lately arrived in the colony, had no little difficulty in finding among the wretchedly small clinker-built houses of the town one capable of accommodating his large family. At length he pitched upon a warehouse-board building, which up to the date of his occupation had been a tavern. When I proceeded, as in duty bound, to pay my respects at head-quarters, I found a grenadier sentry on his post in front of the entrance, whose bear-skin cap exactly reached the eaves of the roof. The sign and the name of the licensed retailer of fermented and spirituous liquors had indeed been removed but a highly obvious direction—“To the Tap ” still invited the thirsty stranger within the

General's hospitable walls. The head-quarters of the 58th Regiment are quartered in new wooden cantonments, with an extensive parade ground within a flanked wall, now in progress of erection entirely by Maori labour, and affording good proof of their aptitude in masonry. It was in consequence of the scarcity and expense of European mechanics and labourers that, at the end of last year, it occurred to Major Marlowe, Royal Engineers, to employ a few natives on the works. He found difficulty in exercising any discipline over them at first. In a few weeks, however, they learned to dress stone; they squared the quoins and arch-stones of the military hospital, and the wall of the Albert Barrack-yard, "and," as reports the Major in May 1847, "performed their work equal to that of any of the European mechanics." Out of sixty-seven so employed there was only one who could not read and write, and all were anxious for instruction. Since the first employment of them only one had been the worse for liquor. They meet the clerk of the works every Sunday morning, to attend a place of worship; and they have prayers every morning and evening among themselves. Most of them save money (the pay being 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a day), in order to purchase European clothing and live stock. Great credit is due to this officer and his assistants, in thus instructing the Maoris, and bringing them under the discipline of organized labour. Better to pay for their labour, and thus employ them as fellow-subjects, than to live at constant enmity with them! better to pay for their land than to fight for it! better to satisfy the moderate expectations of the savage and to humour his pride and prejudices, than to affront both as was done at the Wairau, and thereby bring on a war which cost half a million of money and many valuable lives!

I have not much to say in praise of Auckland as a town. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the houses are built of wood and are of unsubstantial appearance; lucifer matches are cheap, fifteen out of twenty nights are boisterously windy, and, if the natives were bent on a bonfire, nothing could be more readily effected than a conflagration of the capital. But no, the New Zealander has no enmity against the European, unless he appears in arms against him; he is gradually learning the value of property; he is taking to mills and to coasting vessels, to cattle and to horses. And this is a great step

towards the subjugation of the country ; for as an enemy, the Maori will be more vulnerable when he has something to lose ; —the mere savage has nothing to lose but his life. Governor Grey's policy tends to foster this growing taste for English customs. His intimacy with the chiefs, and his general treatment of them,—whether in giving encouragement and reward to the well-disposed, or in unmasking and punishing the treacherous and rebellious—together with his steady perseverance in the Cæsar-like mode of conquest, road-making ; —will, I believe, if anything can, bring about the eventual comfortable colonization of the country without the usual accompaniment of the extirpation of the Aborigines. Yet the same fate appears to attend the wild man, whether he submits and conforms to the habits of the civilized man, resents and resists his usurpation, or sullenly retires from the borders of civilization. “As surely as day dispels night, as eternity swallows up time,” says the author of *Hochelaga*, “so does the white man sweep away the black !” Will this theory prove void in the instance of the Maori ? If with any savage, it may with the New Zealander.

The day of our arrival being Saturday, the town was full of natives, either coming into market or for other purposes. It was an interesting and curious sight to watch the groups flocking in to receive their week's pay at the commissariat for working on the roads or other public labours. The brand-new glittering half-crowns, fresh from the mint, seemed to possess great charms in the eyes of those who had earned them, and I was assured that very little of their gains would go to the tapster. Some of the men were of remarkably fine form, and the younger ones, when untattooed, very good-looking, with frank and bold countenances, fine curly black hair, and erect, muscular figures. A few were extremely tall. There are at this moment upwards of 1,000 Maoris employed by the Government on the roads in the northern and southern districts. From among these fine fellows who, working under English overseers, have become habituated to English discipline, might be selected excellent materials for a native regiment. For the incorporation of some such local force the Lieutenant-Governor has received authority from Home ; but in deferring this step until the colony becomes more settled, he is acting with his usual prudence.

It is said that the substitution of the European blanket for their original dress,—the flax mat, is introducing catarrh and consumption among the natives; and, indeed, in passing groups of strong looking Maoris, sitting smoking round their fires, wrapped in their blankets up to their eyes, I was particularly struck by the continual coughing kept up amongst them. Many have no other article of raiment than this most heavy, ugly, and awkward robe, yet, singular enough, it is always worn with decency, even with grace, and sometimes with dignity; for the massive, square, Romanlike face and tall broad figure are peculiarly suitable to this toga style of costume. The blanket or mat is thrown on in loose folds, leaving the right arm free, and is usually secured on the right shoulder by a pin of human bone. I delight in the description given by Tasman of his first view of the natives of this then unknown land; it breathes such pure “funk” of the inhabitants of a country, with which he had the strongest desire to be better acquainted. Old Abel, writing in 1642, says: “As we approached the land with a design to have refreshed ourselves, we perceived on the mountain thirty-five or forty persons, who, as far as we could discern at such a distance, were men of very large size, and had each of them a club in his hand: they called out to us in a rough strong voice, but we could not understand anything of what they said. We observed that these people walked at a very great rate, and that they took prodigious long strides!” The Dutch navigator took the hint, it appears, and sheered off.

The hair of the Maori—to carry on the Roman likeness—is a complete Brutus crop, and he has rarely any other covering to the head. Sometimes, by way of ornament, one or more large black feathers tipped with white, or a scarlet flower, is stuck in the hair or through a hole in the lobe of the ear—in which are also hung drops of green jade stone, or malachite, or a peculiar kind of shark’s tooth dotted with red sealing-wax. An ugly idol-shaped figure of the same stone, denominated a Tiki, hangs by a flax thread on the breast of those who have inherited or can afford a somewhat expensive jewel. The legs and feet are always naked. The tattooing is a great disfigurement, imparting a savage expression to a naturally good-humoured face. This process is said to prevent wrinkles in old age, and I think it does probably defer

them ; for the deep scoring of the cheeks must act something like the act of crimping fish, in making the flesh hard and firm. Some of the young dandies rouge their cheeks with red ochre,—a habit Governor Grey tries to shame them out of. The women appeared to me much less well-looking than the men. They tattoo the under-lip a deep blue—a most unbecoming practice. One encounters here and there a pretty young girl, with a fresh round face, long almond-shaped eyes, and a well-formed figure ; but, speaking generally, I think that the Maori gentlemen belong to “that condition of humanity,” upon which the author of *Eöthen* says he “expends an enormous quantity of pity!”—namely, the possessors of ugly wives ! I saw more than one very handsome woman among the half-breeds, and a good many of this class in and around the settlements ; and I heard the opinion mooted by experienced persons, that the half-caste population in New Zealand will in time succeed to, rather than dispossess, the original Maori. But to this theory I cannot subscribe ; for where is the country in which the mixed race has ever been either formidable in number or influential in mental or physical character ? In New Zealand, such of either sex as came under my notice, had a gentle expression of eye and countenance, denoting an indolent and voluptuous tendency—more akin to the people of the Friendly Islands than to the turbulent and warlike Maori.

December 12th.—Governor Grey was so kind as to make me his guest and to give me rooms at Government-house, where, in the intellectual society of His Excellency and his lady, in the enjoyment of daily novel scenes, and with a most excellent library at my command, the time passed most agreeably. The Government-house is a frame building, and was sent out from England ready for erection. It is tolerably commodious, but not comfortable from the fact that there can be no privacy, no quiet or silent corner for study or retreat in a tenement which looks as if it had been built in half an hour out of a dozen or two old packs of cards. The muttered consultation between the Governor and the Colonial Secretary in His Excellency’s study—the merry laugh of the ladies in the drawing-room—the audible arithmetic of the Colonial Treasurer and the Private Secretary in the latter’s office—the bed-making of the housemaid on one side—the performance

of "Jeames Plush" on that harsh instrument, the knife-board, in the pantry—the jingling of silver and china by the butler in the dining-room—and the animated discourse between half-a-dozen native chiefs and the Government interpreter in the verandah,—are all within the scope of one pair of ears. But *de mortuis*, &c.—the poor old Government-house was burnt to the ground not long after its roof had afforded me shelter; and I fear that not only did Captain Grey suffer severely in loss of property, but that many valuable curiosities were lost to science.

March 14th.—Rode with Captain Hoseason to the College at Bishop's Auckland, about five miles from town. A good road across an undulating country of wild fern and scorix, with but little timber, and dotted here and there with the truncated cones of extinct volcanoes, brought us to a cluster of monastic buildings, not yet wholly finished, situated in an exposed and at first sight not pleasing position. Bishop Selwyn received us in full canonicals; and I recognised at once, in his striking exterior, the courageous and humane pastor who at the sacking of Kororarika remained to tend the wounded, unscared by the showers of musketry and the whoops of the triumphant savages; the intrepid and vigorous pedestrian, who tired down both the English and native companions of his rough journeys among the Maoris, disseminating the Gospel; and the comely and intellectual original of a most excellent portrait which I had seen in the house of the Bishop of Sydney. I was well pleased, too, to meet in the flesh and in excellent bodily health the zealous apostle to whom, it is said, the Rev. and witty Sidney Smith gave the following serious counsel on his departure for his new diocese. He exhorted his Lordship "to have regard to the minor as well as the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality, and in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on his sideboard." And he added, "If your new parishioners *do* eat you, I sincerely hope you will disagree with them."*

Dr. Selwyn soon gave us a proof of that personal activity—as well known in the "playing fields" of Eton and on the

* Note in Memoir of the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends."

broad breast of old father Thames, as in the wilds of New Zealand and among the savage islands of Polynesia. With him we paid rapid visits to his College of St. John's, for the education of English and native youths—their hospital, printing office, &c.; to the beautiful chapel, built and lined throughout with a dark mahogany-like wood, and of which I should without stint or reservation have admired every feature had it not been for a certain cluster of tall tapers upon the altar! He introduced us to his Maori butler and general servant, a smiling good-looking young man, trusted and trustworthy. Then, still in his gown and bands and college cap, although the weather was most oppressive, he led us a walk through fields of waving corn, with young quickset hedges bordering the path, (the first I had seen since leaving England,) and docks and poppies and sow-thistles here and there among the crops—volunteer emigrants, little welcome to the importer, but reminding the traveller very pleasantly of weedy, seedy old England; thence, in the rear of the College, to a growing garden and orchard, with European and semi-tropical fruits promising to flourish well in company; and a most abundant apiary, among the natives of which the accustomed hands of the Bishop and his Acolyte wandered unharmed. The honey-bee, so well known in almost every other country, is not indigenous to any part of Australasia.

It is an interesting feature in the discipline of St. John's school, that, in the intervals of play, different useful trades are taught and practised. If this utilizing of leisure be a voluntary, not an enforced system, then is it admirable;—but “boys will be boys”—fortunately, as I think; and no one ought to know better than the Etonian prelate that “all work and no play will make Jack a dull” one! I must say, there was among the young faces here a heavy aspect that jarred upon my feelings. The College looks over a fine extended view of ferny country, with occasional volcanic monticles and wooded gullies, creeks, bays, islands, and ocean. Mount Wellington towers within a mile of it. In former days the scorix must have been projected as far as its site, and the boiling lava must have rolled down the neighbouring ravines; but New Zealand is burnt out now, with the exception of one or two great craters in the interior of the country, which, however formidable in their more active existence, give utterance at

present to nothing more terrible than volumes of steam from their snow-capped peaks. There are, moreover, one or two sulphurous islands vapouring away in like manner. I afterwards sailed within view of a small insulated volcano of this kind, called White Island.

December 15th.—Rode to the native settlement Onēunga, on the shore of Manakau harbour. This spot is only six miles from Auckland, which is on the eastern coast of the great Northern Island; and Manakau harbour opens to the west—so narrow is this part of the land; indeed, between the heads of these two great inlets on opposite coasts, the portage is not a mile across.

At Onēunga is the nascent, as well as the first settlement of the New Zealand veterans or corps of pensioners, which will ultimately amount to 500 men. The ride from the capital to this spot may be made at a hand gallop, on an excellent road extending over swelling plains of what is called good volcanic soil, some portions of which are laid out in neat and apparently well-managed farms—those at “Epsom” showing fine crops of wheat and maize, and better hay than I ever met with in Australia. The earth, which at first sight appears as if strewed with coke and cinders to a greater or lesser depth, looks most hopeless, yet is in truth very fruitful, being especially suitable for gardening. As far as one can see round the Pensioner Cantonment (that *is* to be) lies a nearly untimbered tract of fern-land, promising but little shelter and no fuel. Captain Kenny’s company is here temporarily housed with their families in slab huts, while the men are employed in erecting their permanent cottages and in laying out their allotments. The streets have already been marked out by the engineer, and, when complete, the village, containing a company of a hundred men, will cover no small space; for each two families will have a cottage and two adjacent acres of land, whereof a small strip in the way of ornamental garden will front the street. To these habitations there will be two distinct entrances under one roof. When I reflect upon human nature in general, and soldiers’ wives in particular, I cannot feel sanguine as to the entire domestic peace of these Siamese households. Considering that this was a community of old soldiers, however, I was rather surprised to find more cheerfulness than grumbling among them; for what with the utter

ignorance of the people at Home upon colonial *details*, and what with the senseless and overweening expectations of the emigrant himself, one seldom sees a cheerful face among any class of those newly arrived. *

The following day I visited, with the Governor, the second cantonment of pensioners, called Howick. The first ten or twelve miles of the trip were made in the harbour-master's whale-boat, along the southern shore of the Waitemata harbour. We met several large native canoes, full of pigs and other provisions for the Auckland market, running at a great rate before the wind in a rather heavy sea, with sails of canvass or blanket—most of the owners giving us loud salutations as we passed. Turning into the Tamāki River, an inlet of the Waitemata, we landed on its right bank, and proceeded on foot. At the landing place a police guard turned out to His Excellency, consisting of a little old English corporal and three strapping young Maoris. Their uniform, well adapted to their duties, is a blue woollen shirt worn as a frock, white trowsers, with black belts, carbine, and bayonet. Well-looking, broad-shouldered, erect, and smart young fellows as a martinet would wish to see,—I can imagine no race better adapted for the ranks. They would make excellent sepoy, officered by English gentlemen. Particularly apt at drill and naturally well set up, there is nothing of the humpkin about the young Maori;—no beer and bacon and hobnails about his look and carriage;—in fairness it ought to *be added, that there has been no hard labour, no toiling at the spade and plough, to round the back and clog the step. For the same reason the Irishman requires generally much less drilling than the Briton. In his native provinces young Paddy is indeed “brisk as a bee, light as a fairy;” for light food, light labour, light or no shoes, and light spirits, leave him as elastic and supple as the savage of the forest.

A walk of about three miles across a peninsula separating the Tamāki from the Thames River, brought us down upon the embryo village of Howick, the destined location of Captain Macdonald's company, on the mouth of the latter fine stream; ten miles further from the capital than the other pensioner settlement, and cut off from it by the Tamāki, across the narrowest point of which there is a ferry, about 100 yards in width. Its position, therefore, is much exposed should the

natives at any time prove hostile; and the villagers will scarcely benefit by the labour market of Auckland at so considerable a distance from the town. The locale is wild enough;—almost wild enough for Macbeth's witches—a ferny heath, without a tree, and here and there the cone of a bygone volcano. Of the meditated village there is little now to be seen but a plan of the streets—(which I recommended should be named after celebrated military leaders and battles)—and the rudiments of a church, chapel, hospital, &c..

There are about 120 veterans and their families to be located at Howick. • The next generation, springing from this collocation of old soldiers, will be a valuable addition to the white population. Without intending to be severe upon the present one, I cannot think that they will do much more than subsist, and sot, and smoke over their acre of scoræ;—happy if their rough habits and ignorance of Maori character do not embroil them seriously with this people, in whose power they undoubtedly are at present. An unprovoked and unexpected attack on these military settlements need not indeed be apprehended; for the Maoris having strong notions of fair-play and chivalry, it is their usual custom to give some notice of warlike incursions; but a blow, an insult passed upon an individual of this proud people—and likely enough to occur in some of the fishing and wooding expeditions of the veterans—would assuredly be repaid in blood. The thunder does not more surely follow the flash than Maori vengeance its cause. "Utu," (which may be freely translated,) "blood for blood," is with him a sacred necessity. No apology or reparation is accepted, or by a native offered in its stead; it is the *lex talionis* carried out to the letter. The exact interpretation of the formidable little word "Utu" is, I believe, "payment." While discoursing on its etymology, Governor Grey gave me credit for ingenuity in providing a root for it in the simple English words of somewhat similar sound, "you too"—in the sense of a practical *tu-quoque*. In the old Maori criminal law it was not necessary to indict the prisoner,—“for that he did on such a day, at such a place, feloniously assault such a person with a certain weapon, striking him on the left side of the head, and giving him divers wounds, contusions, and bruises, whercof he instantly died,” &c., followed by trial, defence, conviction, and execution, or perhaps by escape

through a flaw. No; a blow of the Meri-poonamoo,* or a slice with the tomahawk, simplified as well as settled the affair. One of the worst features of Utu is that it is sometimes inflicted vicariously—if the real object of vengeance cannot be found, another answering the purpose—however personally innocent.

December 17th.—This morning there occurred at Government-house a sort of investigation on the subject of the murder of the Snow family. On the floor of the verandah sat the accused, (Ngamuka by name,) a stout stupid-looking young man, who had been instantly produced on the fiat of his chief, the venerable 'Te Whero-Whero, so soon as suspicion of the murder was attached to him. The chief admitted that the prisoner's character was bad, but challenged proof of the charge. Long, dull speeches were made by this personage, by old 'Taniwha, by a villanous looking and notoriously man-eating notable, named 'Taraia, by the well-known veteran 'Te Rauperaha, who is now under a sort of open arrest as a state prisoner, and by his friend and son-in-law 'Tamaiahengia. Some of the rival speakers were not sparing in their personal abuse; but I fancy it must have been strictly parliamentary and Pickwickian, for no loss of temper was apparent, and no one ever interrupted another, nor cried, Oh! oh! 'Taniwha, 'Te Rauperaha, and 'Taraia were vehement in gesture. 'Te Whero-Whero, ("he of the red robe,") or Potatao, listened with a quiet sarcastic smile, and spoke with the calm and lofty dignity of a practised orator. He rose, as if painfully, from his chair; and when he stretched out his naked right arm from his toga of flax, raising his large frame to its full height of at least six feet, the attitude and bearing, the square massive countenance surmounted by the crisp-curved iron grey hair, and the heavy folds of the drapery, presented an object startlingly antique in a *living* figure. He finished his oration with the simple expression, "I have spoken;" and, like the dying Chatham, sank slowly back into his seat, for he is very old, and his limbs are weak.

The famous warrior-chief,—famous for his successes and his cruelties,—Te Rauperaha, is short of stature, with the remains of great personal strength, although his figure is much bowed by age. His countenance is repulsive beyond

* *Meri-poonamoo*,—stone hatchet.

description, and his long yellow teeth look as if they had torn many a butchered prisoner. It would not be easy to give an outline of the eventful career of this hero of a hundred massacres and a hundred human-flesh feasts, even if it were perfectly known. He appears to be upwards of seventy years old at present. Belonging to the Ngatitoa tribe seated in the north, hewas, as I have mentioned in the my introductory notes, driven, with his allies Te Pehi and Rangihaieta, (the latter then quite a youth,) from their hereditary territories towards the south by Hongi the Waikato chief and his newly imported fire-arms. The worthy triumvirate, dispossessed of their own lands, marked their progress through those of other tribes by conquest and carnage, and finally located themselves on the southern shore of Cook's Straits, upon a tract of country whose original inhabitants they massacred and devoured, rendered tributary, or reduced to slavery. Amongst a long list of atrocities, he is accused of having deliberately killed and cooked one of his slaves, and having thrown another faithful servant overboard to lighten his canoe while flying from the vengeance of one of his many foes,—for old Rauperaha was never celebrated for personal valour. The natives themselves regard his character with aversion, however they may admire his prowess as a general and his cleverness in accumulating property. His conduct towards the English has always been marked by deep duplicity;—sometimes threatening, at others cringing, and always an impudent beggar, he has generally contrived to gain his ends.

When Colonel Wakefield was purchasing land in Cook's Straits, in the name of the New Zealand Company, from the natives, Hiko, the son of Te Pehi, (as the Colonel's nephew, Mr. E. Wakefield, relates in his entertaining work,) demanded in payment blankets, soap, tools, iron-pots, &c.; when Te Rauperaha exclaimed, "What use are these things, when we are going to fight? What matter whether we die cold or warm, clean or dirty, hungry or full? Give me two-barrelled guns, plenty of muskets, lead, powder, cartridges, and cartridge-boxes!" Perhaps the fact that his father was killed and eaten, may offer some excuse for the "ould Rapparee" (as the soldiers sometimes called him), acting so frequently as his own butcher and cook: the principle of "Utu" would

almost make it an act of filial piety. For cunning in entrapping, refinement in killing, and cutting up, and zest in discussing his man when properly *barbecued*, this "old original" Ngatitōa was, and it is to be hoped will remain, unrivalled. In 1846, Governor Grey, convinced of his treachery, caused this chief to be seized and conveyed to Auckland, where Te Whero-Whero, his ancient enemy, became surety in some sort, for his good behaviour. In the absence of a bridge to spit over, the officers occasionally paid Te Rauperaha a visit in his state of open arrest; and in return for cigars, &c. there was no capacity—even that of Sir Pandarus himself—in which he was not willing to serve them.

Te Whero-Whero is the first chief of all the Waikato tribe, numbering, it is said, 25,000 souls, is treated by them with the greatest deference, and could bring 6 or 7,000 fighting men into the field. This chief was one of the first influential Maoris to become convinced of the advantages to be derived by friendly intercourse with Europeans. In a letter to the Queen, after the death of Governor Hobson, he applied for Pakehas to come and settle and trade among his people. Below will be found another letter which he lately wrote to Her Majesty, its object being to obtain a promise that the treaty of Waitangi should remain inviolate.*

Taniwha, who must be about eighty-five years old, and seems nearly imbecile, is considerably over six feet in height and extremely thin, with a physiognomy strongly Jewish,—a type by no means uncommon to his countrymen. This old man describes Captain Cook as he saw him in the year 1769,

* "MADAM,

"Akarana (Auckland), Nov. 8, 1847.

"Saluting you, great is our love to you, we have not forgotten your words and your kind thoughts to all the world. Madam, listen to our words, the words of the chiefs of Waikato. Love us and be gracious to us, as Christ has loved all. May God cause that you may hold fast our word and we your word for ever.

"Madam, listen. News is going about here that your Elders (Ministers) are talking of taking away the land of the native without cause, which makes our hearts dark. But we do not believe this news, because we heard from the first Governor that the disposal of our land is with ourselves; and from the second Governor we heard the same words, and from this Governor.

"They have all said the same. Therefore we write to you that you may be kind to us, to your friends that love you.

"Write your thoughts to us that peace may prevail among the natives of these islands.

"Enough are these words. From your friends in love.

(Signed)

"TE WHERO-WHERO,
and other Waikato Chiefs."

—a distant date for a living man to look back upon,—and mimics a way he had of waving his right hand to and fro wherever he walked. The veteran, then a child of seven or eight years old, has no conception of the meaning of this strange gesture. It remains for us to guess. Our great navigator was sowing the seeds of Europe in the wilds of Ahina Maui!—plucking them from his pockets, and casting them on promising soil. The potato has never since failed the Maori;—it has succeeded the fern-root as his staple food,—the munificent bequest of poor Cooké, as the natives call him.

Heki and Rangihaieta,—the one in the north the other in the south,—are at present the only men of mark, lately active enemies of the English rule, still standing aloof. Probably sceptical of the existence of such a virtue as clemency, they will not trust themselves within the grasp of the Governor.

Most of the chiefs of note, heathen as well as baptized, (for I use the term Christian with some feelings of reservation,)—are running fast into superannuation—a fortunate contingency; for without wishing them any harm, I may be permitted to hope that they may be succeeded by a better generation. During my tour in New Zealand I was lucky enough to meet many of the most distinguished; and I noticed that they were all much broken, suffering generally under the complaint common to worn out old gentlemen and worn out old horses all over the world, namely chronic cough.

To return to the trial of Ngamuka. As the examination proceeded, the strong common sense of the native crowd outside seemed to revolt at the useless mockery of the proceedings. Now and then a manly voice exclaimed, (as I was informed by one of the interpreters,) “What is all this *bosh*! if he is guilty, let him be killed; if innocent, let him go.” It was clear to them,—as it was to others,—that the whole thing was a *koriro*, a talk, no more;—indeed, it was perhaps too grave a subject to be handled out of a court of justice. In the course of the debate, Te Whero-Whero let fall some insinuation of connivance against Taraia; on its being refuted, he withdrew the charge, and, in ratification of peace, he ordered his slaves to bring and lay before the other a large offering of preserved fish, oil, and other unctuous-looking articles of food, enclosed in gourds and mat baskets. Directly

to windward of our party, this palm branch of peace was anything but a bouquet.*

The Maori language, although sounding strongly guttural from some of the speakers in the vehemence of debate, struck me as musical and agreeable to the ear. In the mouth of a young and pretty woman I dare say it may be soft and persuasive. It is said to possess but a meagre vocabulary, and I particularly remarked the frequent recurrence of the same words in the long-winded speeches of this day. A mere language of tradition, the original Missionary clergymen married it to the English alphabet, as well, perhaps, as its peculiarities would permit, although it is difficult for an Englishman to believe in the existence of an orthography in which the sounds D, F, G, L, J, V, Ch, Sh, and Th are wanting. Ng represents a peculiar nasal sound; and I conclude the Maori gullet and nose produce unspellable intonations, which supply the place of the letters above mentioned. The New Zealand tongue being unable, as it appears, to compass our harsh words full of consonants, or terminating in them, a vowel is always interposed, so as to soften the sound and keep it running, as in Italian. Thus, Queen is Kuini; Victoria, Wikitoria; Governor, Kawana; sheep, hipi; mill, miri; Jesus Christ, Ihu Karaiti; Bishop, Pihopa; Devil, Rewera. It is curious how very wide of the mark are most of these nearest shots at the pronunciation of English words; nor is that less the case in familiar English names given to Maori Christians—Edward, Eruera; William, Wiremu; John, Honi; Joseph, Hohepa—(Gueseppe, Beppo!)†

Governor Grey's management of the natives appeared to me admirable. He knows already enough of their language to be able to exchange with them a few words of greeting, which he never fails to do in his walks and rides. The Kawana, and the Mata Kawana (mother Governor), by which somewhat mature title the young and handsome lady of His

* The *New Zealander* newspaper of 4th March, 1848, states that an English man, named Burns, condemned to transportation for another offence, confessed himself and two others as the real murderers of the Snow family. I must do Governor Grey the justice to mention, that from the first he attributed the murder to white hands, although the bodies had been mutilated in the Maori manner as if for a cannibal feast.

† Alexandre Dumas remarks, "La génie des langues tend toujours, à mesure qu'on s'avance vers le Midi, à multiplier les voyelles."

Excellency is known, are always greeted with smiles and shouts of salutation in their rides and walks (this it was, perhaps, which frightened the old Dutchman Tasman!) "Tena ko koe"—"Tena ko koe, etama." "There you are, Governor!"—"There you are, friend!" is, I believe, the literal translation of the Maori "How d'y'e do?" and about equally unmeaning. On meeting an English friend the broad face of the New Zealander expands into a frank and open smile; he nods his head *upwards*, and offers his hand. Captain Grey never lets slip an occasion of instilling a taste for civilized habits into their minds. He quizzes the young dandies who use red ochre to rouge their cheeks—a not uncommon practice; and the young women may be seen hiding away their pipes when he passes, because he sets down smoking as an unfeminine habit. As far as his own personal safety is concerned he seems to repose the most perfect trust in his brown subjects; going about unarmed and unattended, and constantly permitting chiefs and their followers, coming from the interior, to encamp in the garden close to the Government-house, and within the guards. Yet his two most prominently restrictive ordinances—the Arms bill and the Spirits bill, whereby the sale to the natives of fire-arms and "fire-water" is prohibited—prove that he can be stringent as well as indulgent towards them: thus he is feared as well as liked—precisely the feeling with which a British Governor should inspire a warlike race of semi-savages. He will find it—or I misread the aspect of affairs very egregiously—more laborious to cultivate the goodwill and affection of his fellow-countrymen in New Zealand, than that of the Aborigines. A Governor, armed with almost despotic and irresponsible power, can no more gain the suffrages of a people derived from a country of free institutions, however zealously and conscientiously he may labour for their good, than the earth can love the plough and the harrow, although these implements are working for her improvement and enrichment.

The Maoris, as a race, are much given to sobriety. The term "fire-water," which I have used above, does not express any particular abhorrence in the North American Indian for the use of the dram. In his climate fire implies comfort as well as heat; and it is well known with what headlong haste the poor red-man fell into that snare of the devil. The

Maori's name for ardent spirits is "stink-water," which marks decided repugnance. During three or four weeks' stay at Auckland, I only fell in with two drunken natives, and that was in a Sunday walk with the Governor. The moment one of the fellows espied *Te Kawana*, he and a friend, both pretty far gone in inebriety, jumped up and took to their heels across a swamp, and the tipsier, tumbling over a tussock, broke his bottle of strong waters to pieces. Strolling about the streets on a day when the Maori workmen had received their week's pay, I saw no drunkenness; all were spending their earnings in objects of utility.

CHAPTER XI.

ANCIENT PAHS—REVERSES IN A RIDE—THOUGHTS ON A BAD HAT—CLIMATE—
 —SOCIABILITY IN A SMALL COMPASS—DANCING—A MAORI ANTINOUS—A
 BAZAAR—THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN—A WIFE OFFERED—NATIVES SHOPPING
 —THE ONGI—THE TANGI—GROUP FOR SCULPTURE—HOW TO SUBJUGATE
 A SAVAGE—FLAX—THE MOKU—TREATMENT OF WOMEN—A DEDUCTION—A
 PRAYER-MEETING—NATIVE CHRISTIANS—OLD PAGAN CHIEFS—MOUNT EDEN—
 ANCIENT SEPULCHRE—THE KAURI—A DESERTED HOME—MAGIC LANTHORN—
 A GIFT HORSE—AN INAUGURATION—A WAR-DANCE, AND BREAD AND JAM—
 MAN AND WOMAN EATING.

December 18th.—BEAUTIFUL weather, therm. 69° in the shade. A pleasant gallop of some twenty miles' circuit with Captain Grey to visit Mounts Wellington and Halswell, and their neighbourhoods. The appearance of both affords evidence of a numerous and warlike population, now passed away. Each is cut into several ranges of terraces, with breast-works and excavations originally roofed in, forming the dwellings and potato-stores of the garrisons of these fortified hills—once raging with their own subterranean fires. For half a mile all round their base are to be traced, among the high fern, hundreds of scoria walls, evidently the enclosures of former potato-gardens, and piles of white shells of the "pipi," or cockle, brought from the sea-shore for food.

Mount Halswell, to the very summit of which we rode with some difficulty and risk, possesses a singularly strong position, being situated in the centre of the isthmus, just 2,260 yards wide, which separates the Eastern Bay of Tamaki from the Western Bay of Manakau. The remains of ancient fortifications to the very top are quite manifest, and the base is defended by a wide and deep swampy ditch, crossed by a causeway, both of which may have been produced by volcanic accident, although they bear all the appearance of a ruined artificial fosse. There are natives, and even white men, who recollect the remnants of wooden palisades on

Mount Halswell. The population in those days was undoubtedly tenfold more numerous than at present, and its partial extermination is, I suppose, to be dated from the so much talked of return of the patriot Hongi from Europe, and his famous tour of self-aggrandisement and vengeance. He must have starved out, or have passed by these hill forts; for a staunch garrison, armed with sticks and stones alone, might have defied all his boasted muskets and double-barrelled guns. Hongi, I have heard, died a lingering and painful death from an old wound. He who dealt it him—dealt justice! From the crest of the mount we commanded a view of both the eastern and western oceans; and my companion pointed out the perhaps unique spectacle of high tide in the bay on our right, and low water in the opposite inlet. The fact is, that the figure of the island is wasp-waisted at this point. The Manakau harbour has not yet been accurately surveyed; but when the passage shall have been correctly buoyed, it will probably turn out a good haven—at least for steam-vessels. Auckland in this case would possess the singular advantage of two harbours within seven miles of each other, commanding two different seas, in an island not less than 400 miles in length. The high-road now in progress, connecting the two extremities of the Northern Island, or New Ulster, will cross this isthmus, which will be an important point in a military view.

Scrambling with our horses down goat-paths on the flanks of the hill, we next directed our course over a fine wavy country, to a point on the Tamāki River, where, the shores approaching within one hundred yards, a ferry is to be established. At this commanding spot are to be seen indications of very extensive and evidently wholly artificial works, with a deep ditch, high curtains and gateways, and, in advance of the main work, a regular demilune. This is a likely spot for a third company of veterans. So interesting, at least to me, was this antiquarian ramble, that we took little note of time, until a chance reference to my watch showed us that we had but half an hour to perform a distance of about nine miles back to Auckland by the shortest line, and to dress for a grand dinner at Government-house. No time was to be lost therefore; nor, indeed, was the fern allowed to grow under our feet, except during one trifling interruption to our

course; namely, the fall of the Viceroy's good chestnut over a hidden mass of pumice, at full speed, the breakage of both his own knees, and the projection of his rider full ten feet over his head,—of which accident His Excellency took so little account, that he resumed the thread of the conversation and his saddle precisely at the point where the former had been broken by the tumble, without any visible alteration of countenance or mien beyond that which was derived from the crown of his hat being knocked in. It is a curious fact, that the smallest indentation of a gentleman's castor is fatal to the dignity of his exterior; and the effect is the more absurd when the wearer is unconscious of the amorphous condition of his headpiece, and of his having consequently forfeited all claim to the veneration of the public, how unexceptionably soever he may be accoutred in other respects. Suspicion dogs his steps;—it would be lost labour to try to convince a looker-on that the cause is not attributable to bacchanalian excess,—a pugilistic set-to with the watch,—a case of *evasit, erupit*, from a back window,—or some other scarcely reputable adventure. This is a curious feature in the philosophy of dress, worthy, I think, of the consideration of Pelham, who devotes half a page or so to the cut of pantaloons.

The only carriage in Auckland, that of the officer commanding the 58th Regiment, was conveying its owners to the viceregal dinner, as their host and myself, both looking as if we had been in a smart skirmish—for I had had a roll in a bog—entered the town. Yes—there was a dinner to twenty-four guests in the clinker-built palace of the Governor of New Zealand; and not a bad dinner either—with wines from France and Germany, from the Tagus, (and the Thames, no doubt!) There were some very pretty faces there too; and some good-looking fellows moreover, most of them culled from the garrison and ships in harbour. There was on many of the fair cheeks a freshness and a bloom which are rarely to be seen in Sydney, especially in the hot weather. The flush of the heated ball-room is a very different thing; for music and exercise, and soft nonsense, and gratified vanity will bring transient colour to the palest face, but it fades with the cause of excitement. In New Zealand the rose is not merely a night-blowing flower—it is permanent. The climate indeed appears—(it is proved by medical statistics)—

to be singularly suitable to the English constitution. This was wonderfully proved in the New Zealand campaigns, for there lie in the pigeon-holes of my office numerous documents, showing that however great the hardships the troops were exposed to during the war—however wretched the sheds or huts they lived in—although their clothing was in rags, their boots soleless, and their beds nothing better than a tattered blanket on a heap of damp fern—happy when the latter was attainable;—never was any large body of men so perfectly free from malady of any kind. *I sincerely hope (and shall be curious to ascertain the fact) that at no future day may these fine fellows suffer from the exposure and privations they endured unscathed while their “blood was up;” but I know so well the physical idiocracy of the soldier, and have so often found him, as well as the rural labourer, old before his time by rheumatism and other complaints arising from habitual exposure, that I cannot feel sure that the germ of these maladies of the old campaigner may not be contracted in this country as well as in others—latent, although unfelt at the time.

New Zealand has indeed a rough but healthy climate, a rough but fruitful soil, and a rough people—yet capable, I think, of being made useful subjects and members of society, if they may be spared the ordinary fate of the Savage on the approach of the White—first demoralization, then extinction.

I have mentioned the smallness of the Auckland dwelling-houses. Their apartments are indeed what the French call *modest* in the extreme. Nevertheless this peculiarity in the reception-rooms of the New Zealand metropolis appears to operate as no hindrance to the sociability of the inhabitants. I attended more than one quadrille party in saloons 12 feet by 10—while four whist-playing seniors were stowed immovably in a closet off the dancing-room—the table being slewed so as to wedge a player into each of the four corners. Verandahs, and tents, and sails, and bunting were called into play to furnish forth supper-rooms; and I did not remark that the guests danced, played, ate, drank, talked, laughed, or flirted with less spirit and zest than they would have done had they had more room to do all this in.

One evening a very gay little ball was given by the Sheriff

at his pretty cottage about two miles out of town. There being, as I have said, only one carriage—in the genteel acceptation of the term—belonging to Auckland, it is needless to say that all the ladies were not conveyed to the festive scene on springs, however many of them might have travelled there on wheels. As for me, I found myself part of an equestrian escort to a detachment of young ladies, whose vehicle was the Sheriff's cart carpeted with a feather-bed. They were too light-hearted to admit a doubt as to whether their equipage had on former occasions assisted in the more melancholy functions of its owner's dread office—a suspicion that certainly crossed my own mind; suffice that it played its part well in the present instance. On reaching its destination, the back-board being removed and the cart tilted, its fair freight was shot out in safety at the door, and about daybreak the same vehicle reconveyed them, without coughs or colds, to their home.

During the progress of this ball, several natives, attracted by the sound of music, entered the grounds, walked boldly up to the open French windows of the dancing-room, and seemed rapt in astonishment at the scene within. Perhaps the enormous amount of labour thrown into one of the favourite pastimes of the richer English surprised them. It is possible that while contemplating the vigour and earnestness with which valse and polka were executed, these naked philosophers may have formed the conclusion that a race so energetic in a dance must be invincible in fight; that the unflinching fortitude which carried young and old, light and heavy, through the herculean labours of Sir Roger de Coverley, must sweep all before it when the conquest of a country became the object in question! Oriental and southern nations have difficulty in understanding that our daily recreation as well as our daily bread is to be earned in the sweat of the brow. I have myself heard a Mussulman magnate express his surprise that the great men of a great nation should condescend to do such things—and that their women should be permitted to do them. "We always keep dancers and singers, or hire them, when we want to be amused in that way!" is the maxim of the "gorgeous East." There appears to me a good deal of Orientalism in the character of the Maori, very strikingly different to that of the Australian

aboriginal. The latter is quick, light, almost quadrumanous in his activity. I cannot fancy the massive form of the Maori darting up the stem of a slippery gum-tree to cut out an opossum from his hole! I rather picture him to myself sitting in the sun at the mouth of his warree smoking his pipe, with his half-shut eyes just above a fold of his mat. Although brave and warlike, there is, too, something of the Lazzaroni about his nature. His language, moreover, resembles in character the "soft bastard Latin," as Byron calls it, of the modern Roman.

I was standing with some officers on the lawn near a window opening to the ground, when a tall Maori, in a blanket and Brutus crop, "thrust in," and made one of us without apology or remark. An officer asked the intruder, in military Maori, whether he admired the white ladies, and which of them most. He instantly pointed out the object of his preference, thereby showing that his own standard of taste did not greatly differ from that of many of the Pakeha gentlemen present; and he clenched the compliment by averring that he would give a "hickapenny" for her, which, measuring his regard by the price, was more liberal than might at first sight appear; for it was his *all*! His blanket, his Brutus, and sixpence in hard cash (tied up in a corner of the former) was "all the store" of this noble savage. And indeed I have rarely met a finer looking creature. Full six feet high, erect and well-proportioned, he had a handsome oval face, a clear skin, scarcely darker than that of the southern European, was neither tattooed nor bearded—for he seemed quite young; and his black hair, curling back from his high brow, fell round his ears and poll in the most picturesque style. His only ornament was a flower of scarlet geranium, stuck behind one ear.

The residence of our host for this night is a fair specimen of those of the English gentry in the vicinity of Auckland. The house is placed at the end of a wooded ravine falling towards the sea, a site usually chosen in this part of the island, for there is little timber except on the sides and bottoms of the gullies by which it is liberally intersected. The chief justice and the attorney-general have located themselves somewhat in the same manner. Gardens, useful and ornamental, surround the dwellings, and the soil shows a

capacity for growing the productions of a wonderfully wide range of climate. But the prettiest place and best garden I visited, were those of the Reverend Mr. Lawrie, Wesleyan Missionary. The luxuriant hedges, covered with the climbing rose and passiflora, the arched avenue of fruit-trees, and the perfectly snug seclusion of the dwelling, although well nigh in the midst of the town, are remarkable proofs of taste and skill—if not of self-denial.

This zealous divine had lately returned from a voyage to the Figi Islands, whence he had imported a large collection of native curiosities. These, during my stay at Auckland, were exposed for sale at a bazaar held in aid of the expenses for the erection of a chapel for the Aborigines;—clubs, spears, bows and arrows, fishing-nets, hooks and lines neatly constructed; necklaces of teeth or shells; ladies' full dresses of flax, sea-weed or feathers, remarkable for their simplicity and suitableness for "light marching order;" cannibal knives and forks, warranted to have been used at several feasts; and other goods "too numerous to mention." This is just the alluring but useless sort of gear with which every traveller encumbers himself, as a matter of course. He drags the accumulated hoard with infinite trouble, anxiety and expense round the world, and on arrival at home consigns it to dust and oblivion in some dark closet or lumber-room, where the treasures lie hidden till his notable wife persuades him that they are of no use, that there is no room for them, that they are a nuisance, that the children *will* play with the poisoned arrows; and the owner, actuated more by the desire to get rid of "the whole confounded thing" than by any feeling of public spirit, at length makes a virtue of necessity, and devotes them to their best end, by presenting them to a Museum. Deeply impressed and convinced by long experience of the causes and effects above noted, need I add that I carried away from the bazaar half a cart-load of these savage treasures? Among them, by-the-bye, is a sling, that most ancient weapon, made precisely on the pattern of those used by English school-boys. It is formed entirely of hemp, and there is attached to it a pouch of pebbles, some of them of agate, ground into an oval shape, pointed at both ends.

December 19th.—This day, a chief from the Taupo Lake, 200 miles hence inland, came into Auckland to see the

Governor. Te Hao-Hao is, I believe, the degenerate son, for he is a little fellow, of the gigantic chief of the Boiling Water tribes, described by Wakefield and Bidwill. This old man of the mountain—for he deserved this title if any man ever did—claimed his classic descent from Tongariro, the Mont Blanc of New Zealand, at whose feet he dwelt, and by a landslip of which, a slice of his ancestor, he was recently killed. The late Te Hao-Hao was brave in fight, unequalled in personal might, eloquent in council, generous in his gifts, and hospitable to all strangers.* But he had two forbidden matters, as rigorous as Bluebeard's *one*. He would permit no attempts to convert him to Christianity, nor any one to desecrate his forefather, monarch of mountains, by walking up his back. My friend, Mr. Bidwill, however, (and I will not say he did well in so doing,) excited by ambition and a botanical mania, stole a march upon the mountain as well as upon its human descendant, thereby breaking the "tapu" and scarcely escaping the dire vengeance of the old chief. The present chief has taken the embargo off his ancestor Tongariro, but continues as good a heathen as his father. He is a pitiful fellow with only a couple of wives, whereas the old "Boiling Water" * man had eight. The present tepid representative of the Hao-Hao came on board the *Inflexible* with three inferior attendants. None of these men had ever before left their own wild mountain home, and they seemed astounded at all the wonderful things they saw on board. Yet they appeared to attach no particular interest to any object except such as were applicable to warfare. The chief himself gauged the calibre of the huge 84lb. gun on the quarter deck, by thrusting into the muzzle his head and as much of his body as he could; and he took accurate measurement of the deck in length and breadth, by causing the longest of his slaves to prostrate himself, and thus using him as a six-foot rule. He looked over my shoulder as I was sketching Auckland from the seaward; and recognised the prominent features with great quickness and seeming pleasure.

December 20th.—Did my reader ever chance to be on board one of Her Majesty's steam-ships when the double operation of coaling and caulking was going on? If not, let me urge

* The country of hot springs.

him to seize the first opportunity of so doing, if only to reconcile him thereafter to all the changes and chances of this mortal life, however desperate. If only a passenger, like myself, he would have packed up his kitt, and gone straight ashore as I did.

During the remainder of my stay at Auckland I was, as before stated, kindly accommodated with quarters at the Government-house. The Home Gardens, or what in Calcutta would have been called the "compound," was filled with the encampments of native chiefs and their families on a visit to His Excellency from distant provinces, with other aboriginal loiterers; one could not go out of the doors without stumbling over them. Unlike most of the dark-skinned races, these people make no salutation to, nor indeed notice in any way a white stranger, of whatever rank, except by a dull and sometimes fierce stare, unless he first salute or address them. A formal introduction seems as necessary a preliminary to acquaintance as it would be in making that of the most porcupinish exclusive at Home. The Governor was good enough on this occasion to act as master of the ceremonies, presenting me to many very foul and famous chieftains, and their fair and fouler wives; nor must I forget that, among the softer sex, he recommended me to the good graces of a widowed daughter of old Te Whero-Whero. I was not aware of the pith of His Excellency's Maori speech to the lady on the subject of my unworthy self, until he informed me that she had signified her consent to accept me as her second husband. I declared an impediment, however, and thus escaped an union with an heiress of no earthly chattel that I know of, except a single blue calico smock, which appeared to have been as long in wear as Queen Isabella's of Spain during the siege of Grenada, whence the fashionable colour—Isabeau.

I had several pleasant rambles about the town and neighbourhood of Auckland. The sights that meet the eye of the stranger in the streets are both interesting and amusing. They cannot but continually urge upon him the reflection that no race like the Anglo-Saxon has the singular power of accommodating itself to the peculiarities of every climate, country, and people, and every phase of life and fortune; or rather perhaps, of forcing all these to accommodate themselves to its own strong, but quietly exerted will. Hardly a shop in the main street

but had its two or three aboriginal customers. Some were trucking their wheat, maize, mats, potatoes, and green vegetables against various articles of European manufacture, or paying for these in the shining new silver from the military chest. Others sat outside the doors, calmly awaiting their turn at the counter, or examining with pleased expression their newly bought property. Two of them I saw canvassing the respective qualities of negrohead, pigtail, and shag; a third trying the edge of a Yankee tomahawk; a fourth was in the act of consigning to the care and, what was worse, to the shoulders of his wife, a load which would have made a donkey groan with impatience, among the components of which I noted a hammer and several pounds of nails and as many of moist sugar, a huge bale of coarse calico, a scarlet blanket—article of supreme Maori dandyism—for his own private endorsement, and finally—what amply recompensed the faithful and, of course, furiously vain creature for a heavy burthen and a long journey home—a most gorgeous cotton handkerchief, coloured in the pattern of an union jack.

This people, however, do not appear to share the passion for gewgaws so common to savage races; and those traders who invested their capital in, and their windows with, such like trumpery, did so in blind ignorance of the tribes they had come among. Articles of practical utility are by them most in request; and but little observation sufficed to convince me that these simple children of nature were in no danger of being outwitted in barter by the keenest of the trans-counter folks, although very many of the visages of the latter were distinguished by the unmistakeable lineaments of that ancient people who, from Shylock downwards, have been considered as hard bargainers—D'Israeli's Hebrew-Caucasian type; or, as "Ingoldsby" quaintly expresses it,—

"The eyes and the noses
Peculiar to persons named Levi and Moses."

Nor were there, among the shopkeepers, fewer of another race, scarcely less difficult to outflank in a matter of business—a "canny" people, whose national physiognomy is almost as absolutely marked as that of the Israelite.

Some of the native figures sitting aloof near the beach were ferocious enough in aspect, and the glances they cast on

the passengers betokened no particular good-will; yet there was an appearance of perfectly good understanding between the races—buyers and sellers conducting their traffic quietly and courteously—the whites patiently tolerating the free and easy intrusion of their dirty and dilatory customers; and the Maoris, on the other hand, enduring the screwing and sometimes the rough jokes of the English with at least equal *sang froid*. There was little trace of the inimical feeling which had so lately and for so long a period brought into bloody collision the European and Aboriginal. The only disturbance I witnessed was somewhat ludicrous in its character, and the natives were noways mixed up in it except as astonished spectators. From the open portal of a pot-house—one of those corner allotments so desiderated by retailers of strong drinks—came flying a figure in the dress of a bricklayer, who fell flat on his back in the middle of the street, closely followed by a broad-backed and bow-legged little sailor, with whom he had evidently just had a round or two in the bar. Seizing his antagonist by the collar, Jack, in the purest spirit of England's pride—fair play, hoisted him to his feet; and, first shaking a bushel of brick and mortar out of him, roared "D—n ye, ye lubber, will ye strike—will ye strike?" "No, I tell you, no, I won't"—bellowed the other. "Then blow me but I'll make you," thundered the A.B. seaman—following up his threat by three or four "weaving" hits so rapidly thrown in that the man of masonry was again brought to the ground—before the sharpest witted of the lookers-on had time to explain that the poor landsman, in his eager reply to the summons to capitulate, had intended to convey his assurance that he would not again *strike* a foe by whom he was so evidently over-matched.

Turning a corner into a quarter of the town called Shortland's Crescent, I came suddenly upon a most favourable case of Ongi—the nose-rubbing salutation of the New Zealander. A couple of middle-aged men coming in one direction encountered a man and a woman from another. Instantly squatting they paired off, and, laying the front part of their noses together with a gentle pressure, each couple continued for some time in this singular attitude of contact, the two elders rubbing their hooked probosces with an occasional grunt of satisfaction, such as would have well become a fat hog scratching his flitch

against a post. The couple comprising both sexes contented themselves with a salute of shorter duration, their snouts male and female remaining "in close column" for about a minute of grave, motionless silence. If the Ongi be intended to represent, or supply the place of kissing, I must say it is very cool kissing—"respect with the chill off," no more! A Maori Hotspur might well be excused in crying, "this is no world to tilt with" noses, as he broke from the detaining arms of his wyeenee, and hurried to the battle-field. It is indeed a ludicrous and ungraceful kind of salaam, although I do not know that its performance at first sight excited more strongly my risible faculties than did the double-barrelled accolade of a brace of black-muzzled Frenchmen, on my first landing at Dieppe. The formal and formidable *chapeau bas* meeting of the Dutch peasantry is preferable to either, although life is almost too short for a ceremony so tedious.

The Maori, however, is gradually adopting the hand-shaking process of the Briton, which is perhaps the best of all friendly salutations—only objectionable in hot climates, and in acquaintances who prove their regard for you—if not "by thumps upon the back"—at least by crushing your five fingers into one pulp! But for a truly absurd and unaccountable practice of this people, commend me to the 'Tangi, or weeping ceremony, which is adopted indiscriminately on occasions of mourning, of parting, and of meeting after long absence. Squatting down, the performers proceed without loss of time or any difficulty to dissolve into a flood of tears. The lachrymal duct appears to be under perfect control, and the brine "laid on" for instant use. As for sighs, groans, and sobs, they are thrown in at discretion. A pleasant writer says that the Tangi can be done at convenient times so as not to interfere with business; or it may be intermitted, for the purpose of carousing, and taken up again at leisure. In short, Mrs. Malaprop's much libelled "Allegory on the banks of the Nile," never wept more artificially than the Maori at the Tangi. Yet with the full knowledge of the utter hollowness of this social rite, the sight of it more than once moved me exceedingly. One instance was at the meeting after long separation of a father and daughter on board the *Inflexible*, off Otaki, I think. The female was the wife of a chief, a passenger in the ship. She was unusually tall for a Maori woman, very hand-

some, with much of the peculiar beauty of the Gipsy. Soon after the ship had dropped anchor a canoe shot alongside, and a fine-looking native stepping upon the quarter-deck, gazed quietly yet anxiously around. In a moment he was joined by her he sought, who, falling at his feet and clinging with her arms round his right knee, dropped her face veiled with her long black hair towards the deck, whilst the father stood erect, with his hand upon her head. Her tears fell in showers upon his feet, and I could see the muscles of his dark tattooed cheek working as he strove hard for self-command. A friend who had been for some time in the colony laughingly pointed out this scene to me, as "a good case of tangi"—but my heart told me *this* was no simulation of feeling: it was the deeply joyful union of the two relatives most endeared to each other by nature and by the bonds of love and protection—a joy too great for words. I must confess to less success in disguising my sympathy with the scene than was attained by the stoical sire.

December 22d.—Therm. 79°. A pleasant ramble with Captain Grey to Mr. Robertson's rope-walk, and other lions of the neighbourhood. In Mechanic's Bay, where the ropery is situated, there stands a considerable native village, through which we passed. The huts presented a most wretched and squalid appearance. Some frightful old hags were busily employed in preparing food for the Maori lords of the creation, a knot of whom, rolled in blankets and mats, were sitting in solemn conclave on the beach among the canoes. It is to be hoped that the old women's flesh-pots inspired them for whose appetites they were intended with different sensations from those produced on myself. There was a mess of putrid maize, and a basket of dried shark's flesh, horribly odoriferous; while dozens of these huge fish split down the middle, and in every stage of decomposition, were hanging or lying in the sun along the road-side—polluting the fresh sea-breeze. The maize dish, a favourite one, is incomparably nasty. In order to the completion of this literal *pot pourri*, the green cobs of the plant are left to steep in cold water until corruption ensues, and this condition is a *sine quâ non* to the perfection of the preparation. As for the dried shark meat, whether the mode of *jerking* or curing it is faulty, and that, therefore, "what can't be cured must be endured" by the Maori consumer, or

whether stinking fish is deliberately preferred—I did not hear. There was a *batterie* of half-a-dozen ovens of heated stones, so precisely similar to those described by ancient circumnavigators as adapted to cannibal cookery, that I feared to ask what was their present contents. Alongside the very “plain cooks” above mentioned—one of whom had her enormous mouth more than full of fern-root—were spread several little mats and baskets of green rushes or flax, which were to act as dishes and plates. It is needless to add that fingers and teeth, with a gourd or two for drinking-cups, are the sole implements of the Maori canteen. There are other articles of food not so revolting—such as cockles, mussels, a small sprat or whitebait, with a variety of larger fish, eels and wild ducks, and pork on occasions of higher festivity. The Maori shares the taste of the Australian black for a large grub, extracted from decayed trees, which, grilled over a wood fire, is said to be not unlike nor inferior to marrow. Their vegetables are excellent; the potato—especially in the Wellington district—better than any in the Australian colonies, not even excepting Van Diemen’s Land; and the kumera, or sweet potato, is a most useful root, in the cultivation of which the natives take great care and pride. The native gardens near Auckland contain most of the common European vegetables, grown, however, for the English market rather than for home consumption.

Among the numerous small vessels ashore and afloat in Mechanic’s Bay, were four or five belonging to natives. One was crowding all sail into the bay with a freight of pigs and potatoes. The master of the little cutter or smack was an Aboriginal, and stood on his quarter-deck holding the tiller. The crew before the mast comprised one man, and this man was a Pakeha Maori—or white man blackwashed! He was, as I was informed, tattooed, married to a Maori woman, lived with, and was, in plain terms, the slave of his semi-savage employer. This degraded individual was probably a runaway convict—possibly a deserter from the army or a ship’s company—sole way of accounting for an Englishman living in contented bondage under a barbarian master. There are many Europeans in the interior native settlements living Maori fashion, who are not only tattooed, but wear mats and indulge in polygamy; and a few choice spirits who have

it is said, not stopped short of anthropophagy. Constant exposure to sun and weather and dirt, soon reduces the Anglo-Saxon complexion to the tint of the brown races of man—that

“Shadow’d livery of the burnish’d sun,”

which Bishop Heber (whose valued acquaintance I once possessed) so far admired as to remark, on his first sight of the natives of India, “that the bronzed skin is more agreeable to the eye than the white, and that all idea of indelicacy is removed by the colour.”

The desire of the more enterprising natives to become ship-owners is most ardent, and the number of coasting craft in their possession is said to be rapidly increasing. An interesting instance of honourable conduct and gratitude on the part of a Maori purchaser of a vessel was related to me by Mrs. Grey. The price demanded by the builder was 100*l*. The native paid down 80*l*.—all he could contrive to raise; but the builder would not permit the boat to proceed on her first trip, which the owner was most desirous to engage in, until the whole sum was forthcoming. The poor Maori, sore troubled in mind, unfolded his distresses to the *Mata Kawana*, who very kindly lent him the 20*l*. required for the completion of the purchase—with the agreement that it was to be repaid in three months. There was no bond—no note of hand exacted; it was purely a case of “honour bright” between the parties. The happy skipper took possession of his vessel after relating to his friends and neighbours the munificent act of the Governor’s lady; and the tribe, not to be outdone in generosity, collected among themselves in small sums the amount of the loan, and repaid it to the fair lender in golden sovereigns at the end of the first month, while the debtor was still on his cruise, trying to earn money enough to liquidate it at the expiration of the stipulated term. It is pleasant to hear of such traits in the character of a comparatively savage race. It is pleasant to reflect that such traits may be called into existence by the well-timed kindness of an English lady. Nor is it too much to say that, with a people like the New Zealanders, an incident of this nature, circulated as it is sure to be by the native love of news-mongering, will do more towards the subjugation and pacification of the country—more towards

the reconciliation of the Maori to the rule of their "Kuni Wikitoria," than all the men of war naval and military, all the "trumpets, guns, drums, blunderbusses, and thunder" of H.M.'s forces, however energetically exerted, all the cant and slip-slop of the super-sanctimonious, and all the laborious policy of diplomacy, however craftily concocted and applied!

I was much interested by the rope-factory of Mr. Robertson, and by the beautiful material itself—the New Zealand flax. The staple is brought to the premises by the natives in large baskets, an ordinary man's load fetching about 8s. 6d.—no bad earning for a Maori labourer. The flax is prepared from the raw leaf by the women, who separate from the green skin of the leaf the stringy fibres extending the whole length, by scraping it with a mussel-shell. In Europe the thread is obtained from the stalk; but the two plants are wholly different. Some of the specimens of fine flax, especially from the shrub in a state of cultivation, were extremely beautiful, resembling in colour and not far differing in texture from the raw produce of the silk-worm. This valuable object of vegetable nature is capable of being converted into a cable for a ship, or lace for a lady's veil—a halter for the gallows-bird, or blonde for the bride. I have a reticule made by an ingenious lady, in which the Tihori, or finest flax, worked in what is called the Kaitaka stitch, has all the soft lustre of floss silk. So tough is the substance, that, even when just cut from the root, one of the long flag-like leaves is commonly used as a strap, to fasten heavy loads on the shoulders of men or the backs of beasts; and in the construction of the strongest paks it serves to bind together the picquets of the stockade work. The Hera-keke, or *Phormium tenax*, grows spontaneously in most parts of New Zealand, and is found in all kinds of soil. I have seen it flourishing with equal luxuriance in the arid crater of an exhausted volcano, and in the black alluvium of a swamp—in the valley, on the hill-side, and on the mountain-top. When machinery shall have superseded the slow process of manual preparation, the New Zealand flax will probably become a very important article of colonial export.

On our retreat from the rope-walk through Mechanic's Bay, where we again came into unpleasant proximity with the weird cooks afore mentioned,—our sight was refreshed and our

good opinion of womankind re-established by meeting as we ascended the hill a remarkably pretty native girl, whom His Excellency stopped and addressed with his usual amenity. It was charming to see the blush of modesty tinge her nut-brown cheek, like the rosy sunset shining through a thunder cloud; and I was marking, with the analytic coolness of middle age, the singular visibility of this suffusion through a skin so dusky;—when a young man hurried over the crest of the hill, and strode hastily towards us. *His* face coloured also—but from very different emotions. It was evident that he imputed to us no good motive in thus making acquaintance with his wife or sister; and never was jealousy more fiercely manifested in any juvenile countenance—(in old ones it is common enough!)—than in that of the youth before us; when, suddenly recognising Captain Grey, his face as suddenly brightened up, and he frankly held out his hand to Te Kawana for a shake.

On the whole, the countenance of the natives when youthful and untattooed struck me as very winning; but the deep tortuous lines of the Moku add fierceness to features strongly marked, and give hardness and rigour to those muscles which are acted upon by the softer passions. There are, however, even in these islands, some fat, fussy, Gibbon-like faces, which this savage operation fails to invest with ferocity. Of such is the jolly good-humoured visage of our firmest friend and ally, Tomati Waka. The young girls have fine almond-shaped eyes, emitting a mixture of fire and languor, good hair and teeth, taper hands and feet, and a certain resemblance to the bulbous beauties and plants of the Cape of Good Hope, which renders their town dress of a single blanket or a simple calico round-about becoming or unbecoming, according to taste. Poor things!—some of them were terribly heavy laden, and were too toil-engaged, as they staggered past Government-house, to think of their personal appearance. I saw young tender girls with the family baggage, newly purchased goods or agricultural produce of their husbands or fathers, strapped on their backs—while the men, like all savage males, carried nothing, not even their arms, for the English law allows them to carry none in the settlements. If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the softer sex is “the sex that civilizes ours,” it is not less true that woman, in return, owes infinitely

more to civilization than man does. The angel, the idol, the goddess of London, Paris and Vienna, is the slave, the drudge, the beast of burthen of the red man, the negro, the Australian, and the Maori;—the mere toy of the Asiatic, imprisoned and denied even the possession of a soul. Travellers, residents, and writers in wild countries tell incredible stories of savage wooing by dint of stunning blows from the club, and of cracked skulls and broken bones as common incidents in married life. I rejoice to say that in all my travels, no such instances of marital remonstrance ever fell under my observation. I therefore firmly disbelieve in their occurrence. Yet, after all, who knows but that if wife-beating became the right thing; if some autocrat of fashion gave the sanction of his name and practice to this kind of domestic discipline—who knows that it might not become of general adoption even in the highest civilized communities! Human nature is human nature all the world over; and since truth to nature is more likely to exist in the untutored Aboriginal than in the conventionalized denizen of the Court—we arrive at the logical conclusion, that the will to vapulate wives exists in civilized countries, although law and custom forbid its indulgence! *

Auckland—*Christmas-day*.—Divine service at the little brick-built church of St. Paul's. The interior was prettily decorated, Christmas fashion, with the graceful fronds of the tree-fern, some of them eight and ten feet long entirely covering the windows. I perceived none of the Aborigines among the congregation, nor do I know whether they are encouraged or permitted to frequent the parish church, there being separate houses of prayer devoted to their spiritual teaching apart from the white population. I observed, however, several bushy heads and wild tattooed faces peeping at times through the windows during the service; and towards its close two or three stole into the body of the building, stared about them for a few minutes, and quietly withdrew. In my afternoon stroll I passed the door of the Maori chapel, a short way out

* From a published paper attributed to Governor Grey:—

"In the *Iriiringa*, or baptismal ceremony, the male child was baptized into the rites of Tu, the God of War. The priest said,—Let this child be strong to grasp the battle-axe—to grasp the spear. Strong in the strife—foremost in the charge—&c. Whilst over the girl, he said,—May she be industrious in cultivating the ground—in searching for shell-fish—in weaving garments—in weaving ornamental mats. May she be strong to carry burdens!"

of town, where a very attentive and crowded congregation were engaged in singing in excellent time and tune a well-known psalm in their own language. As a Chinese artizan, in working from a pattern, faithfully copies into a new garment all the holes and other defects observable in the old one, so the New Zealand Christian servilely imitates the English rural fashion of psalmody, enlisting the nose into the service as an important vocal organ—the national NG giving him a nasal superiority over his white instructors.

On the following day, which happened to be Sunday, as the Governor and myself were returning from a walk to the summit of Mount Eden, on turning one of the angles of the volcano we came suddenly upon a small hamlet, belonging probably to a party of natives employed permanently by Government in quarrying stone at the foot of the hill. I do not remember a more interesting and impressive scene than met our view as we looked down into the little valley below us. About eighty or a hundred Maoris of various age and sex were standing, sitting, or reclining among the low fern in front of their village, in such groups and attitudes as accident had suggested. In the midst, on a mound slightly elevated, stood a native teacher, deeply tattooed on the face but dressed in decent black clothes of European fashion, who, with a Bible in his hands, was expounding the Gospel in their own tongue. Taking off our hats we approached so as to become part of the congregation. No head turned towards us—no curious eyes or ears were attracted by the arrival of the strangers, (as so often occurs in more civilized congregations,) although the Governor was one of them. Their calm and grave looks were fixed full of attention upon the preacher, who, on his part, enforced his doctrine with a powerful and persuasive voice, and with a manner and gesture replete with energy and animation. The sermon was apparently extempore, but there was no poverty of words or dearth of matter. It was delivered with the utmost fluency, and with occasional rapid reference to and quotation from the Scriptures. The wild locale of this outdoor worship (in the lap, as it were, of a mountain torn to pieces by its own convulsions, and in the midst of heaped-up lava and scorix, with the fern and the flax waving in the gale) invested the scene with a peculiar solemnity. The rugged and sequestered position of the ceremony

carried one back some centuries in the history of the world ; —forcing one to rally his thoughts, in order to recollect that the assembly into which he had stumbled was not composed of some proscribed and persecuted sect, doomed to perform in secresy and in fear and trembling, under penalty of the torture and the stake, the rites of a forbidden creed. Near the spot where these “ Misionaries ” * were convened, we met a young Englishman, who proved to be the Overseer of the native quarry-men, and who informed us that he had conducted sixty of them to church in the morning.

The Maoris of the Northern Island appear to have received more readily than any other savage the gracious influences of the Gospel. It has been stated, that out of the supposed population of 100,000 souls, there are now 35,000 attendants on public worship, 15,000 public scholars, 300 native preachers, 2,850 communicants of the Church of England mission—Wesleyans and Roman Catholics of course not included. But giving this people every credit for unusual openness to religious conviction, utilitarian motives have undoubtedly been very powerful auxiliaries to their reception of the Christian faith : and, indeed, most of the missionaries have wisely laboured to instil into the fallow minds of their pupils an inclination and respect for the arts and habits of civilized life—simultaneously with the truths of revealed religion ; without which union of objects these zealous labourers for the good of others, as far as the temporal benefit of the natives is concerned, would have perhaps only shaken the salutary influence of the chiefs without substituting a better ; —for many of the native teachers are merely slaves, having no authority except in matters spiritual. The original Maori religion is of so vague a nature as to be easily replaced by one whose tenets are as simple as well defined ; and, once embraced, this people hold to the latter with admirable tenacity and with less pliability to mundane expediency than is sometimes practised by older believers. As a slight illustration of this position, I may state that I was permitted the perusal of a MS. Journal of an officer of rank in New Zealand, wherein he relates that his fellow-tourists and himself suffered extreme privation, not to say positive starvation, in halting for a day at a native Christian village, because no persuasion could

* Missionary Christian natives.

induce the chief, who was otherwise most civil and hospitable, to kill anything on the Sabbath for the food of the travelling Pakeha Rangitiras.

Even in the darkest days of Maori heathenism it was the custom of this people to engage in acts of solemn devotion before entering upon any important undertaking; and in preparing for battle earnest invocations for aid were offered by each party to some deceased chieftain, who, having fallen gloriously in the field, had been not only canonized but promoted to godhead. There are on record many interesting and edifying instances of regeneration on the part of the New Zealanders, some of them men of rank and influence. Mr. Angus, the clever artist and author of "New Zealand Illustrated," relates that Te Awaitaia, *alias* William Naylor, *Maōrice* Wiremu Nera, the principal chief of Wangaroa, formerly a terrible warrior, and the bosom friend of the still pagan Te Whero-Whero, is now a zealous Christian as well as ally of the British. The same writer instances also Horomona, or Solomon, as a singular and satisfactory case of proselytism. This chieftain, a preacher and teacher at the missionary station of Otawhao on the Waikato River, has been for some years an earnest Christian, and is now stone blind. "He was one of the most successful and sanguinary warriors of his day, and has confessed to have been eye-witness and actor for many years, quite from his boyhood, in some of the most fearful battles and massacres in the history of New Zealand; in one of which, when Hongi overcame the Waikatos under Te Whero with great slaughter, 2,000 of the dead were cooked and devoured to consummate and solemnize the victory. The bones of the slain still whiten the plains of Matuketuki." Here is, indeed, a brand snatched from the burning. In reference to the missionary station of Otawhao Mr. Angus relates, that when it was formed nine years ago, there was not a single native Christian in the vicinity; but, about five years back, a congregation of nearly 200 were gathered together there. "They built a chapel, which was blown down during a gale of wind. They then completed the present commodious place of worship, which will contain comfortably upwards of 1,000 natives. The ridge-pole, a single tree-stem, eighty-six feet in length, was dragged by the natives from the

woods, a distance of three miles; and all the other timber was likewise conveyed by them from a similar distance. The entire design originated with the natives, who formed this spacious building without rule or scale, and with no other tools than their adzes, a few chisels, and a couple of saws. After the erection of the framework, the season had so far advanced that, fearing they should not be able to complete it in time, the Otawhao people requested the assistance of 100 men of a neighbouring tribe, to whom they gave the whole sum that had been paid them by the Missionary Society, amounting in value to about 25%. They also killed 200 pigs, that their friends might live well during the time devoted to their assistance. The windows, which are of a Gothic shape, were fetched from Tauranga, on the coast, a distance of seventy-five miles, by fourteen men, who carried them on their backs over mountains and through forests without any pay whatever. The whole tribe, amounting to about six or seven hundred, are now nearly all Christianised."

Mr. E. Wakefield, in his "Adventure in New Zealand," mentions an old chief named Watanui as a good Christian, a just man, with an orderly and united family, and with slaves attached to him and treated with humanity and kindness. He or his son read prayers every day. And, what is almost more rare and wonderful, the whole household use soap and water! Tomihona, or Thomson, son of the old reprobate and cannibal Te Rauperaha, is also a living proof of the melioration of the Maori. He is considered a devout Christian, and I can myself vouch for his being an intelligent, civilized, and well-dressed young man.*

The absence of caste—an institution so powerfully hostile to conversion in Hindostan—is very favourable to missionary labours in this country. The Tapu, which either temporarily or permanently renders sacred an object animate or inanimate, is the nearest approach to the Hindoo religious exclusive-ism. As the Druids of old resisted to the last the conversion of the painted and skin-clad Britons, so the Tohungas or priests and sorcerers of New Zealand are *ex officio* averse to the introduction of a new faith,—well knowing that their power depends upon the adherence of their people to their ancient superstitions. Christianity and civilization are, moreover,

* This Maori gentleman is, I believe, now in England. Feb. 1852.

decidedly inimical to the authority of the chiefs. They have put an end to the continual state of warfare between tribes, when each, living in a posture of defence and in fear of its neighbour, naturally looked up to a great fighting chief as a species of demi-god, depending on his superior wisdom and valour for protection and guidance in time of trouble. It does not sound very complimentary to the middle ages of England to say that a strong resemblance exists between the social position and character of the real thorough-bred heathen chieftain—the Ariki of New Zealand, and those of the burly baron of feudal times. Yet the former has, in fact, rather the advantage in point of education,—for many can at least sign their names; whereas these iron-clad, iron-fisted, and iron-headed nobles despised all manner of clerk-craft from the bottom of their hauberks,—looking upon letters as the exclusive business of monks and shavelings.* The baptized Maori transfers his allegiance, wholly or in part, from the lord of his tribe to his spiritual master; and hence it is that many of the oldest, proudest, and most influential chiefs—even those who, like my venerable friends Taniwha and Te Whero-Whero, have been firm allies to the British Government—still obstinately adhere to their pristine paganism, and discourage as much as possible the conversion of their adherents.

One cannot doubt that the success of the Christian missions would have been incalculably greater had there been one uniform creed and priesthood. It is only wonderful, I think, that a shrewd and cautious people should have so readily adopted a new religion, the professors of which—at first ranked by them under the one generic term of Mihonari—they soon found to be subdivided into innumerable parties, Episcopalian, Pikopo,† Wesleyan, Baptist, Independent,—with Jews, dissenting from them all. The observant Maori cannot be blind to such open and wide schism, nor deaf to the virulence of sectarian animosity. He hears of heresy, of antichrist, of the beast! One zealous minister offers brazen crucifixes, images of saints and precious relics; another anathematizes graven images of all sorts and sizes; a third denounces both the former. Poor Jack Maori stands aghast,

* "Letter nor line know I never a one," boasts Sir William of Deloraine to his liege ladye.

† Pikopo, Roman Catholic, from Episcopus.

halting, as well he may, between two opinions, for he is sharp enough to perceive these anomalies in a religion professing universal love, the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace;—unfortunately, it is an undoubted fact, and certainly no original remark, that Christian zeal and Christian charity rarely go hand in hand; and that our religion, excellent as it may be, is no bond between men where the shadow of a difference of opinion exists.

The clambering walk to the top of Mount Eden, which ended in our encounter with the congregation of native Christians above described, was extremely enjoyable in a fine breezy evening. Mount Eden, or Maunga-Wao as it is named by the Aborigines, is about 500 feet above the level of the sea; its flanks and base are thickly covered with ruins of stockades, entrenchments, huts, potato-gardens, and ovens of stone—evidences of a numerous original population. The crater, which may be 150 feet deep, is full of verdure to the bottom, and the ubiquitous flax flourishes on the very summit. The view hence is worth the trouble of an afternoon stroll to any one with tolerable lungs. It was not quite a case of “bellows to mend” with myself—although I greatly prefer four legs to two in locomotion—for I was in pretty good walking condition; but I hereby recommend any gentleman tourist who happens to be short of wind or limb, to be cautious in engaging in pedestrian pursuits with Governor Grey, or, I may add, with his Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Eyre, in the Southern district: for each and every of them possess a power of stride and a will to exert it, which, in an uphill expedition, must very soon reduce a plethoric companion to the stale expedient of halting to admire the prospect.

The prospect from Mount Eden is as beautiful as a prospect in a purely volcanic country can be—Auckland, with its villas, and gardens, and cultivation,—(not quite such as lie in the lap of Vesuvius,) at your feet; the fine sheet of Waitemata harbour, with its numerous inlets, stretching half round the panorama; the island of Rangitoto, shaped so like Stromboli that one momentarily expects to see it burst forth in fire and smoke, right before you near the mouth of the harbour; and the Great Barrier Island just visible in the distant loom. Further eastward are the high bluffs of Coromandel Bay, and the estuary of the Thames; and behind the spectator are

spread the lake-like waters of the Manakao. All this forms a spectacle that cannot fail to charm, and that, in spite of the rugged calcined aspect of the country. In looking forward into Auckland's future, it is pleasant to know that—barren as a tract of scoria and pumice may seem in a newly occupied and therefore little cultivated country—the vine, the olive, and a host of delicate and valuable vegetable productions rejoice in a volcanic soil, thriving not only on the plains around, but half way up some of the burning mountains of Europe. Thus the stockaded stronghold of Mount Eden, and a score of similar hills visible from its top, with their legendary associations of strife, and massacre, and cannibal feasts may become smiling vineyards, and the symbol of peace itself may take root and flourish on their war-worn flanks.

One day, with a riding party, we struck off the beaten road to visit an ancient burial-place of the Aborigines. I am not sure that the Governor, who is properly observant of the rites and superstitions of the natives, would have approved of our intrusion on the *tapued* resting-place of departed chieftains, nor is it certain that we should have escaped scot-free had a party of short-tempered Maoris witnessed the sacrilege. As it was, we dismounted at the entrance of a kind of cavern, shaded by stunted old trees, and without ceremony entered the sepulchre—where, in a series of natural niches in the rock, were piled a mass of human bones, the skulls being placed at the top. Among these latter were a few bearing indelible proofs of the owners having finished their earthly career in some skirmish where weightier weapons than sprigs of black-thorn had been wielded, and where the “knocking-down” had not been practised for “love.” A gentleman residing not far from this Golgotha has upon his chimney-piece a skull on which more bumps had been raised than were ever dreamt of by Spurzheim's philosophy. The cranium had been split so as entirely to alter the form of one side, and to leave a dent in which one's hand might have been laid; yet this desperate wound had evidently healed completely; and the original owner had perhaps lived many years afterwards—lived doubtless to take bloody “utu” for his cracked crown, and to dine upon the dealer of the blow. The stroke appeared to have been inflicted with the stone Meri, or club.

On another occasion I joined an expedition by water,

having for its object a visit to a forest of the Kauri pine, the pride of the New Zealand Sylva. This tree does not grow in the immediate vicinity of Auckland, nor does it at the present day, whatever it may have formerly done, flourish further south than the Wanganui River. It is the most majestic of the pine family, not excepting the *Araucaria Excelsa*, or Norfolk Island Pine. On a fine sultry morning, 72° in the shade, the harbour-master's barge took us on board, and after a mixed sailing and rowing passage of some 10 miles up the Waitemata harbour, entered Ranger's creek, a narrow arm of the same, whose banks were covered with fine trees, among which the Pohutakawa, with its huge twisted branches, and splendid tufts of scarlet flowers, dropped both boughs and blossoms into the salt stream at its foot. This tree, the red flower apart, reminded me more of the British oak than any other I had seen in the Australasian colonies; it has some of its qualities too, being very hard and durable, and much used in ship-building. At the furthest extremity of the creek we found Mr. —'s timber dépôt and cottage, which, nestled in the heart of the New Zealand bush, is not inaptly designated "The Retreat"—just the place whence any one a degree more sociable than Alexander Selkirk would have retreated without beat of drum.

Mr. or rather Captain —, (for so he is commonly styled,) showed us one kauri, just felled, about 6 feet in diameter with 50 feet of perfectly straight wood. There was another grand stick 9 feet in diameter, a slice of which would have made a round table of 27 feet, at which King Arthur and his knights might have conveniently caroused without stint of elbow-room. It was still standing in all its glory; but the fatal "blaze" on its trunk, and an ominous looking "scaffold pit" at its foot, prefigured its destruction. This tree seemed to have about 50 feet of bole, little diminishing in size, before the branches divaricated, and was calculated to contain about 8 or 9,000 feet of solid timber. It was not a particularly fine stem, however, for some have 100 feet of straight wood, with a head towering high above the surrounding forest. The Kauri (*Dammera Australis*) is coniferous, resinous, and has an elongated box-like leaf. It grows commonly on poor clayey soil. The timber is particularly good for deck-planking and scantling, as well as for topmasts and yards of large ships.

On one knoll in the forest, which the thickness and ropiness of the creeping plants rendered very difficult of approach, we found a group of thirteen fine young Kauris varying in girth from that of a quarter cask to a hogshead, all apparently well known to the Captain. He seemed to contemplate this promising family, as the Grand Turk or the Great Mogul might be supposed to view a group of handsome Circassian "girleens," as yet too young for the Harem or Zenana—lauding their tall and taper stems, and caressing with professional kindness their smooth rind. Wherever the axe had wounded any of these trees the Kauri gum was oozing out in vast quantities, and the ground was thickly strewn with its hardened droppings. There are now, I am told, very few pines large enough and near enough to the settlements to invite destruction. The finest known tree of this species—known by the natives as the "Father of the Kauri," is said to be growing and in good health near Mercury Bay, and to measure no less than 75 feet in circumference at the base.

Somewhat further up the Waitemata—after having quitted the Retreat—we landed upon a small island, on which, among the surrounding wilderness, we had observed a picturesque cottage and some land under culture. The former we found locked up and deserted, although evidently furnished, and a really beautiful and extensive garden, full of European flowers, fruits, and vegetables, running in rank luxuriance to waste. Woman's hand was apparent in the training of the roses and clematis on the latticed verandah, and in other trifling embellishments. The annals of this now lonely spot might have told of shortlived happiness, of competence rashly squandered, of ruin and desolation where once were joy and peace—a gradation too common in colonial life; and our party were all expending a vast deal of sentimental conjecture upon the subject before us—for there were fair and gentle ladies of the number—when one of the boatmen growled out that the owners had "cut away for a spell to Sydney or somewheres" upon business or pleasure—thus leaving their home and its contents to the tender mercies of the homeless Maori, well knowing that, with scarcely an exception, this people would respect the closed doors of an absent Pakeha. In our sail back to Auckland we passed at anchor, refitting, the Missionary brig *John Wesley*, a beautiful vessel in every point,

and, as I was told, splendidly fitted up within—a yacht, in short, worthy of the most sea-worthy of the Cowes-frequenting peers. The gilded beading along her bends and the glittering mouldings of her stern, together with the accounts of her interior luxuries, contrasted unpleasantly, in my mind, with her name and duties.

This evening, after dinner, the Governor entertained a select party of Aborigines with an exhibition of the magic lantern. His swarthy guests squatted on the floor in solemn silence, and maintained perfect gravity and decorum during the more ordinary passages of the spectacle—only testifying their admiration by an interjectional grunt, or their recognition of the object represented by pronouncing its name—"Teema," steamer—"Hoia," soldier, &c. But when, in the character of showman, I manœuvred the double slides, under the operation of which a plum-pudding was seen to blow up just as the clown was sticking his fork in it; or the huge eyes were made to roll in the head of a monstrous ogre, their childish glee broke forth unrestrained, and it became impossible to prevent some of them from violating the old nursery commandment, "Look with your eyes and not with your fingers;" for three or four great bushy heads were soon shadowed forth on the magic tablet, and a dozen great black hands rushed to manipulate its surface. Like Quixote's showman, I began to fear for my puppets; but all passed off quietly! As for me I made the utmost possible allowances for their excitement; for, next to Punch, the magic lantern ranks, in my memory of by-gone enjoyments, as the most attractive of minor spectacles.

Not less amusing than the evening pastime I have just noticed was the presentation by the Governor of a horse to Te Hao Hao, the Taupo Chief. On the steed being brought to the door this provincial laird was so overjoyed at his acquisition—although of a surety the animal was no beauty!—that he scrambled without delay or ceremony upon its bare back, mounting on the wrong side (if there can be a wrong side to a gift horse!) and disappearing as quickly over the other. He had probably never before seen a horse, so there was more reason to wonder at his spirit than at his lack of equitation. Like many others I know in more civilized countries, he was a "bold bad (horse) man."

January 1st, 1848, Auckland, therm. 70° in the shade.—I have now been more than three weeks under the influence of the “wet, rough, and tempestuous climate” of New Zealand; and during that period have seen neither cloud, rain, mizzle, or even mist; plenty of wind and dust, however,—dust that would not shame Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide—dust in every degree of granulation, from pellets the size of a pea to that subtle powder that is blown through the fibres of your innermost raiment. Warm and cool weather there has been; but he must be in want of a grumble who could call it either disagreeably hot or cold.

The new year was opened this morning by the grand ceremony of the publication of the new charter for the government of the colony, followed by the inauguration of the present Governor-in-Chief. There was in the gardens of the viceregal palace a large assemblage of Her Majesty’s white, brown, and whity-brown subjects, in red jackets and blue jackets, black coats, brown coats, and petty-coats, silks and satins, mats and blankets, shark’s oil and *marchâle*—a motley crowd. In front of the house was drawn up the Grenadier “Guard of Honour,” of the 58th Regiment, stiff and motionless—a scarlet wall coped with black. With the towering bear-skin cap these strapping fellows made even the tallest Maoris look diminutive. Around the guard, and in strong contrast of posture—stood, squatted and lounged in *lazzaroni* attitudes on the soft turf, a host of brawny savages with their wives and children, staring in mute surprise at the, to them, unmeaning ceremony of swearing in the Governor and his officers. The two objects which seemed most to attract the notice of *Te Hao Hao* and other natives from the interior, were the big drum of the band and the big wigs, crisp with curled horse-hair, of the Crown Law-officers. The latter, I was told, were the theme of lively discussion and dispute. They had no such opportunity of bringing the matter to the test as fell to the well-known red Indian chief, in the charming tale of the *Prairie Bird*,—who, having captured on the war-path a French valet and twisted his left hand in the hair of his victim, was brandishing the *scalpel* for the circular cut, when his prisoner, making a desperate plunge for his life, left his *peruke* between the fingers of the astonished *Potawotami*, (or whatever sept of two-legged tigers he

belonged to,) and effected his escape while the savage still meditated on the miracle.

The inauguration was followed by a parade of some 700 native Christians divided into companies under constituted leaders, each company wearing a distinct uniform of coloured calico, with caps of green flax-leaf or other simple invention. In passing down the ranks it was painful to see how many of these poor people were suffering under scrofulous affections,—a taint for which they may thank their early communication with white nations. At the request of some of the European spectators, a grand war-dance succeeded, in which nearly all the male natives present and a few of the females took part. I was told, however, by some of the military officers, who had seen it enacted under all the fierce zest of a preparative for deeds of blood, that this was a very tame representation of the national dance. The peace-establishment war-dance was quite horrible enough for my taste. The grimaces were hideous beyond all conception—eyes upturned till nothing but the whites were visible, tongues protruded past all probable power of recal, diabolical grins, savage frowns, bitter smiles, hisses, groans, shudderings audible as well as visible, fearful distortions and quiverings of body and limb; the whole accompanied by a recitative chant, and ending with a terrific and universal roar (like 10,000 bears among the bee-hives), a stamp that shook the ground, a grand leap into the air, and a final relapse into quietude! The scene impressed me so disagreeably, that after gazing for a few minutes upon the fiendish faces of the performers, I strolled round their flank to take a look at the women and children who were stationed behind; and, having satisfied my curiosity, and had two or three wives offered me, I was returning close along the rear of the four-deep line of bounding and yelling demons, when, at some secret signal, the whole troop performed the evolution of “right about turn” so suddenly and with so stunning a shout, as nearly to tumble me backwards over a group of whyenees and piccaninnies, who were sprawling on the turf and who appeared highly amused at my momentary rufflement of nerves. The most agreeable feature in this dance is the wonderfully correct measure in the eyes, limbs, and voices, without the assistance of fogleman, in so numerous a body. In other respects this Maori national

dance is a degree more barbarous than the jig and the strathspey.

An acquaintance of mine, who has travelled much throughout these islands, saw a war-dance at Roturua, performed by 350 natives, nearly all having fire-arms, who were about to avenge the death of two native teachers. The hollow earth of that country of hot springs and smothered volcanic fires resounded with their furious stampede. The war-dance and song is the Maori pibroch—stimulating to a sufficient degree of ferocity for bloody deeds a people who, when unexcited, have a good deal of what Lamb calls “animal tranquillity.” The venerable Te Whero-Whero delivered himself of a mild but grave rebuke on its being introduced, in mockery, on this occasion; “such things are finished now, let them be forgotten,” said the noble old leader of 10,000 Waikato warriors.

Our war-dance broke up with a flourish of hakis* in the air; and all the distorted countenances relaxed without effort into broad good humour,—for the next, and, (as far as the natives were concerned,) the closing act in celebration of the New Year, was a feast of bread and jam to the whole party assembled, perhaps 1,000 Maoris. There is nothing to be said about it, except that a few shillings or pounds more would have been well laid out in the business; for, as it was, the slices of bread looked as if they had been first jammed and then well scraped, so slight was the fruity discoloration of the staff of life. Fortunately the guests had never heard of Do-the-boys Hall!

If the Maoris of the better order are beginning to be ashamed of their barbarous dances, it may well be supposed that cannibalism is at present a delicate subject of conversation with a native any way ameliorated. They are indeed heartily ashamed of the practice, although they confess its existence. I believe that deliberate slaughter, with intent to eat, was never common in New Zealand, although I have heard that interchanges of baskets of choice joints of human flesh have been frequently made (like turkeys and game at Christmas at home,) between some of the ancient chiefs, to whom I had the honour of being presented at the Government-house. As for one's enemy in battle—when a man has

killed him, he may as well eat him—thinks the Maori warrior. Some English sage asserts that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. The Maori thinks that you can hardly make a better use of him than to eat him. If the savage fail to fulfil the most difficult perhaps of all Christian precepts, “love your enemies,” during their lifetime,—at least he likes them, he relishes them, he makes much of them, he is fond of them, in short—after death and proper cookery! There is no need for a commissariat when the soldier depends upon his firelock and sabre for his food;—no need of exhortations to gallant deeds when he wins by them at once a battle, renown, revenge, and his rations! Horrible and incredible are the tales of cannibal voracity and excess in the history, written and legendary, of these islands. Far be it from me to enter upon them. A missionary Clergyman, now living, once saw forty ovens filled with human flesh, in full operation. My acquaintance and subsequent fellow-passenger, Taraiia with the yellow tusks, is said to have killed as many wives as Bluebeard or Henry “of ours;”—*il fit plus*—he ate them! I felt squeamish, I confess, about shaking hands with this gentleman when introduced, but I exchanged manual greeting, doubtless, with many other equally distinguished Anthropophagists.

A good story appeared lately in an Australian newspaper. It is too long for admission, but the gist lies as follows:—

A zealous missionary, discovering that one of his proselytes possessed two wives, which was contrary to Christian *bonos mores*, the good pastor recommended the chief, whose conscience also stung him upon the subject, to retain her whom he loved best, and to put away the other, taking care to provide for her properly. The Maori promised obedience, although it went sore against his heart. Not long afterwards he visited the missionary, and declared himself quite happy in mind, for he had only one wife now. “You have done well, my friend,” said the worthy minister: “And the other—how have you provided for her?” “Me eat her!” replied the other, with a chuckle of self-approbation. This was certainly one way to “put away” a surplus wife!

Although gradually dying away in New Zealand, if not entirely obsolete, this horrible custom is still actively and openly carried on in some of the more northern islands of the

Pacific. So completely is it a matter of course in the island of Tanna, that in 1849, the two chief articles in the meat market being swine's flesh and human flesh, the only distinctive names by which they were known were "long pig" and "short pig"—the former being given to the man, I suppose, on account of his stupid habit of walking on his hind legs only. It is agreeable to know that white man's flesh is, according to cannibal epicurism, considered salt and bitter; yet in cases of short commons it is to be feared that the "*dura illia Muorum*" have accommodated themselves to this diet! In some of the South Sea islands white meat is preferred, and whole crews of sandal-wood-seeking vessels have been devoured. My naval brother relates, in his work published in 1848, that in Borneo, some tribes, in punishment of crime, condemn the criminal to be killed and eaten.*

Are you quite sure, reader, that Tomati Waka, or other patriotic Maori, might not challenge us to prove that cannibalism was not practised by the British up to a late period in the dark ages—long after the Romans had condescended to conquer and civilize *us*, as *we* are now doing for the Maoris? Are you quite sure that human flesh did not form one of the standing dishes of King Arthur's Round Table? If they did not eat men—what meat did they eat? It is clear—and this, I think, is rather an original observation—it is clear that although there were sheep, and oxen, and calves, and deer in Britain at that time—neither beef, mutton, veal, nor venison could have existed at any date long anterior to the Norman conquest—for these are all French words! †

* "Borneo and Celebes," by Captain G. R. Mundy, R.N. Murray.

† The Rev. T. Buddle, in a lecture delivered at the Auckland Mechanics' Institute, gave a specimen of Maori imprecations, as uttered in the form of poetry, by the Chief Topocora, against his enemies.

The following is an extract from it:—"Oh, my daughter, are you screaming for your food? Here it is for you—the flesh of Hekemanu and Weratu. Though I am surfeited with the soft brains of Putu, and Rikiriki, and Raukauri; yet such is my hatred that I will fill myself fuller with those of Pau, of Ngaraunga, of Pipi, and with my most dainty morsel, the flesh of the hated Te Ao. I will shake with greedy teeth the bodies of Huhikahu and Uehaka. My throat gapes eagerly for the brains not yet taken from the skull of Potukeka. Fill up my distended stomach with the flesh of Tiawha and Tutonga! Is the head of Ruakerepo indeed considered sacred? Why, I will have it for a vessel to boil Kaeros in at Kawau!"

CHAPTER XII.

VOYAGE TO THE BAY OF ISLANDS—WAHAPU—KORORARIKA—CAUSES OF ILL-BLOOD—TROOPS APPLIED FOR—HEKI—HIS FIRST OUTBREAK—CONFERENCE OF WAIMATE—TRUCE BROKEN—PANORAMA OF THE BAY OF ISLANDS—KORORARIKA SURPRISED, SACKED, AND BURNT—EXPEDITION AGAINST OKAE HAU—STRENGTH OF THE PAH—A SORTIE—SKIRMISH—LOSS—RETREAT—CAUSES OF FAILURE—HEKI REASONS ON PAPER—IS WOUNDED—EXPEDITION AGAINST OHAIOWAI—BOMBARDMENT—SORTIE, ASSAULT, AND REPULSE—LOSS—PAH EVACUATED AND DESTROYED.

January 3d. AUCKLAND.—H.M. ship *Inflexible* weighed and made sail at 6 P.M. for the Bay of Islands and for Wellington, with a prospect of a lengthened voyage round the Middle and Southern Islands—passengers, His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and Mrs. Grey, Major-General Pitt, their suites, the native chiefs Te Whero-Whero, Te Rauperaha, Taniwha, Taraia, Charlie, their wives (old Rauperaha had two) and *their* suite: there were also on board an officer and seventy-five men bound to “the Bay,” the whole, with myself, forming a tolerably large party—*intolerably* large to nineteen out of twenty captains of men-of-war, whose love for “idlers” as passengers is too well known to need remark. How many out of twenty would have relished having the quarter-deck humpered day and night with a host of filthy savages and their families? Our captain was the soul of good-humour and hospitality;—may his shadow never be less! unless he particularly desires its diminution.

We left Auckland, as I have said, at 6 P.M. one evening, and the next morning arose and found ourselves safely anchored abreast of the military station of Wahapu, in the Bay of Islands. Oh! the blessing of steam as a travelling agent! A few weeks later it fell to my waning star to perform the same trip in a sailing vessel, when four mortal days of rough work were spent in compassing what Her Majesty’s steam-sloop performed with perfect ease and comfort during the few hours passed in a good dinner and a sound night’s repose.

The Bay of Islands is a splendid frith, running eight or ten miles into the heart of the country. There is excellent anchorage within the Bay, especially in the well-known cove of Kororarika, or Russell. Wahapu appeared to me the most attractive point in its wide circuit, except perhaps the missionary station of Pahia, which exactly confronts its military neighbour on the opposite side of the Bay. As a post whether for attack or defence, nothing could be worse than Wahapu; the cantonment, barrack-yard and magazines being situated on a flat a few feet above high water-mark, and its rear and flanks pressed upon and commanded within pistol-shot by a crescent of steep hills. It is a perfect soldier-trap, in short. Falling into an ambush is bad enough, but habitually residing in one is past all joke. The officers are quartered in neat cottages along the beach, and might readily be picked off down their own chimneys by an enterprising enemy, from the high cliffs against which their backs are resting. With all its defects the Bay of Islands is a favourite quarter with all ranks of the soldiery. There is "very good boating," whatever that may mean; some shooting up the creeks, and excellent fishing. The soldiers were pulling out the small fry by scores within the barrack bounds, and their wives and children were carrying them off "all alive oh!" to the pot not a dozen yards distant from their native element. The climate here is delightful, milder and less boisterous, it is said, than any other part of New Zealand.

When the military denizens of Wahapu, tired of rustic sports, sigh for the pleasures of "the flaunting town," Kororarika opens her arms to them; and an adjutant-general had to rub his eyes and look twice, before he could "realize" that the wild-looking figure, straw-hatted, moustached, and wearing, in lieu of the now cashiered surtout, a blue serge shirt with a belt confining it at the waist, (a truly sensible dress by the way,) was in truth a real live subaltern of foot, lounging up and down the single street of this baby-house Portsmouth, and liable to martial law.

I have mentioned that my trip to New Zealand was mainly occasioned by a desire to visit its several military posts and the spots rendered locally, if not generally, classical by the struggles between the rebellious, or patriotic, natives on the one part, and the British troops assisted by the loyal, or-

recreant, Maoris—as the case may be—on the other ; and to make notes thereof which might be useful at the head quarters of the Australasian Command in case of further warfare. Circumstances prevented my tour being so extended as I had previously chalked out ; but they favoured me singularly in one respect, namely, that the movements of the *Inflexible*, so long as I was her passenger, corresponded chronologically and topographically, as it were, with the chief events of the late war, so that my personal journal and the brief and purposely informal outline of military operations, which I have thrown together from my more complete memoranda, march side by side, and form a concurrent narrative.

It was at this spot that the long, expensive, obstinately sustained, and, by this wild people, cleverly conducted war may be said, to have commenced. The settlement of Kororarika, or Russell, had been founded many years before the British Government determined to assume the legislative dominion of New Zealand ; and the white population, or a great proportion of it, was, as stated by competent authority, “the very skum of the Australian colonies”—a character by no means flattering, reference being had to the sort of “devil’s broth” from which, forty years ago, this skimming had taken place. The Maori appreciation of European society was, however, at that time not very discriminating, and, already awake to the advantages of trade, they tolerated the English residents and visitors through whose agency they received European articles in exchange for the native exports of timber, flax, whale-oil, &c. The storekeepers and taverns of Russell drove also a considerable and lucrative traffic with whaling ships of all nations which put into this snug little cove to refresh and refit. Considering therefore its immense distance from the Mother country and its isolated and defenceless position, it had become a place of some importance, and the Bay of Islands was well known to all the rovers of the South Seas.

The imposition of customs, or harbour charges, by the local government drove the whalers and other marine customers from Kororarika to the purely native and untaxed harbours ; and the introduction of law and order, as a consequence of Government interference, was equally unpopular with the primitive and unshackled Maori and the unprincipled and

perhaps outlawed white man; the latter of whom did not hesitate to excite the former to resist the new, and to him far from improved state of things. Foreigners of more than one nation, jealous of England's footing on these fine islands, as well as unpropitious to a regular form of Government and the exaction of port duties, are known to have secretly stirred up the jealous and excitable natives by their misrepresentations; and rumour has not spared the Jesuit mission the imputation of having undermined the progress of English rule in the mole-like *modus operandi* which has been ascribed to that religious body. Indeed a high public officer makes a distinct accusation to that effect. The causes of ill-blood between the races must have been of gradual growth and of various kinds. Governor Hobson enumerates among them the mania for land-jobbing which pervaded every class, and had extended to the natives. In 1840 he truly prophesied that when the conflicting claims should be "brought under the consideration of the Commissioners appointed to investigate them, they would create a violent ferment through every class of society both native and European. He knew perfectly well that the former would resist the execution of all awards that might be unfavourable to them; and that it would require a strong executive, supported by a military force, to carry such decisions into effect." The avidity for the possession of land on the part of the whites, the low price at which they obtained it from the native, and the high price for which it was sold soon after to other speculators, betrayed to the Maori the true value of the most precious commodity he had at his disposal. He repudiated past bargains or exacted additional remuneration. In vain the white purchaser displayed the parchment deed of sale, duly engrossed at Sydney and executed by both parties;—for one may reasonably doubt whether a legal instrument like the following would convey any very distinct idea to a heathen Maori—especially if it was convenient for him not to understand its provisions. For instance:—

"**This Indenture** made the——of——in the year of our Lord 184 between Hoky Poky Bloody Jack and other chiefs on the part of the Wai-wot-a-row tribe and Cimon Sharkey of Bloomsbury on the other part—&c. . . . And

whereas the said Hoky Poky and Bloody Jack &c. have agreed with the said Cimon Sharkey for the absolute sale to him of the piece or parcel of land and hereditaments herein after described being &c.—&c. . . . at or for the price of six tomahawks two pounds of gunpowder one dozen of blankets one iron pot twenty-four Jews'-harps and a gimblet **Now** this Indenture witnesseth that in pursuance of such agreement and in consideration of the said six tomahawks &c. by the said C. S. to said H. P. and B. J. in hand well and truly paid &c. they the said H. P. and B. J. have granted bargained sold and released and by these presents do grant bargain sell and release unto C. S. his heirs and assigns all that parcel or parcels of land situate &c.—running fourteen miles back from the river frontage together with all the woods ways paths passages timber water-courses mines metals profits appendages and appurtenances and all and singular other the premises &c. . . . And the same may be held and enjoyed by the said Cimon Sharkey his heirs and assigns without any let suit molestation eviction ejection interruption or denial whatever by the said Hoky Poky &c. according to the true intent and meaning of these presents"—(which *intent* and *meaning* we should like to know how my friend Hoky Poky would ever arrive at!)—this precious instrument concluding perhaps with the following lucid explication—"always provided anything hereinbefore contained to the contrary notwithstanding!"——

Governor Fitz Roy writes, that in nearly all the affrays "the white man appears to have been the aggressor, not always unintentionally. Ignorance of language, customs, boundaries, or tapu marks, has not caused so many quarrels as insult, deceit, or intoxication. Thus while the missionary was endeavouring to christianise—and was eminently successful for a time—his numerous opponents were diffusing their vicious influence, and demoralizing the followers of their depraved examples."

It was on account of the growing ill-will between the English and the natives, that the first Governor applied for a military force to be stationed in New Zealand. In consequence of this requisition the Governor of New South Wales was directed to send a force from Sydney; and accordingly

a party of the 80th Regt., consisting of 3 officers and 84 men, with a commissariat officer and an ordnance store-keeper, were despatched from Sydney to the Bay of Islands, and reached that place—then the seat of government—early in April 1840. The detachment of the 80th had not long to wait for employment; for in less than two months after their arrival, a party was sent to quell a disturbance between some American seamen and the inhabitants of a native pah belonging to an influential chief. It was a drunken night-brawl, and no one was hurt on either side except a tipsy sailor and one native. Yet this first and trifling shock between the native and the English soldier was certainly not forgotten by the former.

An apt instrument in the hands of the enemies of order and the British Government, was found in the now famous Heke. This turbulent warrior, not a chief by descent, and, perhaps fortunately for the fate of the British settlements, never either liked or much respected by the majority of the real chieftains, lived as a boy in the capacity of servant at the Church of England missionary station at Pahia. Accompanying, as I have heard, the worthy Mr. Marsden to New South Wales, and residing in his service at Paramatta, he was continually found absent from his duties and was as constantly discovered in the Barrack-yard, looking on at the drill. His missionary education so far profited him that he had read as well as “heard of battles,” and had longed, like the less ambitious Norval, not only “to follow to the field some warlike lord”—but to be himself that lord. The exterminator Hongi—Christian like himself by very loose profession—gave him his first lessons in war and his daughter in marriage. At length his longings took the peculiar form of cutting down the British flag-staff, which designing persons had taught him to regard as the symbol of Maori subjugation and slavery. This desire seems to have amounted to a kind of monomania. Wound up for mischief Honi Heke commenced operations by sundry depredations on the white settlers—carrying off horses, cattle, boats, &c.; and in July 1844, on a trivial plea of having been insulted by a native woman married to an Englishman of Kororarika, he made his appearance at that settlement with an armed party of wild young men, who remained there for two days bullying

and plundering the men, and brutally insulting the women. These unworthy *élèves* of the missionaries, "after performing prayers with arms in their hands," proceeded in a body to the signal-hill, and cut down the flag-staff with great ceremony. The police magistrate on this occasion dissuaded the male inhabitants from armed resistance of this savage inroad, although there were, *it is said*, a hundred men ready and willing to turn out under his orders. It was evidently Heki's main object to excite the whites to hostilities, as a pretext for the commission of every horror whereof the man-brute is capable. Yet it is difficult to believe that an English magistrate, with a hundred armed Englishmen at his back, would have counselled tame submission to a couple of hundred Maoris; or that, if such counsel had been given, a hundred Englishmen would have been found to follow it, and in so doing to see their wives and daughters insulted, and their property despoiled by the barbarians!

This first crusade against the standard of England by Heki was, in fact, a deliberate declaration of war; for it was undertaken by previous and open arrangement, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the Missionaries, the Protector of Aborigines, and the Police Magistrate. "Is Te Rauperaha to have all the honour of killing the Pakehas?" exclaimed the pseudo-Christian chief, adverting to the massacre of the Wairau which occurred some ten months before,—a tolerably plain avowal of his intentions, and furnishing a motive for the evidently premeditated insults inflicted on these miraculously placid settlers of Kororarika; for, placid to a quakerish extent they must have been as a body, however individually intrepid. to have "turned the other cheek," not only on this comparatively trivial occasion, but on that of the subsequent destruction of the place, which I shall presently have to describe.

The unlucky flag-staff of Russell, on which the Government chose to hoist the red cross of England, was situated on the top of a high and rugged hill, surrounded by tangled ravines, half a mile from the town; and was, in fact, so placed as a signal-mast for telegraphing shipping outside the bay. The proper place for the standard would have been within the town stockade; and, surely, on the first occupation of a country where our welcome was so doubtful and partial obstruction

absolutely certain, no settlement ought to have been made or left without such a place of refuge for the inhabitants in case of need, and where a few sturdy soldiers might have defied any Maori attempt. But the fable of "the flag-staff" was like that of the "wolf and the lamb;" and Heki, in the character of the former ravenous animal, would have found other bone of contention to pick, if flag-staff there had been none.

At the time of the first fall of the flag at Kororarika, (which, as I have said, might be considered, and was, indeed, regarded by the Government and the settlers as a most significant declaration of hostility on the part of Honi Heki's faction,) the military force at Auckland, the new seat of Government, amounted to about 180 soldiers of all ranks, belonging to the 80th and 96th regiments. Lieut.-Governor Fitz Roy, on hearing of Heki's outrages, immediately detached a small party—one officer and thirty men—to the scene of riot, and wrote a pressing requisition for a strong reinforcement to the Governor of New South Wales, who so promptly acted upon it, that on the 14th of the following month a detachment of 150 men of the 99th regiment, with two light guns, field equipments, stores and provisions, were disembarked at Kororarika, and encamped there. The Lt.-Governor himself soon afterwards arrived at the Bay of Islands in Her Majesty's ship *Hazard*, and instantly caused to be put on board this ship and some other vessels a party of 210 soldiers, with which force, together with a body of armed seamen, he crossed the harbour to Heki's country. This sudden demonstration of force, its encampment at Koro rarika, and its rapid descent upon the enemy's coast, had, doubtless, a good effect upon the wiser and less warlike native leaders, whose consequent mediation between the Governor and Heki prevented a collision which, considering the weakness of the English force, and the determined character of the natives,—not then fully appreciated,—with the strong and difficult country through which the invasion was to be carried, might have proved disastrous to the British.

Prior to sending back the troops to New South Wales, (pursuant to the desire of the Governor of that colony) the Lieut.-Governor called a convocation of the neighbouring chiefs, and he met them at Wainate, the Church Missionary settlement in the Bay. The conference between the English

Governor and his officials, civil and military, the Missionary Clergy, the Maori leaders and their adherents, must have been a singular and interesting spectacle. His Excellency addressed the assembly in a speech full of indignation. He reminded them of the benefits wrought among them by the Missionaries, and explained to them that the Queen of England assumed the government of their islands for their own good, and to protect them from aggression by other nations; that the Flag was the sacred symbol of that protection. His Excellency closed his speech by a demand for a number of fire-arms to be given up by the assembled natives as an atonement of Heki's misconduct. Thereupon several chiefs sprung up, and, bringing about twenty guns laid them at the Governor's feet. These he accepted in acknowledgment of Honi's errors, and immediately restored them to the Maoris. In return, His Excellency had to listen, through his interpreter, to some very long-winded speeches, (not, however devoid of wild eloquence, and even of good feeling,) from the native chiefs, among whom the passion for oratory is very strong. No fewer than twenty-four men of note got upon their legs on this occasion. I subjoin a few specimens of these orations, or rather their pith.

Moses Tawhai (a brave warrior, and staunch ally of the British afterwards) said,—“Welcome, Governor! your kindness is great. My heart has been roasted and cooked on account of this circumstance of Heki's. . . . Don't imagine that evil will entirely cease. It will not. You must expect more troubles from us; but when they come, settle them in this way; and not with guns and soldiers. Governor, I give you my first welcome, fully acknowledging you as Governor of this country.”

Anaru said,—“My people are a troublesome people. Do not be discouraged. Many Europeans have had troubles with the Maoris; but nothing very serious has ever taken place. Do not be discouraged. Governor, welcome! Remember, Heki is a child of Hongi, and has always been troublesome. Do not be discouraged.”

Tomati Waka, Nene, (our firmest native friend.)—“Governor, if that flag-staff is cut down again, we will fight for it: we will fight for it all of us. We are of one tribe, and we will fight for the staff and for our Governor. I am sorry that it has occurred; but you may return the soldiers. Return,

Governor; we will take care of the flag; we, the old folks, are well-disposed, and will make the young folks so also."

Hikiatoto (the would-be Quintius Curtius of the Maori race) then sprung up and said,—“I am the man who cut the staff down. Do not look after that man, Heki. Take me as payment. Who is Heki?—who is Heki? Take me!”

The self-sacrifice does not appear to have been accepted. Before leaving Waimate, His Excellency received a characteristic letter from Heki—see note.*

The hollow truce effected by the Koriro above noticed was of short duration. Enemies of England and order, national and denominational adversaries, were active in perverting the minds of the Maoris by every means—among which the practice of translating according to their views, and garbling passages from the local and English newspapers, was very effective. In January 1845, accordingly, Johnny Hicky (as the soldiers called him) made another gathering of the wild youngsters at his beck for any deed of mischief, and with them paid a nocturnal visit to the old object of his antipathy, the flag-staff, which had been duly re-erected and was guarded by friendly natives. These recreant guardians, being connected with Honi's tribe, and unwilling, as they afterwards said, to shed blood for a bit of wood, made but a faint resistance;—the axe was once more laid to the root of the staff; the red cross kissed the dust; and the rebel chief sent his compliments to the resident magistrate, to say that he would return in a couple of months to burn the Government buildings, and eject the Government officers from the settlement. His Excellency, now convinced that the disaffected party had gained strength and were bent on coming into actual collision with the authorities, again applied to New South Wales for an accession of force—which however, owing to the difficulty of obtaining

* “Friend Governor,—This is my speech to you. My disobedience and my rudeness is no new thing. I inherit it from my parents, from my ancestors. Do not imagine that it is a new feature in my character. But I am thinking of leaving off my rude conduct towards the Europeans. Now, I say that I will prepare a new pole, inland at Waimata, and I will erect it in its proper place at Kororarika, in order to put an end to our present quarrel. Let your soldiers remain beyond sea and at Auckland. Do not send them here. The pole that was cut down belonged to me. I made it for the Maori flag, and it was never paid for by the English.

“From your friend,
(Signed) “HONI HEKI POKAI.”

tonnage for its transport and stress of weather, did not leave Sydney until the 11th March, the very day on which the third and crowning visitation of the Waimate Missionary pet to the doomed settlement of Kororarika occurred, when it was effectually surprised, taken, sacked, and burnt!

In the previous month H.M.S. *Hazard* had conveyed to that place from Auckland a detachment of fifty men with two subaltern officers—all that could be spared from the weak garrison of the capital; and they carried with them the materials for a musket-proof blockhouse to protect the already twice dishonoured flag-staff. “The settlers,” relates Captain Fitz Roy, “were armed and drilled, although very reluctantly on their part. A strong stockade was erected as a place of safety for the women and children, and some light guns were mounted. No anxiety as to the result of any attack was entertained, but on the contrary there was rather over-confidence, and far too low an opinion of the native enterprise and valour.” During the first days of March armed parties of natives collected in the neighbourhood of Russell, carrying off horses and destroying property. Other forays followed, which prepared the English—or ought to have prepared them, for further troubles; but no one expected—no Englishman had a right to expect, the disastrous and disgraceful results of the 11th March, 1845.

Having brought my reader up to that period which may be looked upon as the opening of the Anglo-Maori war, I will, with his leave, conduct him also to the spot where the first blow was struck; and, having placed him by my side on the summit of the signal-hill, we will look forth over the scene of operations. We are about three or four hundred feet above the sea, on a narrow platform of tolerably level ground, where a company of infantry could scarcely be paraded. It is as though we stood on the crest of a huge wave, surrounded by hundreds of similar billows with deep dark hollows between them. The flanks of these surging elevations and the gorges dividing them are thickly clad with fern nearly man’s height, and with stunted storm-worn shrubs. The cluster of hills forms a rugged peninsula, whereof three sides are embraced by the devious waters of the Bay of Islands. The view across this fine estuary is remarkable for picturesque beauty—various pretty islands gemming its glossy bosom. On its

opposite shore, some four or five miles distant, you descry the level plains of Victoria, where the first Government officer ever employed in New Zealand first pitched his tent; and, further on, the green, sheltered and peaceful nook of the Waimate station, eloquent of Missionary thrift and emulative of ancient monastic acumen in choice of site. Beyond these the swelling ferny hills, rising gradually into mountains of wilder and grander form, lose themselves in the showery clouds common to this climate.

Rounding the head of the Bay we pass over the snug-looking but ill-chosen military Cantonment of Wahapu—not more than three miles from Kororarika by water, but separated by seven miles of rough hill and gully from this place, which it is intended to support. Approaching Kororarika from that direction, our eyes fall upon a mass of heights somewhat similar to that on which we stand, but of smaller extent and elevation, and between them, under our feet, the yellow crescent of Kororarika Cove, about three quarters of a mile in length. Accommodating itself to the curve of the beach, runs a double line of white-washed wooden houses, constituting the present town, arisen, though much reduced in size, from its ashes. At the furthest extremity thereof, close under the opposite buttress of the little cove, is seen a group of buildings, showing more of age and greater evidence of care and prosperity than its neighbours. This is the French Roman Catholic Missionary Station, presided over by Bishop Pompalier—the only portion of the town spared by the invaders. Immediately behind the town extends a somewhat swampy plain or common, backed by a ridge of shrubby hills, which completes the semicircular enclosure of the settlement by high ground within musket range.

With its quiet anchorage, land-locked from prevailing winds, and its level site favourable for building, it is difficult to conceive a more convenient spot as a resort for whaling or other vessels seeking refreshment, repair, or recreation such as Jack ashore loveth; and niched within a cluster of hills, with somewhat similar coves favourable for the landing of canoes in rear of them, it is equally difficult to conceive a settlement, founded in the midst of a country of warlike savages, more vulnerable to attack and surprise;—except indeed its neighbour Wahapu. Half way up the ridge behind the village

stand the Episcopal and Catholic places of worship—modest weather-board edifices. With the glass we can perceive several gun-shot holes in the front wall of the former, for which it was indebted to the broadside of the *Hazard*. Near the base of the heights on which we stand some blackened ruins and dismantled gardens, with two or three rusting carronades lying amongst them, denote the site of the stockaded house blown up during the attack. Thence, the ascent to the Signal Hill is extremely steep—so steep as to be cut into steps of earth fronted with plank. The last object the eye rests on in completing the circle within its range, is the fallen flag-staff rotting where it fell, whilst the native-cut Kauri spar intended to replace it lies helplessly on the beach below, as if waiting for a centipede's power to crawl up to its appointed station! There are traces also of two block-houses—one protecting the flag-staff, the other below the dip of the hill, well posted to cross a fire with the town stockade and barrack, but affording no support to the upper block-house.

On the night of the 10th of March, Heki and his veteran associate in arms and mischief, Kawiti, with a force variously computed at from 1,200 to 500 men (the former chief afterwards declared that not more than 200 were in the attack, although 1,000 joined in the sacking,) landed their respective parties in the two coves of Onorora and Matavia. The former disposed his men in close ambush among the ferny ravines in rear of the Signal Hill; and so favourable is the ground for such an operation that the chief and his foremost men lay undiscovered and unsuspected within a few yards of the block-house, biding their time with all the patience and motionless silence of the savage. So well matured were their plans to make the surprise complete, that they were not tempted to deviate from them by killing or capturing the junior of the two officers, who late that night passed close to one of their bands, little thinking of the fierce eyes that were glaring on him through the underwood skirting his path. Kawiti placed his followers in concealment close to the opposite flank of the settlement. Although Heki, in accordance with Maori custom, had given the authorities of Kororarika a blustering promise of attack, and various and, if report be veracious, equally blustering preparations to meet

it had been made, on the night in question no person, civil, naval, or military, dreamed of the cordon of lurking savages by which they were compassed round. Instead of lynx-eyed vigilance, careless carousing was the order of the day in many of the houses of the town; and, unless rumour lies, some of the most prominent heroes of the morning "bore their blushing honours" liberally bedewed with—grog! The professional belligerents, it appears, were perfectly on the alert—the little detachment of soldiers, disposed in the upper block-house and the barrack, sleeping with their loaded arms by their sides, and an armed body of seamen and marines, under the command of the acting commander of the *Hazard*, being stationed on shore for the night. The lower block-house was occupied by some twenty of the towns-folk, with three small guns mounted on a platform in front of it.

The weather favoured the assailants, for the morning of the 11th March broke over the earth in clouds and haze. At the first gleam of day the young ensign in charge of the block-house started with a few men, and with more zeal than prudence, to finish a breast-work on a height looking into Onoroo Bay, where a picquet had been posted during the day, at a distance and separated by rugged ground from his post. This working party carried with them their entrenching tools and arms. Fifteen men were left under a corporal in the signal block-house. The lieutenant in command had repaired to the barrack to turn out his detachment, and the commander of the *Hazard* had proceeded with an armed party to complete a little field work for a gun on the spur of a hill commanding the road to Matavia Bay. The ensign had just broken ground when several shots from the side of Matavia attracted his notice, and he immediately fell back towards the block-house. Under the impression that his officer had been attacked, the corporal got his men under arms, and, with as little forethought as his superior had shown, advanced towards the brow of the hill, leaving only three or four men at the post. But finding that the firing was from the further side of the town, the gallant but out-witted non-commissioned officer was in the act of returning to his little fortress, when suddenly, and as if from the bowels of the earth, a strong body of well-armed Maoris sprung with loud yells out of the gullies on its flanks and rear, one party of them rushing into

the block-house and instantly destroying its few defenders, another opening on the soldiers a heavy fire, which, as reports the gallant corporal, "repelled us back." "Firing and retreating," he retreated upon the officer's party, who, reforming the whole of his men, attempted to retake the lost block-house. In this he was frustrated by the fire of a cloud of native sharpshooters spread unseen among the brushwood, as well as from the captors of the post, when finding that these soldiers of nature were striving to throw a force between him and the lower block-house, his only rallying point, he retreated upon and took possession and command of it.

Meanwhile the Lieutenant of the 96th, and the naval Commander, had barely reached their posts, when the latter was attacked, as is said, by about 200 men, who, taking advantage of the darkness, their knowledge of the ground, and the cover afforded by the brushwood and flax tussocks, outflanking and outnumbering the English, gradually drove them, fighting hand to hand, back upon the town, killing and wounding several, but suffering severely themselves. Near an angle of the churchyard-fence, I was shown the spot where the gallant Captain Robertson cut down a stalwart chief, and received five desperate wounds while dealing sturdy blows right and left among the swarthy foes by whom he was encompassed. Lieutenant Barclay, with his detachment, was so briskly attacked in front and flank as to bring him to a check, and finally to compel him to retire with the naval party, whose ammunition had failed them, to the lower block-house, into which he threw his people just as its beleaguers, becoming more audacious, had pressed close up to its walls.

A considerable reinforcement of Maoris now came pouring over the hills, and a large party, rushing down a gully, seized the barracks, of which, always indefensible and now deserted, they took possession. A gun on the platform opened upon the barrack to dislodge them, while the two others blazed away among the thickets in front, filled with skirmishing natives. The gallant Philpotts, an officer of the *Hazard*, who fell afterwards at Ohaiowai, proposed "to rush the hills" if supported by the soldiers, and drive off these daring savages; and although this measure was not acceded to by the lieutenant in command, a few soldiers and sailors dashed out, without orders, and cleared the front of the block-house. An attempt

to retake the upper block-house was also proposed by a bold civilian, but his proposal was not seconded; nor could it possibly have succeeded, the fern being filled with outlying savages close upon the work, and ready to cross their fire with their friends within it. What has been lost by an act of gross neglect can rarely be redeemed by one of gross temerity, although, perhaps, the commission of the former fault might account for and excuse the latter.

It was now mid-day. The women and children had been removed from the crowded rooms and cellars of the stockade to the shipping; and this fortunate migration had barely been completed, when, to put a climax to the confusion, the magazine within the building exploded, wounding several persons and entirely destroying the place, the last refuge of the non-combatants. In consequence of this mishap, whereby the greater part of the spare ammunition was lost, a council of war was held on board the *Hazard*, and the resolution to evacuate and abandon at sundown the settlement of Kororarika was passed and adopted. Accordingly, during a truce which had been demanded by the chiefs to carry off their killed and wounded, the military and civilians were embarked on board H.M.'s ship *Hazard*, the United States corvette *St. Louis* (which was present during the conflict, but remained neutral), the whale-ship *Matilda*, and the *Dolphin* schooner. The party of military in the block-house were the last to embark. During the evening, a few of the townspeople who were most popular with the natives were employed in bringing off portions of their property.* Astonished at their own success, the Maoris deliberately performed the usual rites over the dead, danced the usual *quantum* of war-dances, indulged in long-winded koriros or boasting speeches over their pipes, and then coming down from the hills in a body, plundered the stores and dwelling-houses so obligingly ceded to them. On the afternoon of the following day they burnt the town to the ground, "and a settlement of very early days, but of great iniquity," reports Colonel Hulme, "is now a mass of ruins."

The 96th's loss was four men killed and five wounded. The *Hazard* lost six men killed and eight wounded; and Captain Robertson's hurts were so severe, that his life was for some

* Despatch of Lieut.-Colonel Hulme, 96th Regt. commanding in New Zealand.

time despaired of. The loss of the natives was put down at about eighty killed and wounded, but they acknowledged to no such amount. The officers lost the greater part of their baggage, and about 40% of public money; and the soldiers the whole of their great-coats and kits, barrack-bedding and utensils—fine plunder for the Maoris, in whose eyes an English blanket is as great a treasure and an article of costume as absolutely *de rigueur*, as a Cashmere shawl in those of a French lady. On the 13th, the shipping got under weigh from the Cove on its way to Auckland, and Kororarika ceased to exist as a British settlement.

Such is the singular, the almost incredible, story of the fall of Kororarika. I have conversed with eye-witnesses, read public and private accounts thereof; of course studied all the military documents relating thereto; yet to me the climax is inexplicable. The word *panic* affords, probably, its only solution. The townspeople, the garrison, the marine force, were duly forewarned of an intended attack; there was a detachment of fifty British soldiers—composed, indeed, as the Colonel reports, of very young men, “scarcely dismissed drill;”—with two bullet-proof block-houses and a stockaded building; a British sloop of war, carrying fourteen guns, moored within a quarter of a mile of the shore, with pinnace, or other heavy boat, capable, I conclude, of placing a gun or two in closer action, if necessary. A strong party of scamen and marines, well armed and officered, were stationed ashore; there were some police, two or three old soldiers capable of managing the guns in battery; there were arms and ammunition for all hands, and more than one full-of-fight-ful townsman ready to lead to battle the armed civilians, of whom a few months before, as reported by one of their number, “there were not less than 100 men ready to stand up in defence of their families and property.” These seem admirable materials for defence against a desultory foray of undisciplined barbarians; but there was no head, or too many, to direct them! Civilians were permitted to interfere with the military, instead of being compelled to act as subordinates, or to manage their own amateur soldiering independently of the regular forces. The round shot of the sloop and the block-house did but little execution amongst a wily enemy dispersed over broken and scrubby ground; and for the same reason the musketry was

nearly as innocuous; the glaxis of the signal block-house was obstructed by the hut of the signal-man and by rough gullies running up close to the ditch; the two works were not provisioned; they did not enfilade each other. In short, the affair of Russell is, I suppose, a proof on a small scale, that we are not a military nation! The loss was irretrievable, the error inexplicable; because it opened the eyes of the natives to their own power, and broke down the prestige of British superiority and the previous infallibility of the British soldier. Nothing, I fancy, could have been more foreign to Heki's intention, or more utterly beyond his hopes, than the idea of taking, sacking, and destroying an English garrison town! His visit was to the "kara"—the colour,—type as he thought of Maori subjugation. He had outwitted and outmanœuvred its incautious defenders, and having cut it down his object was effected. His quarrel was not with the inhabitants, but with the Government, with the flag, and its guard. The evacuation of the settlement by the townsfolk was an absurdity. The land and marine forces would, of course, have stood by them had they remained, and the town could scarcely have been plundered under the guns of the *Hazard*. I do not agree, however, with certain philo-Maorists, in the opinion that the inhabitants might have remained with perfect safety in their homes, even had they been deserted by the soldiers and sailors;—for the passions of the barbarians were thoroughly roused, and every brutal outrage of which "the noble savage" is capable, would assuredly have befallen both man and woman.

Two Christian Bishops, Dr. Selwyn, and M. Pompalier, head of the Jesuit mission, were present at this unblest conflict. The former, who had arrived in his little yacht, employed himself with the greatest assiduity in assisting the wounded and helpless in embarking. "Was it not a terrible scene?" said I to the good prelate one day, striving to elicit his opinion of the affair. "It was a painful, a very *painful* sight!" was the grave reply. He added that the plundering was conducted with the utmost moderation—the savages pillaging from one door of a house, whilst the owners were removing goods by the other. There were not wanting those who read in the destruction of Kororarika a judgment upon its crimes. As for me, from its foregone history, I viewed it as a dirty little place, doubtless the scene of many dirty little vices, but,

that to suppose it the object of special vengeance from on High, would be to invest it with too much dignity.

On the arrival of the ships in Auckland, great was the tumult and panic, for Honi had boasted that he would attack the capital next. The late inhabitants of Kororarika, who had lost all their property, and perhaps no little of their self-respect, were loud in their reproaches against the military and the Government officials, making such gross imputations against the two young officers as compelled the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding in New Zealand to convene a court-martial for the investigation of the charges. The Lieutenant was "most fully and most honourably acquitted" by the court. The Ensign was arraigned "for that he did heedlessly and carelessly guard the block-house committed to his charge, and evacuate the same without sufficient cause and without orders from his superior officer." He was found guilty, with the exception of the word "evacuating," and sentenced to be severely reprimanded. His were merely the errors of inexperience.

A sentence of outlawry was passed against Heki and his ally Kawiti—which, it is likely, did not seriously affect the spirits, appetite, and health of these warriors; but, what was much more important, the Governor was assailed by writers in the papers and "other thoughtless persons," burning for vengeance and blind to all risk from its hasty indulgence, who urged him to fit out a retributive expedition against the rebel chiefs. Soresly against his own judgment and expressed opinion, he therefore gave directions for the ill-fated expedition under Lieut.-Colonel Hulme.

A rumour was rife in Auckland that Heki, the missionary Christian,—the great quoter of Scripture, and, therefore, perverter thereof,—elated with his success, intended to attack the Christian capital with 2,000 men at the next full moon. Fortunately, however, a considerable accession of force reached that station towards the end of March, in H.M.'s ship *North Star*, which, together with a small transport, brought six officers and 200 men of the 58th regiment to restore confidence to the desponding colonists, many of whom, under the influence of the better part of valour, were leaving New Zealand for more tranquil quarters. Civil warfare moreover operated pretty strenuously to divert Johnny's attention

from his object; for the brave and loyal chief of Hokianga, Tomati Waka, with his brother, raised their tribe, and, true to his promise at the Waimate convention, attacked the conqueror of Kororarika and the enemy of the British flag, on his own territory. Finding himself, however, unable to cope with superior numbers, or tired of fighting—for your Maori, though fond of war, is incapable of long sustained operations—Waka urged the governor to hasten to his assistance; and accordingly His Excellency, conceiving that the case admitted of no delay, despatched all the force he could muster to the Bay of Islands with discretionary orders to its leaders, Lieut.-Colonel Hulme and Captain Sir E. Home, to attack Heki in conjunction with Waka, whenever fit occasion might occur.

The expedition, embarking at Auckland, reached Kororarika on the 28th of April, and found the *North Star* in the bay. The gallant captain and colonel, in order to re-establish the authority of the Queen at that place, landed immediately with a guard of honour, and once more, with every ceremony, hoisted the British flag. After seizing the person and the pah of a disaffected chief named Pomare, a few miles up the harbour, the expedition sailed for, and anchored off the missionary station of Pahia, across the bay, where Tomati Waka came on board, and held a conference with the British commanders, urging instant action against Heki, whose force he rated at 1,200 men. This sagacious and loyal chief indicated the best route for the march, and promised to cooperate with 800 of his tribe. H.M.'s ship *Hazard* having meanwhile joined the expedition, at daylight on the 3d of May the force, consisting of the small-armed seamen, the marines, and the military—in all about 400 men—disembarked at a point about thirty miles distant from Waka's pah, which they hoped to reach in two days, carrying five days' biscuit and two days' cooked meat. There was no means of transport for spare ammunition, camp equipage, cooking utensils, or the spirit ration. So tremendous was the weather and the state of the roads, that the colonel did not reach his destination until the 5th, and he found there but wretched shelter from the continual rain.

The following morning the colonel, as he reports, "had a koriro with Walker; and when he found that I intended to

assault Heki's pah, and force an entrance by pulling down the palisades, he smiled, and said we were all madmen, and that every man would be sacrificed in the attempt; and to impress his opinions more forcibly he declared that we could not easily take his pah, which was not half so strong as Heki's." White persons who had been there informed him, "that it had three rows of palisades all round it; that there was a deep ditch inside; that large stones had been piled up against the inner palisades; and that traverses had been cut from side to side, and deep holes dug, in which the rebels would shelter themselves from our fire and destroy the troops as they advanced." He had no artillery, but he possessed a few rockets, the effect of which he was resolved to try; and feeling, as he says, "that the chances of war are many," the gallant officer placed his force in position near that of the enemy, formed in three parties of assault and a reserve, prepared to seize an opportunity for storming it should accident offer one.

On the morning of the 8th of May, the English force, accompanied by about 300 of Waka's tribe, marched from that chief's stockade towards Heki's camp—the friendly natives wearing a white head-band to distinguish them from the foe. The reserve halted in rear of a ridge about 300 paces from the rebel pah; while the three assaulting parties—one composed of armed seamen, another of the 58th Light Company, and the third of detachments of the marines and 96th Regiment—advanced and occupied under a heavy fire the positions previously arranged, within two hundred yards of the work, driving some natives from a small breast-work. "And now," observes the colonel in his despatch, "more closely examining Heki's pah, I was convinced that it was impossible to take it by assault, until it was first breached, without a great sacrifice of life and with uncertain success, for the pah had been unusually strengthened, the flax leaf having been forced into the interstices of the outer palisades to turn the musket balls. The rocket party, under command of Lieutenant Egerton, of H.M.'s ship *North Star*, took up a position, and fired several rockets, but in consequence of Heki having covered the roofs of the huts with flax-leaf, they did not set them on fire. A few of the rebels left the pah on the first rockets exploding,

but they afterwards returned to it—the affair of Kororarika having accustomed Heki and his main body to the operation of shells.”

Meanwhile the besieged were not idle, nor did they show themselves ignorant of that very effective method of protracting defence—the sortie; for a strong body under Kawiti, stealing through the bush, were in the act of falling upon the unprotected flank of the advanced posts—when the ambush was detected by the sharp and practised eye of a friendly native. Warned of the impending danger these parties, directing a heavy fire upon the spot, made a spirited charge, driving the enemy in confusion before them, and killing many at close quarters;—the British bayonet doing its work in its usual style when fairly brought to bear on its object. Soon afterwards some signaling, by means of flags, took place between Heki within the fortress and Kawiti without. The result was a combined attack by these leaders on the advanced position, in which many of the boldest reached the entrenchment previously taken, and were there killed. Kawiti was again repulsed by the bayonet with some loss. Yet was this not the last effort of the hoary warrior, who was much more liberal of his person than his younger and stronger associate, (a tall and athletic man, while Kawiti is small and decrepit)—for when the advanced posts were ordered to retire on the reserve, and were bringing off their wounded, unsupported by Heki he made a third and fierce attack upon our people, which was checked and finally repulsed by the skirmishers. It was said that the old chieftain here narrowly escaped the bayonets of a party under the Adjutant of the 58th, himself a formidable antagonist:—making up for his want of activity by his skill in concealing his person in the scrub, he was fairly run over more than once. The British loss was fourteen soldiers, seamen and marines, killed: two officers, four sergeants, thirty-two soldiers, seamen and marines, and one private servant wounded. The loss of the rebels could not be correctly ascertained. Several chiefs were slain; old Kawiti was rendered childless, two of his sons being killed; besides which several near relatives, and nearly the whole of his tribe who were present, fell in the skirmishes. Having collected his wounded, the English leader commenced

a retrograde movement, and reached on the evening of the 8th Waka's stockade. Harassed by heavy rain, and encumbered with his wounded, he arrived on the 12th at Pahia, the missionary settlement, where he awaited further orders from the Governor.

Thus ended the first series of operations undertaken against Honi Heki, the missionary lad, in his fortress of Okaehau. The unsuccessful issue of this expedition is attributable to one radical want—the want of battering artillery. The troops, indeed, suffered under a multitude of minor difficulties, such as are enumerated in the official letter of Colonel Hulme,—most of them rendered unavoidable by the public indigence; among which were the absence of carriages or beasts of burthen, of camp equipment, and of hospital, commissariat, and store departments. But soldiers belonging to an army whose energies the flaming sun of Hindostan and the icy hurricanes of America have alike failed to daunt, would have derided hardships such as befel them here, however severe, if the war munitions absolutely necessary to place their enemy within their reach had been afforded them. The Colonel states his unquestionably correct opinion, that in New Zealand “the troops should be actively employed only when the season of the year is favourable for military movements;” and that “whenever it may be necessary to assemble a force to crush a rebellion of the natives, the troops should not be employed on that duty without a proper equipment, in order to be able to act with vigour and alacrity; and every aid which modern warfare affords.”

A few days after the affair of Okachau, Archdeacon Williams had an interview with Heki—once his mission servant, now a great rebel chieftain successful in two battles, in both attack and defence, against English disciplined forces; and the reverend missionary proposed terms of peace to him. Certain places were to be vacated by the natives, and ceded to the English; horses, boats, and other property belonging to Europeans to be restored; the flag-staff to be paid for “staff for staff;” the rebel leader himself to retire to Wanganaroa for two years; “after which, if he remained quiet, the Governor would receive him.”

Upon the subject of this proposal, Honi addressed a letter

to the Governor, of which the following are a few characteristic passages :—

"FRIEND THE GOVERNOR,

"May 21st, 1845.

"I have no opinion to offer in this affair, because a death's door has been opened. . . . Where is the correctness of the protection offered in the Treaty? * Where is the correctness of the good-will of England? Is it in her great guns? Is it in her Congreve rockets? Is the good-will of England shown in the curses of Englishmen and in their adulteries? Is it shown in their calling us slaves? or is it shown in their regard for our sacred places?

"... The Europeans taunt us. They say, 'Look at Port Jackson, look at China, and all the islands; they are but a precedent for this country. That flag of England which takes your country is the commencement.' After this the French, and after them the Americans, told us the same.

"Well, I assented to these speeches . . . and in the fifth year (of these speeches) we interfered with the flag-staff for the first time. We cut it down, and it fell. It was re-erected; and then we said, 'All this we have heard is true, because they persist in having the flag-staff up.' And we said, 'We will die for our country which God has given us.' . . .

"If you demand our land, where are we to go to? To Port Jackson? to England? If you will consider about giving us a vessel it will be very good. Many people—(here he enumerates tribes)—took a part in the plunder of Kororarika. There were but 200 at the fight, but there were 1,000 at the plundering of the town. Walker's fighting is nothing at all. He is coaxing you, his friend, for property, that you may say he is faithful. I shall not act so. He did not consider that some of his people were at the plunder of the town. . . . It was through me alone that the missionaries and other Europeans were not molested. Were anything to happen to me all would be confusion. The natives would not consider them harmless Europeans, but would kill in all directions. It is I alone who restrain them. . . . If you say we are to fight, I am quite agreeable; if you say you will make peace with your enemy, I am equally agreeable. . . . I now say to you, leave Walker and myself to fight. We are both Maoris. You turn and fight with your own colour. It was Walker who called the soldiers to Okahau, and therefore they were killed; that is all. Peace must be determined by you, the Governor.

"From me, JOHN WILLIAM POKAI (HEKI)."

In this original letter there is too much of truth to be pleasant to the reader possessing a conscience and a recollection of some passages in our colonization of countries peopled by races wearing skins of any shade darker than our own. The "little learning" the savage mission-boy had picked up at the Station of Waimate had taught him to distrust the disinterestedness of our conquests and the purity of our rule. The barbarian chief argues from analogy, judges of the future by precedents in past history, and arrives at the logical conclusion, that whether he fights or truckles, he will eventually be swallowed up by King Stork! A few days after writing the above letter, Heki, in making an attack upon the pah of

* Treaty of Waitangi.

his pertinacious old foe Waka, who, nothing daunted by the retreat of the British, held his ground, received a bad wound by a musket shot in the thigh, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered, and which partly caused his death in the year 1850. Heki was more of a diplomatist than a *sabreur*,—not possessing much physical courage; his person and features were fine, with a small cunning eye, and a massive obstinate chin.

The expedition under Colonel Hulme,—a most intrepid and experienced soldier,—although in the main unsuccessful, caused the dispersion of the rebels for a time at least, as well as the loss of some of their bravest men. But scarcely had the ships and troops returned to Auckland when information was received that Heki was again collecting forces, and was actively engaged in building a new pah which would be stronger than any yet constructed in New Zealand. Reinforcements continued to arrive from Sydney, where Sir George Gipps and the Commander of the Forces were making every exertion in their power to assist the local government of New Zealand. It was of the utmost importance to prevent the rebels from making head, and collecting the disaffected from other parts of the island: therefore, without delay, another expedition was prepared on a larger scale; and the command of it was confided to Colonel Despard of the 99th regiment. The first expedition had expected to carry all before them, and failed. The second expedition, organized with greater foresight, and with the experience afforded by past disaster, was still more sanguine, and had better cause to be so; yet the attempt to storm Heki's new stronghold was frustrated with a deplorable loss of life on our side.

Colonel Despard having heard on the 13th June, from an Englishman who had seen Heki, that his wound was very severe and that the ball had only been cut out the day before, resolved to hasten his movements. The vessels accordingly got under weigh from Kororarika at daylight on the 16th; crossed the Bay of Islands quickly; and the troops being landed, reached the Station at Waimate the following morning early. By a return, dated 15th June, the force (not including the armed seamen and marines, of whom I can find no account) appears to have consisted, in round numbers,

as follows :—Twenty-four officers and 510 men of all ranks of the 58th, 96th, and 99th regiments ; one officer of engineers, one of artillery, two of the commissariat ; volunteers from the Auckland Militia for the services of the Royal Artillery and Engineers, two officers and seventy-five men ; Ordnance,—two 12-lb howitzers, two six-pounders. Nearly the same difficulties which harassed the former, beset the present expedition,—rainy weather and almost impassable roads ; paucity of means of transport, and consequent short supply of military and commissariat stores ; a difficult country, covered in some parts with brushwood seven or eight feet high and only a footpath traversing it, and intersected with high-banked and swampy streams ; guns without tumbrils or limbers, having ship-carriages with wheels fifteen inches high, little suited to New Zealand mud, famous for depth and tenacity—such were a few of the impediments in the way of the troops on the road to Waimate.

It was not until the 23d that the force was encamped in front of Ohaiowai—about 350 yards from the face of the stockade, covered by an eminence. From Waka's position the Colonel, as he writes, “ obtained a bird's-eye view of the pah. It is situated in a hollow plain, in form a parallelogram, about 150 to 200 yards long, by 100 broad each face. On two angles there are projecting outworks, but the others have none. There is an outer barricade of timber, about ten feet high, and, as well as I could judge with a good glass, each upright piece from six to eight inches in thickness, and fixed in the ground close to each other. On the outside of this barricade a quantity of the native flax is tied, so as to make it more ball-proof. Within this barricade there is a ditch, from four to five feet deep, and about the same broad. Within the ditch there is a second barricade, similar to the outer one ; and the whole place is divided into three parts by two other barricades crossing it, of similar height and strength to the outer one. During the night of Monday, a battery of four guns was erected for the purpose of breaching the face opposite where the troops were encamped, which opened at 7 o'clock A.M. on Tuesday, but not with the effect I anticipated, as the shot frequently passed between the timbers, without displacing any of them. After firing a short time it was discontinued, and during the night the

battery was removed to a better position, not more than 250 yards distant.”*

The shells plumped right into the midst of the stockade, the six-pounders whistled through its wooden walls from one side to the other; yet the tattooed rogues made no sign. They slipped into their burrows underground when a match was laid to a touch-hole, and kept up a brisk fusillade from their dangerous and well-contrived loopholes à *fleur de terre*. After some time, “the small brass pops,” (as a former writer designates the breaching guns brought from Hobart Town,) tumbled off their platforms into the soft mud, as if astonished at their own efforts. A battery at closer quarters was next tried, but with no better success, for the breastwork being shaken down, it was soon silenced by musketry, and the guns were withdrawn after the enemy had made an unsuccessful attempt to take them by a rush.

On the 30th June, with infinite labour and difficulty, a 32-lb gun was brought up to the camp from the *Hazard*,—a distance of 15 miles; and was posted on the hill occupied by Waka’s tribe—where a light gun had already been posted under a guard, to enfilade the defences. At 10 A.M., on the 1st July, the great gun opened with a diapason that astonished the natives, and the six-pounder yapped like a small cur by its side. Great were the expectations raised by this formidable acquisition; and whilst the attention of every one was occupied in observing its effects, old Kawiti once more tried his favourite trick of a flank attack. Rushing from a thick wood close in rear of the battery, he drove Tomati’s “Irregulars” in confusion from the hill, and would undoubtedly have overpowered the guard and taken the two guns, but for a timely and spirited charge of a party of the 58th, who recovered the position and drove away the enemy with loss. Yet they succeeded in carrying off a small union jack, which shortly afterwards was seen flying below the rebel standard in the stockade. This impudent sortie “put the Colonel’s dander up considerable,” (as Sam Slick has it;) and by three o’clock, not having a heavy shot in his locker—for the 32-lb. shot, twenty-six in number! brought from the *Hazard*, were by this time expended—he resolved on assaulting the place by escalade. Indeed he had been

* Colonel Despard’s Despatch.

prepared since the morning for this bold measure; and the orders issued for the distribution and direction of the storming parties were so detailed and so suitable to circumstances, and the troops under his command so admirable in every way, that had the breaching battery been tolerably effective no reasonable doubt can be entertained of his perfect success. The sequence demands but few words of narrative.

Soon after three o'clock all was prepared; the Englishmen ready to rush on their savage enemy; the Maoris awaiting in grim silence their onset. Not a shot was fired, not a sound heard;—when suddenly a bugle-blast, the signal for advance, rang through the forest. Its notes were instantly drowned by a deafening cheer from the British; and the wild yells of the savages joined in the fierce concert, with the shouts of the officers and the rattling of musketry.—In ten minutes all was over! one third of the English force had bitten the dust. The remainder recoiled, baffled, from the absolutely impregnable stockade!

The following is the list of the British loss before the fortified den of the Savage, at Ohaiowai.

KILLED.

Officers, 2; Sergeants, 4; Rank and File, 29; Seamen, 2.

WOUNDED.

Officers, 5; Sergeants, 3; Rank and File, 75; Seamen, 3.

NAMES OF OFFICERS KILLED.

Lieutenant Philpotts, H.M.S. *Hazard*.
Captain Grant, 58th Regiment.

NAMES OF OFFICERS WOUNDED.

99th Regiment.

Brevet Major Macpherson, severely; Lieutenant Beattie, severely; Lieutenant Johnstone, slightly; Ensign O'Reilly, severely; Mr. W. Clarke, Interpreter, severely.

SINCE DEAD OF THEIR WOUNDS.

[Lieutenant Beattie and 4 Privates.

During the night after the assault, the shrieks of a tortured prisoner of the 99th, mingling with the yells and roars of the war-dance within the pah, harrowed the souls of his comrades. This unfortunate was never again heard of!

All the shot and shells being expended, and no transport for further supplies being available, the Colonel contented himself with holding his position, directing his chief attention to the conveyance of the wounded to Waimate. Meanwhile the rain fell in torrents, night and day; the men were harassed

by rumours of night attacks: the native allies rendered no assistance; for, although they admired the determined hardihood of the attempt upon that impregnable stockade, they condemned, even ridiculed it as the act of mere madmen; and appeared to have lost all interest in the business so soon as the British took the lead and the operations lost that stealthy and desultory character which suited their tactics. Preparations were accordingly in progress for a general retreat to Waimate, there to await fresh supplies and reinforcements; when, early on the morning of the 10th July, it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated the pah, leaving behind them four iron guns on ship carriages, which do not appear to have been used during the siege, immense quantities of provisions above and under ground, and many Maori valuables, such as muskets, axes, saws, and the like—intended probably to engage the cupidity, and to prevent the pursuit of their countrymen under Waka. They had no fear—could have none, of the Red-coat in the bush; for they had already seen enough of him to know that it was only on open ground he was their superior, and they took very good care not to meet him there!

Upon taking possession of the pah, active search was made for the body of the gallant Grant, Grenadier Captain of the 58th, and after disturbing several Maori graves, it was found. On stripping in order to wash the corpse, what was the horror of the officers, his comrades, to find that it had been brutally mutilated;—after cutting off the flesh, which the monsters had probably devoured, they had carefully re-fastened the dress over the denuded bones! There is some consolation in knowing that no tortures could have been inflicted upon his living body, for the death-shot had passed through his gallant heart. The deceased, it is said, had the strongest presentiments of death. In the old church at Paramatta, in New South Wales, is a tablet raised by his brother officers to commemorate the loss “of a good soldier and a warm friend.” Poor Philpotts was shot dead whilst bravely, but vainly striving to force his way through the palisades, and was scalped by the barbarian enemy. Beattie, a fine young officer, and much beloved by his brethren in arms, died of his wound; and these two lamented officers of the sister

professions, buried with military honours, lie side by side in the Mission churchyard at Waimate.*

On the 11th and 12th, the pah of Ohaïowai was burnt. The strength of the place struck every one with astonishment. The enemy was now dispersed in different directions; the winter was fairly set in; there were not seventy effective soldiers at Auckland. No choice therefore remained but to wait for better weather and reinforcements from Sydney, before operations could be recommenced. The gallant Colonel, in a letter to the Lieut.-Governor, concludes with the remark, that, "whatever has been the real cause of our want of success, it is not to be attributed to the officers or men under my command, for a braver or more intrepid body never wore the British uniform"—an indisputable truth, for there were present at this disastrous combat portions of three splendid regiments, and a small but picked body of man-o'-war's men, all eager for distinction, working well together, and led by zealous, able, and dashing officers. They did all that could be done by human strength and courage, unassisted by those appliances and inventions of war which alone give advantage to the civilized over the savage combatant.

* Waimate, "The river of Tears."

CHAPTER XIII.

REFLECTIONS — RESPECT YOUR FOE — WARFARE AGAINST SAVAGES — HEKI TRUCKLES, KAWITI TEMPORIZES—MISSIONARIES CONSIDERED AS HERALDS AND ARMY CONTRACTORS—EXPEDITION AGAINST KAWITI—BRITISH FORCE—KAWAKAWA RIVER—PAH OF PUKU-TUTU—TRIP ON THE TRACK OF THE TROOPS—ROUGH COUNTRY AND ROUGH WORK—KAURI GUM—NATIVE ALLIES—RUINS OF THE STOCKADE—FALL OF THE BAT'S NEST—KAWITI APOLOGIZES AND PUNS—OUR PIC-NIC AND RETURN—LIGHT AND SHADE OF BATTLE—NATIVE NOTABLES—VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH—A LEE LURCH—NATIVES ON BOARD—HABITS AND CUSTOMS—A BOUT AT SINGLE-STICK—A PRACTICAL JOKE.

IN searching for the "real cause" of our want of success in the preceding occasions—as well as certain others in different parts of that empire upon which the sun never sets, we may safely pass over sundry minor ones, and stop at the main and true cause—the *perilous habit of underrating our enemy*. To what is attributable the terrible and lamentable massacre of the Wairau, but to blind incaution and an arrogant assumption of superiority, which merited and received severe chastisement? When the game of war began between the British and the revolted Maoris, each had a self-evident stumbling-block to avoid. The game of the English was to avoid desultory fighting, and to act if possible in masses; that of the New Zealander, to skirmish, and to avoid being drawn into a fair stand-up fight in open ground. The events of the war have proved who were the abler tacticians. I believe the Maoris were never in a single instance tempted to break through the system they had resolved on;—unless the spirited sorties of Kawiti may be deemed exceptions. The English more than once fell, or rather rushed into the snare prepared for them by an astute enemy, thereby losing not only many a sturdy pawn, but several more valuable pieces, literally thrown away. After the first disaster the Governor lamented that the Maoris should have "discovered their strength." They did not discover it: it was divulged to them by our heedlessness and temerity. His Excellency had the better reason to regret it, because he was forced into

premature operations—avowedly contrary to his own opinion—by the evil counsel and vain clamour of ignorant and interested persons.

Important results will follow the gallant but unfortunate affairs above related. The New Zealander will build no more pahs—certain that the English, warned by repeated experience, will never attack another without sufficient ordnance and engineering appliances to blow its timbers to the winds. The love of trade, the desire of gain, are fast growing upon the natives; and, besides, they are shrewd enough to feel, that having once got within the long and strong *tentaculæ* of the sea monster, Albion, it is but lost labour to struggle in her grasp. There is now therefore little chance of further resistance. When some half-dozen of turbulent chieftains shall have died off from age, consumption, scrofula, or drink, there will be less. Yet this is not a people to be openly trampled upon;—it was in a much less warlike race that oppression roused a Toussaint and a Christophe!—and there are the germs of such in these islands.

In New Zealand then there will be no more fighting. But in other countries our incurable habit of undervaluing our enemy—especially if he wear a dark skin, will continue to lavish precious lives and limbs, and bring reverse and discredit upon us to the end of the chapter!—and that, in spite of the fearfully significant experience which in India, Canada, the Cape and elsewhere, has been periodically forced upon us.* If for no other or better reason than his *£ s. d.* value, the British soldier should be charily expended, especially in barbarian warfare. It may appear paradoxical to assert that operations against savages—at least in circumstances similar to those of New Zealand in 1845, should exact more caution and forethought than those undertaken against a civilized foe. In the latter case, each antagonist knows the other's strength, his wants and his weaknesses; can calculate the chances of victory, and the consequences of defeat. If overpowered, or out-manceuvred, he may retreat with honour, well knowing

* These notes were written in 1848.

Whilst this edition is in course of preparation, the disaster of Donabew, February 1853, (when a combined force of 500 seamen, marines and sepoye, were led into an ambushade, and worsted by the Robber Chief, Mea Toon, with a loss of 3 officers and 15 men killed, about 70 wounded, and 2 guns abandoned), is announced in sad confirmation of the opinion above expressed.

that such a movement, skilfully conducted—from that of “the Ten Thousand” downward—may reap as much glory as a victory. But against a barbarian enemy, offensive measures should be, humanly speaking, certain of success, or should be unattempted. Temporize, negotiate, if necessary, till all is complete; then fall like a thunderbolt! such should be the maxim. In warfare against a savage race, there is also one very unpleasant feature,—and a very unfair one, because retaliation is out of the question,—namely, that a prisoner may, contrary to the etiquette of polite war, be tortured, mutilated, roasted, and devoured! Had there been no loyal natives to hold the rebels in check during the withdrawal of the troops from Heki’s country to Waimate, such might possibly have been the fate of our wounded officers and men.

Failure, too, is more humiliating when the campaign has been heralded by public threats of retribution. Suchlike proclamations of punitive intentions may frighten out of the field a pusillanimous adversary;—but they fall pointless upon such an one as the phlegmatic Maori. The preamble of the operations in 1845 was, that no terms of peace were admissible that did not secure the persons of Heki and his adherents; the principal object of the expedition was stated to be their capture or death; they were to share the fate that the destruction of Kororarika had rendered inevitable. Yet not one of these chiefs, or any other, has ever been taken with arms in his hands! How untoward the following upshot of a menace before action!—In 1846, on the frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, a resolution was formed “to chastise the Kaffirs;” and a proclamation to that effect was issued accordingly. In prosecution of this threat, a splendid force of British cavalry, infantry, and artillery, marched in pursuit of the wild, undisciplined enemy. A few days afterwards, among their mountain passes, the Kaffirs made a stand; the result was, that several valuable English lives were lost, the whole of the baggage of a cavalry regiment, part of that of an infantry corps, and upwards of fifty waggons full of spoil, fell into the hands of “the barbarians!”

The direct and material causes of Colonel Despard’s failure in his dashing assault on the pah of Ohaiowai were general poverty of means, of munitions, of information, badness of weather and roads, owing to the expedition having been

undertaken at a season when the troops ought to have been in winter quarters,—the inefficiency and bad practice of the guns—and the scarcity of heavy shot, which precluded a sustained fire on the defences, and permitted repairs by the besieged—the subterranean safety cells of the defenders,—flint locks in combination with floods of rain,—and finally, the disobedience of orders, which, as at the fatal affair of New Orleans, caused the ladders, ropes, and axes to be thrown away by those told off to carry them. It was therefore an attempt at escalade *sans échelles*! a practical abuse of terms, a “bull,” in short, on whose horns our chance of success was tossed to the winds!

When the troops were withdrawn shortly afterwards to Kororarika, some uneasiness was felt on the score of Waimate, the Missionary station; but the Maoris respected the place for the sake of the “just men” it contained; they warred, as they said, against the soldiers and the flag, not against the missionary and the settler. It is impossible to deny to the Maoris the possession of great instinctive magnanimity. Their foulest crimes, their most atrocious acts of ferocity, are seldom committed on impulse, but are dictated by custom and sanctioned by long tradition. To forgive an injury is not a tenet of the Maori creed; nor have we Europeans to exert a very distant retrospect into our own history to find hereditary feuds inexorably followed up for successive generations;—it will take a shorter time to teach the New Zealander to love his enemy than was consumed ere the Scottish chieftain of former days forgot and forgave his wrongs, or the wrongs of his forefathers.

In the middle of November Governor Grey reached Kororarika, and gave the rebels a few days to consider the terms of peace dictated by his predecessor. Honi Heki, still smarting under his wound and from an attack on the lungs, sued for peace in tolerably humble terms. “Give me a ship, and I will leave the country altogether,” cried Honi sick; but Honi convalescent sung by no means so small. Sound in wind and limb,

“The devil a monk was he!”

and not much of a Mihinari. However, he held aloof from his old ally, Kawiti, whose overture to the Governor, couched

as follows, evinced no great humility. A translation will be found below :*—

The old warrior was only gaining time to strengthen his new fortress, Rua-peka-peka, or the Bat's-nest. The Governor, however, quickly put an end to his evasions, and to the possibly not very single-minded negotiations of the missionaries, by giving orders for the recommencement of hostilities; and no time was lost in carrying them into effect. Churchmen, I may venture to opine, were hardly the best heralds to employ in treating for peace or war between the British Government and the Maori in arms; an honest interpreter, to deliver a plain message and bring back a plain answer, would have been a better medium. To be sure, an honest interpreter is not an every-day article, and a plain answer from a savage is as rare. As it was, much delay, and some loss of character for prompt action on our part, were incurred by these negotiations; and rumour did not scruple to charge the reverend gentlemen of Waimate with a desire, from motives of personal and worldly gain, to protract rather than to terminate the war. It is quite true that the relatives of the Church Missionaries contracted for the supply of provisions to the troops in the Bay of Islands, and that they raised so high the price of meat that it became necessary to meet the increased expense by issuing salt provisions five days out of seven to the soldiers; and as for luxuries of a higher nature there were some stories of butter being sold to the officers at the moderate rate of 10s. and 15s. a pound! It is impossible to believe that the self-denying missionary himself would, by fostering the war, imperil, for private profit, the bodies of those whose souls he came so far to save; but that their sons, being farmers and graziers, should take advantage of the exigencies of the public market, is by no means incredible; and indeed these gentlemen did undoubtedly reap a rich harvest, at this juncture, from the wants of the troops and seamen.

It was towards the middle of December that the Com-

"Rua Peka Peka, Sept. 24, 1845.

"SIR, THE GOVERNOR,

"How do you do? I am willing to make peace—that peace should be made. Many Europeans have been killed, and many natives also have been killed. You have said that I must be the first to begin peace-making. Now this is it. Now I agree to it. This is all I have to say. It ends here. From me, Kawiti."

mandant, with a force and with means infinitely more commensurate with his undertaking than had hitherto been employed in New Zealand, advanced from Kororarika towards the rebel stronghold. His route lay about ten miles by water up the Bay and the Kawa-Kawa River, to a point on the latter where stood the pah of a friendly chief named Puku-Tutu, beyond which some twelve or thirteen miles of difficult country lay between him and the Bat's-nest.

On the 22d the Colonel pushed on with the greater part of his little army, and, overcoming a thousand difficulties by dint of extraordinary exertion, was soon enabled to take up a fine position about 1,200 yards from his enemy, where the rest of the force quickly joined him, and where they had to halt in their bivouacs under heavy rain on the 24th and 25th. On the 29th December the force before Kawiti's pah was, in rough numbers, as follows :—

STAFF.

1 Acting Colonel, and 1 Acting Major of Brigade.

ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

1 Captain, and 1 Subaltern.

SMALL-ARMED SEAMEN.

10 Officers, and 211 Seamen.

ROYAL MARINES.

3 Officers, 79 men of all ranks.

DETACHMENTS OF THE 58TH AND 99TH REGIMENTS.

27 Officers, 750 men.

HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY'S ARTILLERY.

3 Officers, 21 men.

VOLUNTEERS AS PIONEERS.

1 Officer, and 48 men.

ARTILLERY.

Two medium 32-pounders; one 18-pounder; two 12-pounder brass howitzers; two 6-pounders; and four 5½-inch mortars, with shot, shell, and rockets.

The veteran chief must have felt flattered, if not frightened, by the very respectable armament assembled for his subjugation. Kawiti himself had shown no little shrewdness in the choice of his new position. The general aspect of the country between Puku-Tutu's village and the Rua-peka-peka is that of bare and steep downs, intersected by occasional strips of bush, through several of which the troops had to pioneer their way by axe-work. The pah itself was erected on a rising spur of land, about a quarter of a mile within the margin of an extensive tract of the heaviest timber and brush-

wood, which skreened its front and flanks, and stretched away interminably in its rear. About 200 yards of cleared glacia surrounded it. The chief strength of the place lay in its difficulty of approach and the massiveness of its palisading. The commander of the incursion, warned by foregone events, resolved to proceed against the work by regular trench,—a method which, if ever contemplated in the affair of Ohaiowai, would probably have failed owing to the excessive wetness of the ground.

Leaving the Colonel snugly, if not very luxuriously, lodged in his camp of boughs, awaiting the concentration of his forces in the position above noted, I will beg leave to return to the Bay of Islands, in order to record the favourable and agreeable opportunity I enjoyed of following, step by step, the route of the invaders, and of visiting the ruins of Rua-peka-peka just two years after its capture and destruction.

It was on a beautiful January morning—antipodal mid-summer; for New Zealand stands more directly foot to foot with England than does Australia—that the Governor and his lady, with two young officers and myself, stepped into the captain's gig from the deck of the *Inflexible*, and, with a choice crew, swept swiftly up the beautiful Bay of Islands, on a lionizing ramble intent. Leaving behind us the cantonments of Wahapu, we soon glided past the old settlement of Russell, where the British flag was first hoisted and the capital of New Zealand first established by New Zealand's first Governor. In this case "Hobson's choice" was a bad one!—the face of the country being barren and dreary to the extremity of desolation, and so rugged of feature, that, if Rome had seven hills for her site, Russell would have sat upon seventy hillocks. The spot was abandoned ere much more than the survey of allotments had been completed, and little now remains of Russell but a huge ugly storehouse, once occupied by the military, now probably the abode of owls and satyrs, for I saw no human being in its vicinity nor sign of human frequency.

We soon entered the Kawa-Kawa river, a wide but shallow stream, along whose banks, few and far between, appeared wretched huts of bark, reeds, or grass, which would have escaped notice but for the smoke curling up among the tall trees, or a canoe hauled high and dry in some sandy cove. Straining your eyes, you might descry in the shade of

the underwood a group of what appeared to be haycocks ready for carting; and it required some credulity to accept the fact that these motionless and shapeless objects were in truth a family party of natives squatting under their coarse flax cloaks, gravely and silently smoking their pipes of English clay, and following with apathetic gaze the track of our swift little boat, with its broad ensign—Heki's antipathy—floating on the breeze. At one point a well-manned and appointed canoe, with high head and stern, shoved off and made towards us, the quick paddles keeping stroke to a wild but musical chorus. Suddenly it stopped; and after much consultation and gesticulation on the part of the crew, put back again, and was lost in the mouth of an invisible creek. The thought crossed my mind that the Governor "was wanted" as a hostage! Further on we encountered a tiny canoe, so slight, shallow, and heavy laden, that its gunwale was within an inch of the water. Within it knelt the most frightful old witch that ever wore and libelled woman's form; and close in front of her knees, sitting on its haunches with its fore-legs stretched out, its huge head erect and its long snout pointing towards the bows, was a great fat hog. The smallest lateral movement of either beldame or beast would have capsized the frail craft; but reason and instinct swayed with equal effect the two interesting passengers, and each was careful not to sway their common conveyance. Naked to the waist, with skinny arms, long pendent breasts, and bleared eyes, she passed us like a hideous dream. The Governor, ever courteous to the natives, shouted at the top of his lungs the salutation of welcome, "Hacremai!" yet answer gave she none: looking neither to the right nor to the left, she and her companion "munched and munched and munched" mouthfuls of fern-root; and plying vigorously her paddle, they were soon out of sight. The well-fed "porka" was doubtless in the Wahapu market before night.

After once or twice grounding on shoals of soft mud, we entered a narrow creek with rushy banks, where hundreds of wild ducks were diving and pluming themselves in blind ignorance of Wesley Richards and Ely's cartridges, port wine, lemon and cayenne: nor had I any opportunity of putting them through a course of instruction on these points. In about two hours we reached Puku-Tutu's pah, and our boat

was stranded on the spot which it took the expedition of 1845-6 two whole days to arrive at. The pah, well placed on the slope of a hill, in open ground, overlooking a rich, swampy valley, is defenceless against a regular attack, being merely a village surrounded by an open stockade, sufficient perhaps to prevent surprise. Such places are, I believe, termed *kainga*, in contradistinction to the closely fortified camp, which is the true *pah*—or *hippah* of old Cook. Some of the buildings, although so low as to compel the visitor to enter in the unseemly attitude of all-fours, were neatly constructed and warm looking. Here, stewing together in close contact, with the air carefully excluded, the Maoris get that fat flabby flesh, blood-shot eyes, and hectic cough, which are so common to the race. There is in this pah very little ornamental carving; but at the several gates of the village stand the usual tall posts, surmounted by rude imitations of the human figure, hideous and obscene as those on certain temples of Hindostan, and as savage ingenuity could make them. Very few of Puku-Tutu's tribe made their appearance. Two or three ugly, half-naked women, and as many quite naked children, with thin legs and enormously fat stomachs, came and squatted near us; but the Chief himself, who, it was expected, would have paid his respects to the Governor on landing in his territory, was not forthcoming; nor, as it appeared, had His Excellency's *firman* to collect horses for our land journey been received at the pah.

After much delay, however, some of the young men who were idling about undertook to drive in some horses from the neighbouring bush; and accordingly, by dint of much shouting and chasing, half-a-dozen wild-looking mares and colts were caught up and dragged by their forelocks into the presence of His Excellency,—their captors delivering them over to us with a complacent simplicity of manner betokening that saddles and bridles did not enter into their notions of the requirements of genteel equestrianism. Horse equipments had been brought for Mrs. Grey; and His Excellency had given me his vice-regal assurance that himself and the rest of us would be provided for at the village. Nevertheless, in my capacity of old soldier, I had stowed my "Wilkinson and Kidd"—my constant *vade mecum*—under the thwarts of the boat; for, somehow, I had no faith in the chance of finding

such an article indigenous in the wilds of New Zealand; nor was the precaution supererogatory. In vain I offered, as in duty bound and with as good a grace as possible, to surrender my private pigskin to Her Majesty's representative,—in vain protested against the possibility of anything short of Nessus himself sustaining his seat upon the dorsal ridge of the starved steed destined to bear the Governor, and which more nearly resembled a towel-horse than a riding one. Strong in the memory of the bushman's prowess for which he was famed in other colonies, Captain Grey sprung upon its bare back, while I was employed in taming my properly-accounted but buck-jumping colt; and, the lady's palfrey bearing her deftly, away we started in a canter,—the two young officers preferring their own long and strong legs for a walk of thirteen miles and back, to the Elgin marble style of equitation which was the alternative. Nor indeed could His Excellency tolerate it for more than a mile or two; for he was soon observed to pull the bridle over the head of the fathom of animated park-paling he so painfully bestrode, and, setting the beast at large, he proceeded manfully on foot. A stout young Maori shouldered the basket carrying our provisions, which he strapped firmly to his back, like a knapsack, with withes of the raw flax leaf, a material as tough as any buff belt.

Taking the path cut with such infinite labour by the troops and seamen in December 1845, it led us at first into an almost impervious brush, where it became obliterated. Lost for a few moments, we hit on it again, when, after crossing a small pellucid stream, we suddenly stumbled into a fine orchard of peach and apricot-trees, laden with fruit and mingled with rose-bushes and other well-remembered flowers of home origin,—all flourishing in neglected luxuriance. In the midst stood a ruined roofless house;—it was a deserted Missionary station. The wilderness had reclaimed the once trim garden; the fence lay rotting on the ground; a wild sow and her farrow rushed at our approach from among the ornamental shrubs near the windows, and plunged into the adjoining thicket. Where was now the self-sacrificing zealot, who in this remote corner of a savage land had devoted himself to the conversion of the heathen! I could learn nothing of his history. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

—his reward will doubtless be better than earthly fame can give! Beyond this melancholy spot—for the primeval wilderness, however dark and gloomy, inspires no such sadness as does the ruined and abandoned homestead—we came upon a high ridge of fern-land bare of timber, with undulations sometimes deepening into ravines. On either hand lay open to view, as far as the eye could reach, vast tracts only partially wooded and apparently capable of being turned to good account by future graziers and agriculturists for the support of the great family of man; while the whole circle of the horizon was bounded by serrated ranges of mountains, some clothed with bush, others rocky and volcanic.

Following the Colonel's trail, the military road led us for the most part over open downs, occasionally skirting, at respectful and prudential distance, patches of dark and tangled bush—fit lair for ambushed foe. Here it zigzagged down the slope of a tremendous hill, at the foot of which yawned a swampy gully, ready to swallow guns, tumbrils, and the many *impedimenta* of an army. There it plunged headlong into an unavoidable strip of forest, festooned and matted with huge creepers and supplejacks, through which the pioneers, protected by skirmishers, had to hew a path. The march of the troops was both tedious and harassing, and they were continually annoyed by heavy rain. However, blue and red jackets combined have dragged guns through rougher ground and rougher circumstances than those now noticed; and although their progress was slow, it was not the less sure,—for all obstacles and hardships being cheerfully and vigorously encountered, were successfully overcome. At some spots we saw the marks on the trees where hawsers rove through blocks had been fastened by the scamen, to extricate guns out of difficulties. Captain Grey and one of the officers of our party had been present with the besieging force; and it was interesting to trace in their society the different passes threaded by the troops, the ruined *warrees** of the halting-places, and the “ugly” spots where ordnance, tumbrils or waggons, tumbling over, had been hauled up again by sheer muscle and pluck, with many a “Heave oh!” and many a “strange oath,” unpropitious to the eyes and limbs of the Maoris, as each successive gully, torrent, bog, or precipice appeared in their

* “Warree,” Maori for a hut.

path. More than once we observed, near the line of route, places marked out by arched twigs or saplings, which, I was told, indicated the graves of departed chiefs, strictly sacred.

I was fortunate enough to find a fine specimen of the Kauri gum cropping out of the open road, and looking like a block of yellowish spar or amber. It is singular that this substance should be found, as it usually is, on and under the surface, in spots where not only there are no Kauris or other trees now growing, but not a vestige of any bygone forest. It has probably some strong balsamic properties that preserve it uninjured by the storms and suns of centuries. The Kauri gum is light in weight, has a slightly resinous odour, and on being ignited, burns with the bright, steady flame of a candle. Certain speculative parties in Auckland and Sydney contrived to burn their fingers with it, in a figurative sense; for at one time, an impression existing that this gum would turn out a valuable staple of the colony, a good deal of money was invested therein. The virtues of the gum failed, however, to sustain the tests applied to it in England, and this bubble burst like many others. The trade, while it lasted, was nevertheless of good service in employing the attention of the Maoris, who, so long as they found it a barterable commodity, busied themselves in collecting and conveying this product to market instead of joining the rebel ranks.

Our little party called a halt, and indeed both pedestrians and horses were glad to draw breath, on the elevated position whereon, as I have said, the first batteries were thrown up by Colonel Despard. In front a profound, rocky, and thickly wooded gully presented an impassable barrier to artillery, and beyond it a small plain opening to the sight was terminated by the dense bush, within whose verge lay the Bat's-nest, almost entirely masked by high trees. The troops were compelled to turn the head of the ravine by carving their way through a thick wood, absolutely laced together with a net-work of creepers. The old rebel was as hard to get at as the "Sleeping Beauty" in the fairy tale. Like the knight of old, the English commander had to cut a path through an almost impervious forest to reach the object of his enterprise. Following his track for about a quarter of a mile through a kind of cloister of foliage—result of the pioneers' labours—we emerged upon the small plain above mentioned, in the

centre of which stand the remains of a temporary stockade—the handy-work of our native ally and excellent skirmisher, Moses Tawhai, who, just before daylight on the 29th December, pushed silently through the bush with some picked men of his tribe, and seizing this forward position, quickly and cleverly ran up some palisades and breastwork, sufficient to cover his party from musketry and from a sudden rush of the enemy. The Colonel promptly joined the enterprising Moses with 200 men and a couple of guns; and the position, 600 yards from the pah, was secured before the enemy were aware of the movement. Not far from this spot we saw the graves of twelve British seamen and soldiers who fell in the assault, which, to the honour of the Maoris, have to this day never been disturbed.

Thus pursuing the line of advance, we were quickly drawn by it into the forest where the pah stood, and, struggling through fern higher than the tallest grenadier, we found ourselves on the site of the breaching batteries, some 350 yards distant from the front face of the fortress, where remnants of platforms, breastworks, broken entrenching tools, and the ruins of burnt bivouacs brought the whole scene vividly before the mind's eye. A narrow path through a labyrinth of coiled and matted creepers mixed with fallen timber and enclosed by tall trees, many of them dimpled or splintered by gun-shot wounds, guided us to the glacis of Rua-peka-peka; and we were soon stumbling among the now weed-grown excavations used as potato and kumera stores for the garrison. The glacis had been easily and naturally formed, by cutting down the trees necessary for making the picquets of so extensive a stockade. Although the interior of the pah is now entirely overgrown by gigantic fern and other underwood, it was not difficult to trace its figure, which, in the several flanking angles and in the stockaded divisions of the *enceinte*, evinced considerable practical knowledge of the science of defence. And, indeed, it would be strange if the Maoris, like the Sikhs and Afghans, were not in some sort skilled in warfare, since they are habituated from childhood to all its stratagems, and their history, as far back as tradition can reach, is an almost uninterrupted series of hostile incursions, battles, and massacres. The height and solidity of the picquets composing the curtains—whereof there were two distant some six feet apart, filled me with astonishment; nor

was I less struck with the ingenuity displayed in the formation of the trenches and covered ways, from whence the defenders could take deadly aim along the glacis at the exposed stormers. Most of the loopholes for musketry were on the ground level; and, across the trenches in which the musketeers stood or crouched were erected regular traverses, with narrow passages for one person, to guard against the *ricochet* of the British shot. The interior was, as has been said, subdivided into many compartments, so that the loss of one of them would not necessarily prevent the next from holding out.

How these rude savages had contrived in a few weeks, and without mechanical appliances, to prepare the massive materials of their stockade and to place them in their proper positions, deeply sunk in the earth and firmly bound together, is inconceivable. To be sure, the timber and flax grew on the spot, and the labourers engaged in the work were working and preparing to fight for their native land and for liberty—what more need be said?

The pah was studded with subterranean cells, into which the more timid or prudent ran—like rabbits at the bark of a dog—when they heard the whizz of a shell or a rocket, or had reason to expect a salvo from the guns. I descended by the notched pole, forming the usual staircase, into more than one of these Maori war-crypts, and found them about eight or nine feet deep, and large enough to contain an Auckland whist party. The mouth was defended by a bomb-proof roof and breastwork of logs and earth. The ground was thickly strewn with English round shot, and fragments of bombs and rocket-cases; and amongst the weeds we found a couple of the enemy's guns—one of which, a good-sized howitzer, had been dismounted and split to atoms by a still larger shot from the batteries, which had made an unconscionable attempt to enter its mouth—to the infinite amazement, one may suppose, of the Maori gunner, who, in the act of taking aim, was “hoist by his own petard.” There lay, also, the flagstaff of revolt, cut in two like a carrot by the initiative shot of my young friend and relative, Lieutenant Bland of the *Racehorse*—some offset for the oft-demolished staff of Kororarika. The resolution of the British leader to approach by regular trench and to effect a practicable breach before

storming, leaves no doubt as to what would have been the result had the affair proceeded to the length of a regular assault, which it can scarcely be said to have done.

It was quite apparent that the stout wooden walls had been no match for the heavy guns. Many of the huge picquets, eighteen or twenty feet high by two feet thick, lay in a heap knocked into splinters, and more than one of them had been regularly bowled out of the ground by the thirty-two-pounders, like a wicket stump by a "ripper" from Alfred Mynn! A concentrated fire would therefore have soon made a good breach. The actual capture of the Rua-peka-peka occurred somewhat fortuitously. The "Mihonari," or Christian portion of the garrison, had assembled for their Karakia, or Church service, on the outside of the rear face of the fortress, under cover of some rising ground. A party of loyal natives, wide awake to the customs of their countrymen, approached under command of Wiremu Waka, brother of Tomati, and reconnoitred the breaches. Discovering the employment of the defenders, a message was sent back to the English, reporting this most righteous and laudable act of religion, but most unpardonable breach of military tactics, on the part of their hostile compatriots. And who shall say that this neglect of man's ordinances and observance of God's in the time of their trouble, did not bring with them a providential and merciful result? It led doubtless to their almost instantaneous defeat; but it saved them and the English from the tenfold carnage which a more vigilant and disciplined resistance, from within their walls, would have infallibly caused. An officer or two with a small party of soldiers and seamen stole quietly into the almost deserted pah, and further reinforcements followed quickly from the trenches. The Maoris, too late discovering their error and the movements of their foes, rushed tumultuously back into the work, and made a fierce but futile attempt to retake it. Hand to hand and unfavoured by position they had no chance against the British bayonet and cutlass. Baffled and overpowered, they fled by the rear of the stockade, and the Bat's-nest was ours.

Thus fell, on the 11th January, 1846, Kawiti's pah of Rua-peka-peka; and with its fall ended the active resistance of that chief and Heki and our military operations in the

northern district. The brave and cunning Maori was not only fairly defeated but fairly outwitted. The lesson was salutary; for this people are sagacious enough to "know when they are beaten"—a branch of knowledge which that great preceptor in the art of war, Napoleon, was disgusted to find he could never instil into the English armies. The rebel chieftain must have had a bold heart to hold out against a force of nearly a thousand British seamen and soldiers arrayed against him, while H.M.'s ships *Castor*, *Calliope*, *North Star*, and *Racehorse*, with the East India Company's sloop *Elphinstone*, lay at the mouth of the Kawa-Kawa river, within fifteen miles of his wooden fortress.

Our loss during the assault was—

SEAMEN AND MARINES.

Killed, 9; wounded, 1 Midshipman and 17.

SOLDIERS.

Killed, 3; wounded, 11; and 2 volunteers wounded.

The pah was dismantled by the troops: and the Aborigines appear to have since deserted and avoided the place as a spot accursed. The paths leading to it are grown up and nearly obliterated; and the Genius of the wilderness, true to her children, is fast erasing every trace of the Maoris' defeat at The Rua-peka-peka!

Kawiti, who had made his escape on the capture of his fortress, was, in the May following, received by the Governor on board H.M.S. *Driver*, in the Bay of Islands, and there and then gave in his allegiance to the British Government, expressing regret for "the trouble he had given," and gratitude for the treatment he had received. The old warrior, it is said, appeared deeply humiliated in making such concessions in the presence of other chiefs, who had fought on the English side and had eventually triumphed over him after a long and stout resistance. His letter, written a week after his defeat, and expressing a desire for peace, is a rich specimen of Maori epistolization. There is a vein of ironical fun peeping out of it, quite in keeping, as I am told, with the Maori character.*

"January 19th, 1846.

"FRIEND.—Oh my esteemed friend, The Governor,

"I salute you. Great is my regard for you. . . . Friend Governor, I say, let us have peace between you and me—because I am filled (satisfied, have had enough)

Heki, it is said, arrived at the Bat's-nest on the day it fell. He seems to have laid aside the name by which he was known as a great New Zealand warrior—his signature at this time being Honi Wiremu Pokai.

As for our lionizing party, we retraced our steps to the spot where our horses, the Maori carrier and the provend basket had been left, and passed two or three pleasant hours, during the heat of the day, talking over the events of the siege, regaling ourselves with the cold viands, and resting from our previous fatigues on a green bank that formed a rustic triclinium shaded from the sun's rays by a canopy of tall trees. Some of the party experiencing that ardent desire to indulge in a cigar, which is so common to the youth of the present era, and so unintelligible to those who are not slaves to the popular weed, fire was quickly produced by our Maori porter. Selecting a flat piece of dry wood, he placed it on the ground, and with a sharp-pointed stick made a groove in the other, rubbing the point to and fro along it with great force and rapidity until it began to smoke. Then applying some dry and fine grass from the inside of a hollow tree, he whirled the whole quickly round his head until it was blown into a flame. It was a labour of love,—for no one appeared to enjoy his pipe so well as himself. From this congenial employment it was difficult to arouse him; curled up in a sunny nook, and, with half-closed eyelids blowing thin clouds from his tattooed lips, the Governor suddenly asked him if he was one of the garrison of Rua-peka-peka when it was taken by the Pakehas. The stout young Maori only opened one eye at this pertinent query, and, puffing out a slow volume of smoke, nodded a silent affirmative.

The temperature of the day was to my taste perfect; the sun intensely hot, but the air light and fresh, a brisk breeze driving high and fleecy clouds across a deep blue sky. I started on foot about a quarter of an hour before the rest of the party, and had walked about nine miles before they overtook me, and, although it was Midsummer or thereabouts, and the way

of your riches (cannon balls). Therefore I say, let you and I make peace. Will you not? Yes!—This is the termination of my war against you, Friend Governor. . . . This is the end of mine to you. It is finished.

"To my esteemed Friend.

"To the Governor.

(Signed)

"KAWITI."

both rough and steep, I do not know when or where I felt my step more springy, my spirit more elastic. The evening proved deliciously cool; and the boat-trip by moonlight down the river and the bay to the *Inflexible*—which we reached at 10 P.M.—was most enjoyable. It seemed strange that an unarmed party of English—one of whom a lady, and another a personage who would have made a valuable hostage in the hands of an enemy—could traverse without one thought of risk so considerable a space of wild country recently at open war with us—at a time too when, in the southern districts, the natives were in so unsettled a temper that one of the Governor's next movements in the *Inflexible* will be to proceed to Wanganui, (where a war party of five or six hundred men is still assembled,) for the purpose of bringing them to reason either by force or by argument.

The following morning we had a considerable *levée* of aboriginal men of note on board, among whom was Puku-Tutu, who came to apologise for his absence when His Excellency honoured his "poor pah" with a visit. He is a fine, tall man. The venerable Tomati Waka was there, too, with his broad, honest, good-humoured but devilishly tattooed face,—looking like a hog in armour in his blue frock-coat, gold epaulettes, and cocked hat. Then came Ripa, (I don't know how to spell him,) a lathy, active, and lively looking fellow, who fought gallantly on our side at Rua-peka-peka with old Waka's party, and had two or three of his fingers shot off while skirmishing with the enemy and insulting them with impudent gestures. In the heat of battle he made light, I was told, of his painful wound, and, having hastily bound it up, went on fighting; but he bellowed like a bull when an English surgeon came to amputate the mutilated digits. Nor, indeed, need one despise the poor savage on that account; for a man can hardly be placed in two more strongly contrasting positions—and likely enough to follow each other pretty closely—than when, at one moment, his energies mental and corporeal are exalted to "the sticking place" by all the wild, glorious, intoxicating excitement of the battle-field,—and the next, when he awakes from a state of painful insensibility to find himself seated in a wet ditch on the lee side of a thin hedge, with the thermometer at freezing-point, and an almost equally cool gentleman in an unfeathered cocked hat preparing

to saw off his best leg with a hideous implement of bluish steel! A hero, I think, may be excused if his ardour be slightly chilled by such a process!

Pomare arrived next—the umquhile foe of the British, and supporter of Heki—and who was made prisoner by Colonel Hulme, as before related. He dashed alongside in a handsome canoe, and, on reaching the deck, went up to and saluted Te Rauperaha, presenting him with a pair of beautiful flax cloaks, “pasmented” with scarlet worsted sprigs. The giver had hardly turned his back on taking leave, when the old rogue offered to sell them to me—for twice their value of course. Hoepa, or Charley, the old chief’s brother-in-law, pressed me hard to become a purchaser of the goods. Having described the persons of other Maoris of distinction, I must sketch Charley in a few strokes. In form and aspect, then, he is something between a buffalo and the Tipton Slasher. He is described as having been one of the most active at the Wairau massacre, and is said to have cut out the interpreter’s tongue after having tomahawked him. He appeared to be a man of enormous though sluggish strength.

John Hobbs was presented to me—a warrior distinguished for personal intrepidity, and one of the most daring skirmishers at Rua-peka-peka and elsewhere. He it was who at Okaehau discovered Kawiti’s ambuscade, ready to fall on the flank of the besiegers. In different combats he courted danger and signalized the high-sounding name given him in his baptism, by wearing a white calico scarf, whereby he might be known—as the *beau sabreur* Murat wore his snowy plume. His stature, like the majority of the natives on board, was above the ordinary standard. John Hobbs, who is not an aristocrat, or Ariki,* by descent, is but little marked by the Moku. All the rest were elaborately tattooed. It is a mark of effeminacy to have an unscored visage. Some desperately foul specimens of the fair sex came on board the “*Inflexible*” with these really fine-looking Maori lords of the creation.

January 7th.—Weighed at 9 A.M., and made sail from Kororarika Bay—or rather Port Russell, (for its former title had better be forgotten,)—the Governor intending to proceed to Wellington north about, visiting the settlements on the

* Hereditary chieftain.

western coast. A stiff north-west breeze, however, compelled the captain to make the eastern passage—our native ship-mates thus losing an opportunity of viewing the North Cape, or Rainga, where the ghosts of departed chiefs are supposed to stop to bait on their way to another world.

Our gallant ship encountered so much rough and adverse weather, especially off East Cape—a point of very stormy character—that at one time she hardly made two knots an hour against a head sea. It was in rounding this headland on the 8th, that one of the most genial occupations of the passenger on ship-board, namely dinner, met with a somewhat rude interruption. The pea-soup had been stowed away, and we were—in number about ten—in deep discussion of the first course, when a tremendous lurch jerked the legs of the table out of the cleats in the deck, and the festive board, “fetching away,” rushed bodily to leeward with such an impetus that two-thirds of the guests, especially the military ones, (not excepting the General,) were carried away, chairs and all, and prostrated beneath it—a relative position of table and company very uncommon in these abstemious times. The worthy Vice-president, although a seafaring man, disappeared like a stage ghost through a trap, the mahogany closing over his head against the bulkhead with a snap that guaranteed his clean decapitation had the edge chanced to catch his neck. The viands, strictly observing the rules of gravitation, precipitated themselves by *ricochet* after their intended devourers; the captain stormed; the steward and loblolly boys scrambled and tumbled over each other; the Governor “held on” and laughed; the carpenter and his mates rushed in with hammers and lashings; the two “young gentlemen” dining in the cabin stuffed their napkins down their throats and grinned with furtive delight till they were blue in the face; and the good ship, having played the very deuce with comfort and crockery, righted herself and paddled onwards. Meanwhile, sad to relate, His Excellency’s fair lady was thrown out of her berth in the state cabin, and sustained many bruises. (N.B. —Ladies ought never to go on board ship, or if they do, they should be laced up in a hammock and fed with a quill !)

The voyage, although rough and unpropitious, was amusing enough. A British man-of-war’s quarter-deck was, I suppose, never before so crowded with live lumber. The native

potentates and their wives and attendants lay sprawling, or sat crouched, day and night amid a filthy heap of mats, blankets and bedding, on that portion of the deck so *tapu*, so sacred, in the eyes of a sailor, that a poor soldier officer cannot lean on the taffrail, or lay an arm on a hammock-netting, without a hint being given him not to lounge on Her Majesty's quarter-deck. It must have been gall to the captain, and wormwood to the first lieutenant, to see the dirty vermin-infested herd making themselves quite at home on the white planks of this nautical sanctum. "Ould Rap" had two wives on board, one a pretty and delicately formed girl of, perhaps, eighteen. I never saw a hand and foot of more perfect symmetry than those of this young savage. She appeared, however, to have scarcely health and strength enough to rise from the deck where she lay coiled; and, on nearer inspection, it was piteous to find that, in common with many of her compatriots, this pretty and delicate young creature was fearfully afflicted with scrofula.

Captain Grey, ever greedy of knowledge, availed himself of the presence of the native chiefs to gain a further insight into the customs and traditions of the people. On these subjects they seemed far from willingly communicative; but His Excellency, not being one easily turned from his object, with the aid of his interpreter contrived to humour old Taniwha into garrulity. He described, although rather in ambiguous terms, the human sacrifices which in olden days made part of their religious rites; gave us several specimens of Maori poetry, some of which contained elegant imagery; and, at length, after much pressing, chanted a sort of wild incantation, to which his hoarse and hollow voice, his tall weird-like figure and excited gesture gave eloquent effect. He treated his hearers, moreover, to a lecture on the measurement of time according to Maori computation, which was curious enough as far as it went. The year, it appears, is composed of thirteen lunar months, each day of the month rejoicing in a name, while the week-days are anonymous. Te Whero-Whero appeared to disapprove of his compeer being drawn into an exposition of ancient customs, some of which were growing into disuse, and some whereof the more liberal Maoris are already ashamed; and both he and Te Rauperaha turned away with cold contempt when the simple old savage was betrayed into such forgetfulness of dignity as to sing us

a song in their heaviness,—for the others had penetration enough to see that in these pleasant sea-trips with His Excellency, they were, although ostensibly guests, actually prisoners. Without the slightest show of compulsion, and treated with kindness and, indeed, with distinction, they are carried about at the chariot wheel of Te Kawana, and are thus kept in sight and out of mischief, bound with invisible and insensible bonds, yet not the less bound.

The half-doating old Taniwha came out strongly on another occasion, in which he displayed no little of the fire and energy of his younger days. The native group were employing their leisure one forenoon, according to their usual habit, in one of the most important duties of a gamekeeper, the destruction of vermin, or in plucking out their beards with a pair of cockle-shells, (simple substitute for the volsellæ of the Romans, and for their descendant the modern European tweezers,) aided by an inch or two of looking-glass; when they were suddenly aroused from their ordinary state of lethargy by two of the officers engaging in a bout at single-stick. Most of the chiefs contrived to maintain, as they looked on, a decent appearance of *nil admirari*—the practical motto of every noble savage of every clime; but the sight was quite too much for the self-command of old Hlookinōe, (for such is his own version of the nickname Hook-nose bestowed on him by his white acquaintances.) Scrambling upon his long bent shanks he approached the mimic combatants, and, as the bout increased in warmth—for the blows fell both “fast and furious”—so the old man’s excitement increased. It assumed indeed almost a serious aspect when, after two or three very stiff capers, he hobbled away to his canoe, which had been hoisted on board, and, snatching out of it a long and heavy *hāni* or staff of carved ironwood, again drew near the scene of action, with a world of animation in his eye, and a volume of meaning in his gestures. One of the players, a gentleman holding a naval appointment who had been some time resident in the colony, chiming in with the humour of the veteran chief, quitted his young military antagonist, and offered to have a round with the other—an offer which, to every one’s surprise, the old fellow with infinite readiness accepted. Youth and strength were on the Englishman’s side, length of arm and of weapon on that of the Maori, for his *hāni* was about six feet long. The sailor was an adept at the single-stick, as we had just

seen, but he was unacquainted with the tactics of his adversary—perhaps underrated his prowess; if so, he paid the penalty usual in such a case.

The octogenarian gladiator commenced operations by a most grotesque war-dance, accompanying his movements by a monotonous croaking song, wielding meanwhile his staff in exact measure with his chant, and gradually nearing his opponent, who, on his part, stood firm, with his eye fixed on that of his adversary, but with a careless guard. From the manner in which the old man held his staff, we all imagined that his visitation would be in the shape of No. 5 or 6 of the broadsword exercise with the oar-shaped end of it; when suddenly, and with a vigour whereof he seemed quite incapable, old Hookinoë, clongating his left arm and sliding the hani through the same hand, gave his opponent the point, the stoccato alighting on his ribs with an emphasis quite sufficient to prove that, had the tourney occurred twenty years ago and been *à l'outrance*, the white knight would have been—done brown and supped upon! There was a roar of applause, as may be supposed, from the spectators of both races at the unexpected triumph of poor Cooki's superannuated cotemporary. It is but fair to add that, on further trial, the Englishman showed that he knew how to keep a whole skin. He completely took in old Taniwha by the stale trick and the delight of the drill-sergeant—"the advantage of shifting the leg,"—in which, as every recruit knows, the right limb is ostentatiously protruded to invite a cut, but is swiftly retracted from the descending stroke, while the sword of the assailed falls plumb on the unguarded sconce of the assailant.

On another occasion, we all enjoyed a hearty laugh—one of Hygeia's chief assistants—at very trifling expense to ourselves, although, as is too often the case, at some trifling outlay by another. A brawny Maori, attendant on one of the chiefs, lay extended on his back near the funnel, enjoying at once its warmth and his siesta. His sleep was not sound, however, for, as my companion and myself made our quarter-deck turns, we noticed that it seemed to be disturbed by terrible dreams; it was a sort of dog-sleep, full of starts and writhings and mutterings of complaint—a sleep like that of the conscience-haunted Richard, when he exclaims,

"Bind up my wounds,—have mercy, Jesu!"

At length his contortions became so energetic as to draw together several spectators ; and I was about to rouse him from his anything but "peaceful slumbering on the ocean," when he suddenly sprang up wide awake, first rubbing his eyes and then that part of his person called sometimes by our Gallic neighbours *son séant*, and by the Jamaica negro girl, with still greater precision, her "sit upon." The rapidity of his change of position disclosed the root of his uneasiness ; for through a small circular grating in the deck, just where he had slept so uncasily, there gleamed a pair of wicked blue eyes, that could only belong to a midshipman in mischief ;—a small hand, too, holding a sail-maker's needle, was not so quickly withdrawn as to escape the notice of the sufferer and the lookers on. The broad face of the native assumed at first a tiger-like ferocity of expression ; but he soon caught the infection from the laughing faces around, and good humouredly joined in the laugh himself. Had he caught the youngster on his own native hill-side, awful would have been the "utu" exacted for this somewhat too serious joke !

The Mihnari Maoris on board were most exemplary in their observance of the rites of their adopted religion—every morning and evening engaging in public prayer, and occasionally joining in a hymn. This latter act of devotion gave rise more than once to the most incongruous scenes and sounds ; for in the forecastle of the ship a party of Christian sailors and soldiers were singing after their manner what might well be described as a set of heathenish songs ; whilst, on the quarter-deck, a group of "the heathen" were chanting, with great apparent unction, a well-known psalm in their own tongue. The compositions of the inspired Hebrew king may not, however, be really so incongruous to the Maori as might at first be imagined ; for it is said that many of their customs, civil and religious, correspond in a remarkable degree with those of the Jews ; and, as I have before noted, the features of Taniwha and many others bear a strong generic resemblance to those of that ancient race,—the same prominent and heavy though lustrous eye, the same somewhat coarse aquiline nose, and thick, sensual mouth. Are the Maoris descendants of one of the lost tribes ?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW ZEALAND COMPANY—FIRST SETTLEMENT—LAND QUESTION AND RIGHTS—
 BATTLE OF MONGANUI—THE WAIRAU, THE FIGHT, THE FLIGHT, THE MASSACRE
 — CONSEQUENCES—WHOSE THE FAULT—RANGIHAIEA'S IMPUNITY—GIBBET
 HEROES—RANGIHAIEA'S PERSON—MODEST LAND-CLAIMS—TENURES—THE
 NEW ZEALAND COMPANY'S CHIEF TOWN—WELLINGTON VERSUS AUCKLAND—
 WHERE TO SETTLE?—PRODIGALITY OF THE FIRST SETTLERS—ROADS NEAR
 WELLINGTON—A SKETCH PREVENTED—RIDE TO THE HUT-VALLEY—STOCKADES
 AND SETTLEMENTS—THE BUSH OF NEW ZEALAND—BIRDS—BUSH FIGHTING—
 THE ATTACK ON BOULCOTT'S FARM.

January 10th.—Meanwhile *Inflexible* was not idle. The wind was high and sore against her; but by dint of "expansive gear" and active stoking—almost up to boiling-over mark,—she ploughed her way along the eastern coast of Ahina-Mauce, sometimes quite out of sight, at others within clear view of the land. Stern and rugged and storm-beaten is its aspect,—here a wall of serrated peaks with little apparent arable soil; there a congeries of hills, fern or forest-clad, with narrow alluvial valleys between them showing patches of cultivation near the beach,—sequestered spots, where the scattered remnants of tribes driven from the more fertile and populous parts of the island have taken refuge from persecution. On this coast there are, I am told, but few permanent inhabitants, with the exception of one formidable sept, (the Ngati—something, of course!) whose numbers are said to amount to thirty thousand souls.

I thought we should never get round East Cape,—a fine obtuse cloud-capped promontory; and, having at length rounded it, I thought we should never see the last of it, so fiercely buffeted was the good ship by wind and wave. In one of the wildest and most secluded nooks of this inhospitable shore, a verdant oasis amid rugged volcanic crags was pointed out as the residence of an English Missionary and his wife. Hundreds of miles of trackless wilderness must lie between them and their nearest white neighbour. A shudder,

I confess, ran through my veins as I contemplated with worldly eye the position, social and material, of this voluntary exile from his kin and country:—yet after all, life is but a pilgrimage, and a brief one; and whether the traveller hurries towards his *kaaba* environed with the noisy *kafila* of society, or, with staff and scrip, wends his lonely way, the bourne will equally be reached; and who can say to which of the wayfarers the balance of joys and sorrows, duties and pleasures, good and evil shall accrue?

Almost within sight of Port Nicholson, and ere we reach it, let me seize the occasion to con over a brief outline of the origin of the settlement of Wellington, and of some of the incidents accompanying its creation. Wellington then is the head-quarters of the New Zealand Land and Colonization Company; and is a few months senior in existence to the Crown settlement and seat of Government, Auckland, from which it is distant about 500 miles by sea. Every one who has heard of New Zealand in connexion with British rule, has heard of the Land Question in connexion with the New Zealand Company. It would little become a mere military tourist, and still less suit the object and character of this book, to do more than touch very lightly on so grave a subject. In 1839 the above-mentioned joint-stock company, so reliant on the powerful names enrolled among their ranks as to resolve to act, or at least to initiate their scheme, without the sanction of the Crown, sent an agent, in the person of Colonel Wakefield, in charge of an expedition to New Zealand, “to select a spot for a considerable colony, and to prepare for the emigrants.” The *Tory*, 400 tons, carrying the agent, with goods for barter, &c., and mounting eight guns, sailed from England accordingly in May, arrived in Cook’s Straits on the 17th August of that year, and shortly anchored in Port Nicholson. The native proprietorship of land on the shores of Cook’s Straits was at this juncture, owing to successive conquests of various tribes, wholly unsettled and undefined,—a fact well known to all the old European residents. Yet the agent had no difficulty in finding native chiefs willing to sell any quantity of this commodity, from an acre to a province, but who had no earthly title to the precious article which they so readily disposed of for blankets, tomahawks, Jews’-harps, fire-arms, &c.; and, when in a few short months

three large ships full of emigrants followed on the heels of the *Tory*, great were the disappointment, discontent, and distress caused by the discovery of the fact that there was no land, on really secure tenure, to be got for love or money. A peaceable debarkation of the intended settlers took place, for the Maoris were prominently civil to them until their interests began seriously to clash; and the gallant Colonel's mild yet firm demeanour and excellent temper gained him golden opinions among the Maoris as well as his own people. A spot in the delta of the Hutt River, flowing into Port Nicholson exactly opposite its mouth, was first selected; the New Zealand Company's flag (whatever manner of bunting that might be, for I never heard of their being authorized to hoist a "Kumpani ki Nishân," like that of the H.E.I. Company!)—the New Zealand Company's flag was planted on the soil, and the embryo township was named Britannia. Britannia, however, in this case, failed to rule the waves, for in high winds the sea beat tumultuously upon the shores, and the river, proving rebellious, overflowed its banks and overran the town allotments. The site on the Hutt was therefore abandoned for that of Thorndon Flat on the shores of Lambton Harbour, an inner lobe of the great basin of Port Nicholson; Wellington was founded, and the neighbouring land was greedily bought up at all hazards of faulty title and dangerous tenure. A population gradually poured in from England and elsewhere, and, in March 1840, six large vessels rode at anchor in the port scarcely as many months established. A provisional government was formed; and the council signed an agreement of regulations for self-government, binding themselves "on honour" to submit to the Company's accredited agent, as first president thereof—a measure deemed necessary to maintain law and order in the infant community, "until the Home government should see fit to extend over them its protecting dominion." The sanction of several influential natives to this public step was obtained; but the "protection" thus humbly invoked from the imperial government by the free colonizers of the south, was not extended to them by the local government in so paternal a spirit as might have been expected; for in June 1840, one of the agents employed to diffuse the treaty of Waitangi through the more distant parts of the colony arrived from Auckland

with a small detachment of military and police, and, landing at Wellington, proceeded, without loss of time or waste of words, to haul down the Company's flag, replacing that emblem by the standard of England,—a supercession so natural and inevitable that the ceremony must have been performed in a manner peculiarly galling to the feelings of the Wellingtonians, in order to account for the bitter terms in which it is treated of by a relative of the Company's representative, in his interesting work on New Zealand.

The good folks considered that a community of nearly 1,500 English and 400 savages, which had been living several months together without serious breach of their self-imposed laws, deserved somewhat tenderer treatment at the hands of Her Majesty's officers. Nothing daunted, however, by the cloudy appearance of affairs, the Company's agent created several new settlements, some of which were at a considerable distance from Wellington; and in about a year, including Wellington, Nelson, New Plymouth, Wanganui, and smaller places in Cook's Straits, they contained a white population amounting to about 5,000 souls.

The premature and informal occupation of the country by the Company, and their improvident and profuse sale of land to others before they had achieved a good title to it themselves, involved the Government at home and abroad in endless troubles, and the emigrants themselves in embarrassment and distress. The country had been partially and loosely settled by Europeans long before the birth of the New Zealand Association, and the Government quickly discovered that large tracts had been purchased at merely nominal prices, and that the Maoris, if not interfered with, would soon alienate all they possessed. An enactment was therefore passed, declaring invalid all title to land purchased directly from the Aborigines. The Crown was to be the only direct customer with them, and the sole source of all title. The land was to be sold to applicants by the Government at a fixed price per acre, and the proceeds were to form a fund for the promotion of immigration and for internal improvements. Thus the buyer would get for his money not only his allotment but the labour to cultivate it, and the roads, bridges, &c. to connect it with the townships and transport its produce. This right of pre-emption asserted by the Government appears to have been

peremptorily necessary for the prevention of inordinate portions of earth's surface falling into the hands of jobbers, merely for the purpose of doling it out to retail purchasers at fancy prices ; or, what was still worse, letting it lie idle and unproductive for want of capital, inclination, or knowledge to bring it into culture.

Commissioners were appointed to inquire into and adjudicate in all cases of claims,—of whom all I can say from all I have heard, is, that I do not envy them their hopeless and thankless office. Nor were the Government's self-imposed fiduciary duties any sinecure. Statesmen and jurists and political economists have dogmatized, and of course disagreed, on the land rights of savages,—some holding that, however few in number, however erratic in habit, the hunting, fishing, naked, man-eating Aboriginal black is as truly the rightful lord of the manor and proprietor of the soil, as the hunting, shooting, well-dressed, venison-devouring Leicestershiresquire: others that, since it is the lot of man to subdue the earth, the right of property only comes with the labour bestowed upon it ; that as everything was made for the *use* of man, those who neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns, deserve to be dispossessed of their inutilized property. The surplus soil of the New Zealander would, according to the latter and more popular theory, be as fair game for an over-populated, underfed country like England, as that of the Red Indian, the Hottentot, or the Australian ;—and, really, there have, now and then, exuded from letters of instruction from Home such acquisitive symptoms on the subject under notice, that it is excusable to doubt whether it is our high appreciation of the Maori's proprietary rights that has procured him the exemption he now enjoys from the ordinary fate of the savage possessor of broad acres ; or whether, on the contrary, he rather owes this immunity from pillage to his own formidable character, to the warlike attitude he has ever assumed towards the whites as a body, and to the inexpugnable nature of his country.

The natives openly avow, “our land was of no value till you Pakehas came here ; if you want it now, you must pay well.” Yet, some of the most bloody feuds in the annals of the country have arisen from disputes on this subject. So lately as 1843, there took place, at Monganui, a famous battle

about land. The forefathers of a chief called Nopera (Maori for Noble) now living at Kataia, were, about forty years ago, driven from their ancient abiding place at Monganui by a hostile tribe; and the conquerors had retained peaceful possession ever since. Encouraged, however, by the English local Government, Nopera resolved to reassert his claim—which was, of course, resisted by the actual possessors of the soil. The Monganui tribes, with numerous allies, amounting, it is said, to 2,500 men, under chiefs of known valour, encountered in a pitched battle the tribes of Nopera and his adherents, headed also by men of renown and numbering 2,000 fighting men. The conflict must have been conducted in the rambling and vapouring manner of the heroes of Troy,—alternate speechifying, boasting, feasting, praying and fighting—which is, indeed, the ordinary mode of transacting warlike affairs when “Greek meets Greek” in the civil broils of New Zealand. After several days’ skirmishing not more than thirty or forty men were killed, although fire-arms were plentiful. This was a battle for a great principle, not a petty feud or foray,—one side combating for the right of inheritance, the other for the right by conquest. Noble, who still lives, and is well spoken of by the English, suffered signal defeat. Some of his head men were slain; and thus ended the affair.

Nor is it only clan against clan that the Aborigines are ready to fight for their territorial privileges. The sad business of the Wairau affords bloody token that they will stand foot to foot with the white man in defence of the soil they have inherited from their ancestors, or won by the red right hand. Not that I think the Maori in general has any sentimental attachment to particular patches of his father-land; but he loves it as his chief marketable staple, and will “bide a bout” for it as another man might do for his purse, if it were in danger.

The massacre of the Wairau occurred in the same year as the battle above cited; its details are well known; yet, as a narrative of it is before me, and some of my friends know as little of it as I did myself before I left England, perhaps a concise account thereof may be here admitted, although it might have been more appropriately inserted after visiting the spot.

Certain mineral resources of land from the New Zealand Company

having been put in possession of their town and suburban sections at Nelson (the chief settlement on the southern shore of Cook's Straits), it was found necessary, in order to obtain land for the country lots, to resort to the Wairau, an extensive valley abutting upon Cloudy Bay—about seventy miles from the township. The Company's surveyors, who were despatched to this district to prepare it for delivery to the settlers, were immediately warned off by the natives, who did all in their power to obstruct the survey. Meanwhile, Te Rauperaha and his friend Rangihaieta, the original owners of the land in question—owners by conquest—arrived from the other side of the straits, where they had been attending the Court of the Commissioner of Land Claims, whom they had settled to meet at Cloudy Bay towards the end of the current month, for the purpose of adjudicating the dispute regarding the purchase of this very district. These chiefs finding the surveyors at the Wairau, informed them that if they persisted in the survey, they would turn them off. They then proceeded to burn down the hut of the chief surveyor—first, however, removing his property to prevent its destruction. They pulled up and burnt the ranging rods, flags, &c. and drove away the men. The surveyor's assistant upon this proceeded to Nelson, where, on the 12th June, 1843, he laid an information before the police magistrate, the result whereof was the issue of a warrant against Rauperaha and Rangihaieta for burning the hut; and the magistrate resolved to attend in person its execution.

Mr. Thompson, the police magistrate, was accompanied on this ill-fated expedition by the following gentlemen;—Captain Wakefield, R.N., the Company's agent at Nelson, Captain England, J.P., late of H. M's 12th Regiment—Mr. Richardson, the Crown Prosecutor—Mr. Howard, Company's store-keeper,—Mr. Cotterell, assistant-surveyor—with several others; also an interpreter, four constables, and twelve special constables: the whole amounting to forty-nine persons, among whom were distributed thirty-three muskets and one or two fowling-pieces. On Friday, the 16th, the expedition proceeded in boats a few miles up the Wairau river, and camped for the night—having been watched all day by Maori scouts. On Saturday morning, pursuing their course, they came upon the Maori party, squatting in groups on the opposite side of a narrow deep

brook called the Tua Marina, with a dense scrub covering their rear. The white men halted on the left bank; the armed escort were formed in two subdivisions under Messrs. England and Howard, with strict directions not to fire without orders: while the police magistrate and Captain Wakefield, with some others, crossed the stream on a large canoe which the natives permitted them to use as a bridge. Approaching the Maoris, Mr. Thompson produced his warrant and commanded Rau-peraha to accompany him, with any followers he chose, on board the brig—to be brought to trial at Nelson for burning the hut of the Surveyor. The chief replied, “I will not go—I will stay where I am!” The other then threatened to compel him, and pointed to the armed escort; when Rangihaieta arose from among the bushes, came forward, and in vehement tones defied the magistrate. Mr. Thompson, under great excitement, now called upon Captain England to “bring down the men;”—whereupon the Maoris arose with a shout, and fell back under cover of the wood. The Englishmen, who had crossed over the brook, retreated immediately towards the armed escort, and began in great confusion to recross the stream by the canoe;—when, as the escort rushed forward to support them, a shot was fired—probably by accident—and instantly a general fusilade commenced on both sides. Several of the English leaders soon falling, a sudden and shameful panic seized their followers, and the greater part of them, turning their backs, fled in disorder. Te Rau-peraha and Rangihaieta with their myrmidons, in number about forty, rushed across the creek in pursuit. The English gentlemen, deserted by their escort, gave up their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners; and Mr. Thompson and Te Rau-peraha had reciprocated the word “Kati”—“Peace,” when Rangihaieta coming up exclaimed, “Rau-peraha, remember your daughter!” (one of the former’s wives, killed by a chance shot during the affray), and instantly struck down Captain England—when a general massacre followed.

A Maori woman, who, on the subsequent investigation, gave her evidence with a fearful simplicity, said, “Rangihaieta killed them all with his own hand, with a tomahawk: I saw him do it. I saw him kill Captain Wakefield, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Richardson. I saw him kill John Brooks, near the bunch of trees up the hill. I saw him kill Mr. Cotterell. I saw

Rangihaieta snatch away Captain Wakefield's watch, after he had knocked him down. He afterwards offered it to the missionary natives who were present, but they refused to take it, saying, 'Let it lie with the dead, and all that belongs to them.'"

Seventeen dead bodies of Englishmen were afterwards found, and buried by a Wesleyan clergyman who went there with two boats' crews of whalers. The skulls of all had been cleft with tomahawks and generally disfigured by repeated blows, struck with such ferocity that any one of them must have been instantly fatal. The killed amounted to twenty-two, the wounded to five; twenty effected their escape. Such are some of the terrible details of the massacre of the Wairau. In reporting its occurrence to the Home authorities, the acting Governor stated that the measures of the police magistrate were undertaken not only without his sanction, but in direct opposition to previous instructions; and that, as far as his information went, they were in the highest degree unjustifiable, inasmuch as the question of the ownership of the land on which the hut was burned by the natives was yet unsettled, and was on the point of coming under the consideration of the Commissioners.

It was the affair of the Wairau first broke down the prestige of the superiority of the white man, especially of the white gentleman, over the semicivilized Maori. Heki's well-known taunt on his foray to Kororarika, "Is Rauperaha to have all the credit of killing the Pakehas?"—and its corollary, his attack and sacking of that place, are practical proofs of this. The series of operations in the north against that chief and Kawiti, those against Rangihaieta and Maketu in the south—in a word, the New Zealand war, with its sacrifice of valuable lives and its expenditure of half a million, together with the consequent stagnation in the progress of the colony,—are the lineal and legitimate descendants of the unwisely undertaken, miserably conducted, and fearfully consummated affair of the Wairau. Yet, however unwarrantable the persistence of the English claimants in surveying lands still under dispute;—however lamentable the loss of life inflicted on the natives by the English fire;—the amount of obloquy heaped upon the vanquished party, dead and survivors, by certain public officials at Home and abroad, was certainly unmerited. A high Govern-

ment functionary, of course deriving his impression of the affair from the local official reports, pathetically expatiates on the death of the fair Te Rongo, the spouse of Rangihaieta, who, according to the Downing-street appreciation of her virtues, "fell a victim to conjugal affection" during the conflict. This conjugal bias must have been—to speak botanically—of the polyandrian class; unless her intimacy with the sailors and whalers of Cloudy Bay has been foully misrepresented! No one disputes that the attempt to serve a warrant of capture, backed by a few half-armed bumpkins—many of whom had never before handled firelock—upon two savage chieftains, heroes of a hundred battles, in their native fastnesses and in the midst of their warlike and devoted adherents, armed as well or better than themselves,—was a rash and foolhardy, as well as, under the circumstances, an illegal act. The Surveyors, in the first instance, deserved to have their theodolites and ranging-rods broken over their heads for persisting in a trespass, after due warning: and to talk of "handcuffs" to a Maori chief in the heart of his native wilds, was, indeed,

"To beard the lion in his den—
The Douglas in his hall!"

a piece of arrogance that deserved correction—but not a cruel death. Again, the dispositions of the English leader of the expedition were as careless and faulty as those of the Aboriginal chief were sagacious and well-devised; for after the very first evolution—the passage of the brook, the white party was, in fact, at the mercy of those whom they had come to capture "by force if necessary." It would have been a brilliant victory on the part of the Maoris, as well as a disgraceful defeat on that of the Pakehas, if the former had contented themselves with winning a battle by open prowess, and securing their prisoners; and had it not been for the presence of the bloodthirsty Rangihaieta it is likely such would have been the result. That this arch ruffian was permitted to escape unpunished at the time was not a matter of choice. Any attempt to arrest him would have caused a certain and useless sacrifice of life, if not the utter destruction of the British settlements; for the entire military force in the colony at the moment of the massacre consisted of a weak company of infantry quartered at Auckland, and there was no vessel of

war on the station. It is stated that immediately after the massacre Rauperaha repaired to his estate at Otaki, and, the very day after his arrival, formally embraced Christianity and attended chapel. His wife and slave women openly wore the rings of the murdered Englishmen, and his house was full of their clothes, arms, watches, and other property; and it was shrewdly surmised that this hurried assumption of the Christian faith was a mere *ruse* to secure the alliance of the Missionary natives, in case the English came to open rupture with Rangihaieta and himself. I accept the want of power as the sole valid motive for the forbearance exercised by the local government on this occasion; for another consideration, urged by one-sided philanthropists, viz. that it would have been heinously wicked to encourage or risk an internecine war between these amiable barbarians, by employing one tribe to fight against another, was, I must be permitted to say, throwing cold milk-and-water on a measure whose execution the honour of England and the cause of humanity imperatively demanded,—namely, the capture and punishment of Rangihaieta.* And Rangihaieta still lives and goes free; free to boast of having inhumanly butchered more Englishmen than any savage had ever done before,—free to vaunt his impunity, and to bully with equal impunity any white person whom he may fancy to insult or pillage. Yet, stained as is this truculent monster with the blood of unarmed men—infamous as was his previous character as a drunkard, a robber, a murderer, and a cannibal,—and actively instrumental as he subsequently proved in aggressions against the peaceful settlers, and in covert and overt hostility to British rule, it will hardly be believed that there have been found Englishmen,—English gentlemen,—who have visited in his bandit camp, broken bread with, and given the hand of amity to Rangihaieta! It was disgusting enough to witness the “paddling of palms” between some of the highest colonial notables, and that cringing old sycophant and anthropophagist, Te Rauperaha; but to cultivate a close intimacy with Jack Ketch might be considered a careful and

* It is a dictum of Lord Chatham's, I think, that civilized nations are not justified in employing savages in their wars against savages—the very mode of all others which England *has* adopted with no small success in every quarter of the globe; and which, after all, is but realizing the old fable of loosening the faggot. E. Kuru, a powerful Christian chief, had offered to pursue the murderers with 1,000 men.

exclusive selection of acquaintance, compared with a voluntary chumship with Rangihaieta. The writer was offered at once an opportunity and an excuse for a visit to this latter celebrated savage in his forest lair; but, though he must confess himself, in this instance, susceptible of that unworthy craving common (perhaps peculiar) to his countrymen—the passion for personally inspecting the perpetrators of foul and bloody deeds, the place of their occurrence, even the instruments—pistol, poker, or pitchfork—whereby they were effected, and afterwards to batten on a *rechauffée* thereof in the shape of a three-volumed novel,—yet he had the virtue to forego the occasion, fairly stating, as his reason, squeamish though it might be, that he could not give his hand to (still less rub noses with) the Tiger of the Wairau!

Rangihaieta, it is said, (indeed, passages in his life prove it,) is not without some redeeming qualities. He keeps his word for good or evil; is frank, brave, and generous, sometimes paying handsomely and voluntarily for wrongs committed by him in headlong fits of passion. He hates Europeans, and has never disguised his antipathy. When Governor Grey had an interview with him some years after the “unhappy deeds” I have just related, this unpliant son of the wilderness exclaimed, “I want nothing of the Pakehas; I wear nothing of their making; see my dog-skin mat;—you may go!” His Excellency pointed, with a smile, to a peacock’s feather in his hair, when Rangihaieta, plucking it scornfully out, threw it on the ground, and set his foot on it, saying, “True—that is European!”. His acts of violence towards white persons have been innumerable. So late as 1849 I read in a newspaper that, after compelling an Englishman, keeping a ferry, to pass him over, he knocked him down and robbed him of some rum, merely remarking that he must have it. Shortly afterwards, however, he gave the man liberal “utu” both for the liquor he had taken and the licking he had given. On the Hutt river and Porirua road, during his struggles against British supremacy, he made war upon the unarmed and helpless settlers, driving them off their purchased lots and carrying out his “evictions,” and “tumbling” their shielings with all the rigour of the Irish agent of an absentee landlord. Having once heard that he had been evil-spoken of by a stout English whaler living on an island in Cook’s Straits, he proceeded there

in his canoe, and finding the man standing by his door, after measuring his more than ordinary bulk, Rangihaieta seized him in his arms, and, raising him in the air, dashed him on the ground senseless.

A friend of mine who has resided several years in New Zealand,—and whom, by-the-bye, this turbulent bully once threatened to shoot—described the person of Rangihaieta as singularly manly, well-formed, and athletic; in height about six feet two, with curly black hair, aquiline features, a small piercing eye, and a haughty bearing.*

On the subject of the Land Claims, I do not know that the paramount necessity of interference by the Government can be more pointedly proved than by the following extract from an “Abstract of claims to land in New Zealand by right of purchase from the Aborigines, as far as they can be defined from the *Government Gazette* to September, 1841,”—claims, too, of persons resident in New South Wales! I do not insert names, although they have duly appeared in the *Government Gazette*.

Claimant.	Area in Acres.	Consideration given.
— —	57,000 acres.	10/.
— —	250,000 acres.	301/.
— —	1,200,000 acres.	200/.
— —	1,328,000 acres.	393/.
— —	5,500,000 acres !	60/ !!

Yet these requisitions for portions of Mother Earth’s crust—startling as they may sound and look upon paper—shrink into moderation when compared with *the* grand land-swoop attempted by a well-known mighty squatter and statesman of New South Wales, whose claim amounted to about 100,000 acres in the Northern Island of New Zealand, and 20 millions of acres in the Middle Island—the whole of the latter island, in short, except about three millions of acres!

I have said that the Land Claims Question has proved a “poser,”—and all because it is impossible to define accurately the territorial rights of the savage. The writers and speakers on this vexed subject are legion. The law of nations

* This gentleman gave me the genealogy of Te Rangihaieta, in unbroken descent of thirty-one generations from Ui, his ancestor, who originally came in a canoe from some island to the northward of New Zealand.

was turned and twisted to suit the views and to support the position of each exponent; and the New Zealand Company itself boldly and freely construed the palladium of nations, the *jus gentium*, into a right of certain *gentes* from the east end of London and elsewhere to purchase "no end" of acres of land for as many Jews'-harps, and to sell them for as many guineas; to erect colonies without the sanction of the Crown; and to send out emigrants and locate them upon tracts that had neither been "reported ready for delivery," "surveyed," nor even "discovered." The knot into which company and colonists, whites and blacks, rulers and ruled, jobbers and jobbed, had got entangled, has never yet been deftly reeled off into a clear and even skein. It was indeed, in some sort, finally cut by the Imperial Government, who, in pity to the embarrassed association and their still more embarrassed constituents, granted to it a Charter of Incorporation, a large loan of money, a right of pre-emption in native land (the peculiar privilege of the Crown), together with sundry other immunities and modifications intended to reconcile both, as much as possible, to a bad job. Pity that so grand a scheme should fail; for noble and grand is undoubtedly that undertaking, which would tend to relieve the old country of its surplus population—a surplus foredoomed to poverty, famine, and therefore to crime; and would pour it upon a land—to use the language of one of our pleasantest modern writers, though not applied to New Zealand—a land "so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest." Experience has taught us what common sense and common honesty might long ago have suggested, namely, that it is better to purchase the land and the good-will of a warlike race by equitable remuneration, than to get it by first cheating, then fighting, and after all having to pay. The Wairau and sundry other disputed districts have now been bought up for a few thousands of pounds by the Government, and will, doubtless, be resold to settlers at prices not ruinous, and under a tenure more consonant with conscientiousness and personal comfort than the former less costly but less secure terms of possession.

It is true that speculators, missionaries, and colonists in general on the old Jews'-harp-y system, held their property at very cheap rates financially speaking, but at the expense of a

vast amount of grievous humiliation, extortion, and even violence at the hands of an inferior race—a patience of hardship and outrage which might be intelligible enough in the long-suffering Missionary, but which is hard to reconcile with the known character of the independent British layman, who would hardly exercise such forbearance, did he not feel that he was in truth a trespasser on the soil, that the price he paid for his footing was little better than a swindle, and that consequently the kicks and cuffs that befel him were no more than his well-merited meed.

Under any circumstances, the first colonizers of a strange land are destined to hard work, privation, and too often to ruin. The pioneers of civilization, they are men of the axe, the shovel, and the pick, of the beard and leathern apron,—with slung firelock always ready for action. Or rather I would liken them to the forlorn hope of a column of assault, which covering the advance of the main body, and meeting the brunt of battle, too often lose life or fortune in the desperate duty—serving only to fill with their corpses the ditch over which their more prosperous followers march to eventual victory. Yet—glory be to British enterprise and spirit!—point but out the spot of earth capable of maintaining its man, and, however distant, however hedged in with danger and difficulty, there will ever spring to the front a gallant band of volunteers, ready for the adventure and sanguine of success; and sooner or later the courage, the perseverance, and the thrift of an orderly people will assuredly meet their reward.

But all this while the *Inflexible* is drawing near Port Nicholson. Great was the fear that we should not get into port this day. Towards sunset, however, we were within Cook's Straits; and as the steam-ship rounded Cape Palliser, the southernmost point of the Northern Island, the sinking luminary glinted on the snow-capped peaks of the Southern Island; in another hour or two we had passed Baring's Head, and were threading the somewhat long and narrow entrance to Port Nicholson; and finally, at ten P.M., we dropped anchor in that arm of the great southern haven called Lambton Harbour. Our berth was about ten miles from the Heads, and a short distance from the shore. Around us lay a magnificent bay, and locked by lofty and precipitous hills, and immediately before us the town of Wellington.

The harbour and settlement reminded me slightly of St. John's, Newfoundland, but the comparison is unjust to the New Zealand port. Fortunate it is for the colony that in so stormy a part of the world and on a coast so generally devoid of shelter, such a splendid refuge has been provided. Wonderfully diverse, however, are the opinions I have heard and read regarding Port Nicholson as a harbour, and Wellington as a chief town and province. Certain deponents aver that its mouth is narrow; its throat beset with dangerous rocks; that there is bad holding ground in the anchorage; and that through the gorges of the surrounding hills boisterous and sudden gusts plough up the smooth water of the bay, and rush upon the shipping thus insecurely moored. Its flatterers, on the other hand, uphold the character of the port for amiability of climate, and triumphantly point to the many hundreds of vessels that have entered and cleared without a shadow of an accident. All I know personally is, that three days out of four during my short stay "it blew great guns;" and had I access to the log of H.M.S. *Inflexible*, I think it would be found that, with all her titular inexorability, she dragged her anchor, and therefore shifted her berth, the very night on which it was "let go" there. There is an old story, too, complacently repeated at Auckland to all travellers, of a boat hauled high and dry on the beach of Thorndon, having been blown bodily along the main street of Wellington, like an autumnal leaf, killing what the accident-mongers call "an aged female" in its along-shore gambols. As for the township and vicinage, detractors affirm that there is little available or good land near at hand, owing to the impracticable nature of the hills that hem it in—that the heavy timber presents serious obstacles to the settler, and that the difficulty of opening communications with the interior will prevent Wellington becoming the sea vent of any wide circuit of country. Those, on the contrary, who give their suffrages to Wellington, dwell on the splendid valley of the Hutt, already laid open and numerously settled; and on the extensive vale of Wairarapa, which the fine road through the former will soon bring within reach.

Self-interest is the lens through which the general observations have been taken. The Company's volunteers were disappointed that Wellington, rather than Auckland, should not

have been chosen as the seat of Government; they claimed seniority of existence, superiority in the census, and the more central position when all the islands shall be peopled. The colonists of the north—more especially the owners of town and suburban lots at Auckland—were naturally fearful that the title and advantages of metropolis should be lost to their new city; and they not only cited their milder climate, their twofold ports of Waitemata and Manakau, their naturally clear land, &c., but they drew a most unflattering parallel between their own abiding-place and that of their rivals.

Putting myself in the position of a newly-arrived emigrant, neither Akarana nor Ponaki * would have many charms in my eyes, at least at first sight. The aspect of the former is repulsive like that of all countries whose interior has been convulsed and exterior disfigured by the action of subterranean fires. The mountainous character of the latter is discouraging to any one who, like myself, may have no fancy to live in a continual state of up and down hill. This feature, with the insecurity of property and the hostility of the natives, has prevented that devotion to farming pursuits on which depends its ultimate success; and has reconciled the emigrants, who came out with worthier intents, to the wretchedly inferior traffic of the counter. Those who came to till, remained to peddle; those who should have been producers became the sutlers and hucksters of the bolder few and of the natives, while the better born adventurers dissipated their capital in the clubs and taverns of the townships. Perhaps it is presumptuous in me to say, that, did circumstances induce me to make New Zealand my "new home," my choice of locality would fall upon neither of the provinces I have named, nor even on any spot in the Northern Island. I cannot conceive that any solid advantage will accrue to the English settler from the labour or the vicinity of Maoris. Of what use is an idle, independent, free-and-easy savage, at 2s. 6d. or 3s. a-day? I would pitch my tent, rather, on the comparatively uninhabited Middle Island, where there would be no Rauperahas and Rangihaietas, nor even Te Wheros, to watch and harass, bully or propitiate, according to one's strength or weakness;—perhaps at the nascent Church of England settlement of New Canterbury, where doubtless

* Maori names for Auckland and Port Nicholson.

there will, ere long, be transplanted a complete social slice of England; something in the old style,—church and state, peer, priest, and peasant—an entire community packed and labelled in the Old Country, and landed without damage, as per invoice, in a fine, clear, level district, with plenty of room in rear of its port, and a British climate. To be sure, 3*l.* an acre is somewhat high for land 16,000 miles from May-fair—especially if the purchaser stretches a point to pay it, in the faith that the settlement will maintain an exclusively episcopalian character; for, long before its streets are half laid out, some nonconformist Poundtext will be found mounted on a barrel at a corner allotment, or on a tree-stump in the market-place—and will not wait long for a flock! *

January 11th.—Wellington is a long straggling village, thinly spread—like the raspberry jam at the Auckland native feast—over two or three miles of the crescent-shaped beach, and over a plain, sometimes wider sometimes narrower, lying between the sea and the grand amphitheatre of hills within whose strict embrace the township is confined—their hirsute summits absolutely frowning down the chimneys and into the back windows, and some of the more intrusive spurs of the range pushing, as it were, the houses and their inhabitants into the waters of the harbour.

At either extremity of the town are the barracks of Thorndon and Te Aro;—at either extremity, a native pah. A good solid brick gaol stands near the former; and the general hospital for both races—an interesting and excellent institution but just established—near the latter. The best effects, it is said, have arisen from the Maori patient seeing the white man submitting to treatment and regimen wholly strange to the former, and thereby gaining confidence in European medical skill. The physician in charge has recommended that natives of rank should be numbered among the official visitors of the hospital.

There are in Wellington one or two very fair hotels—and the shops and stores are pretty well supplied with the ordinary

* Towards the end of 1850 I was informed, by an officer who had just arrived from the Canterbury Settlement, and who has purchased land and stock for the purpose of settling there, that when he left the place there were about 250 persons there, and that, at this essentially Church of England plantation, the only Churchman present was a *Roman Catholic Priest*, to whom all the children were taken for baptism and other rites!

requisites of a young settlement. There is, moreover, a very good and convenient club, properly exclusive in its tenets—whose advantages are extended to strangers and travellers of respectability, on the same hospitable principle as that of the Sydney Club.

As a military post—and surely all settlements amongst a warlike race of Aborigines should be considered as military posts, with reference at least to choice of site—Wellington is vulnerable in the extreme. Ten thousand hostile Maoris might assemble without discovery among the masses of wooded hill and ravine close in rear of the town, and might select a convenient moment to overwhelm it. To fire the weather-boarded city at different points, on one of the dark tempestuous nights common to the climate, would be an easy exploit; and the half-asleep and half-naked inhabitants would fall under the silent blows of the club and tomahawk before the garrison could turn out. On the plain of Thorndon is an old field-work, called Clifford's Stockade, mounting a few guns, offspring of the panic caused by the sacking of Kororarika, and intended as a place of refuge in case of an attack. With a little repair and deepening of the ditch, this trifling earthen fortalice might be made quite efficient against a *coup de main*; and, by a very simple contrivance, which perhaps may have never yet occurred to engineers or other defenders of a fortified post, might be rendered impregnable against bare-footed savages—namely by throwing into the ditch (instead of throwing them on the horse and foot-paths and the sea-beach) all the broken bottles which in a short period have been so lavishly emptied by the Company's colonists! If one must credit half the tales of former extravagance current here—six months' consumption of champagne alone would have furnished broken glass sufficient for the purpose. This may be a useful and perhaps original hint for future beer and wine swilling settlers in a wild country!—methinks I hear the agonized yells of the night attacking barbarians, as they recoil with mangled soles from the glass strewn fosse!—nor could the baffled savages console themselves with a koriro or a cannibal supper after the defeat—for they would all be suffering lockjaw!

The audacity of the rebel Maoris never went the length of attacking either Auckland or Wellington; although Heki

threatened the former, and Te Rauperaha is said to have openly ridiculed the idea of the latter, with its then garrison, being able to resist a combined attack, had he and Rangihaieta chosen to undertake one after the affray of the Wairau.

I found Mr. Eyre, the Lieut.-Governor, no less hospitable and kind than had been the Governor-in-chief. He provided me with an apartment in the unpretending tenement styled Government-House; and this gentleman is indeed so generally liberal and hospitable, that it is to be feared the modest salary of 800*l.* a-year, supposed to repay his services and the expenses consequent on his station, will as certainly be swallowed up in the first six months—as has the annual revenue of the colony and the parliamentary subsidy been absorbed in as short a period! Considering the rugged nature of the country round about, there are some very pleasant rides from Wellington. The Karori road, running from the rear of the town through a wooded gully to a small upland hamlet of that name, is extremely romantic—initiating the traveller at once into all the splendours of the New Zealand forest. The great roads to the Porirua district and the Hutt settlements were commenced by the Company's immigrants, and completed by Government, chiefly by soldiers' labour. They afford pleasant rides, good intercommunication, and are executed in a style that does credit to a young colony and to the workmen employed. As for the walks, he must be a practised mountaineer in wind and limb who could enjoy pedestrianism in any direction from Wellington, except along the shores of the bay. The weather was, however, very cold to sensations like mine fresh from New South Wales, and a good rough walk was therefore a good thing. Being particularly anxious to get a sketch of the settlement and harbour from some commanding point, one afternoon, when the sun was shooting his rays precisely at the angle most favourable for light and shade, I set my face resolutely against the slope of the Tinakiri range, and soon reached a spot on its chine, from whence the crystal bay in its bronze frame of rugged hills, the shipping on its surface lying calmly at their anchors or scudding along with white wings, the long wood-built town curving round the horns of the haven or creeping like ivy up the spurs of the mountain behind, and the grand back-ground of the snowy Sierra of Tararua, formed a *coup d'œil* worthy

the trouble of a scramble and a sketch. Having performed the first, I must account for failing in the second, whereby my readers have lost the view of Wellington which ought to have been here inserted.

I had reached some patches of rude cultivation near the summit, had recovered my breath by steadfast contemplation of the scenery, had gotten out my paper and pencil, and, with a discouraging feeling of the difficulty of my subject, had selected what appeared a favourable spot for a seat. My eye, moreover, had fallen complacently on a herd of kine that came browsing towards my station, and which were destined to perform the part of animated nature in the foreground, when I suddenly remembered having been warned against wild and wicked cattle in this neighbourhood. A brief consultation of the bovine countenances before me so satisfied me of their pacific temper that I continued to advance up the hill, and had left the whole herd behind me, as I thought, when suddenly from the midst of a detached thicket appeared a wild black head with a pair of fiery eyes and remarkably sharp horns. There was a fierce bellow, a flash of the eyes, a "swirl," as Burns has it, of a long black tail,—(truly, such tail, horns, and eyes, might have well become the Principle of Evil!)—and, ere one "could say it lightens!" a long-legged cow dashed through the bushes and made right at me. Waterton would have been upon her back in the twinkling of a tough story, and have ridden her into subjection, as he did the alligator; Guy Earl of Warwick would have reduced her to a state of beefhood, carried her home ready spitted on his spear, turned her into a *done* cow before a good fire, and eaten her whole for his supper. As for degenerate me, a three-railed fence stood at my left hand, and I hailed it as a friend in need. My left fingers grasped the top bar, as the right horn of the beast touched my skirts;—one spring and I was safe—ingloriously, but indisputably safe! But my pencil being among the "missing in this affair" (my dignity, I must confess, was in the list of "slightly wounded,") the sketch was unavoidably, and, as it happened, permanently postponed.

An acquaintance of mine did not escape so easily in a similar encounter that befel him near Auckland. While walking with some ladies they were attacked by a bullock, and, in a gallant but fruitless attempt to repulse the wild animal

with a parasol or umbrella, he was thrown down, trampled on, and seriously bruised. A soldier, at the same place, was also much injured in a like adventure. This dangerous propensity in the cattle of New Zealand arises probably from the graziers of Australia and Van Diemen's Land favouring their customers with all the "neer-do-weels" of their stock—cows that decline to "bail up," and bullocks that "break fence" and rebel against the yoke—a practice which, although very notorious and certainly very sharp practice on a sister colony, gave me, I admit, no manner of inquietude until my own person became so pointedly affected by it.

January 18th.—Inspection of the 65th regiment on Thordon Flat—an excellent parade ground, like an English village green. It is pleasant to see the truly British appearance of the troops in this country;—no pale faces—no dried-up frames. Here was a corps 900 strong, including detachments, so increased individually in bulk and healthiness of aspect since I saw them a year ago at Sydney after a long voyage from England, that it was difficult to believe them the same body of men. They have here plenty of beef and potatoes and a fine blustery climate—just the things to assist in erecting the raw young clodpole from the plough-tail, or the half-starved stripling from the shuttle, into that hardy and indefatigable machine called the British soldier.

One fine January day, so cool, albeit *Midsummer*, that a pea-jacket was no unseasonable dress, I accompanied the Lieut.-Governor, the General, and their respective suites on an equestrian excursion to the Valley of the Hutt—a most interesting ride of about thirty miles, easily performed between breakfast and dinner. This is no little to say in proof of the enterprise of the colonists and the Government; for half-a-dozen years ago a snake—if there were such a reptile in the country, which there is *not*—or a savage, could hardly have wriggled through the thick bush now traversed by a beautiful carriage road—a road formed too under the adverse circumstances of constant interruptions from the hostile natives. For the first eight or nine miles the passenger has on his left hand a precipitous bank of rough whinstone covered with dense scrub, among which is noticeable the handsome laurel-like *Karaka*—bearing a kind of plum, which is eaten by the natives after having been rendered wholesome

by cooking: on his right the waters of Port Nicholson dash their spray against the coping of the road. At length the high bank on the left trends away to the north, losing itself in lofty wooded hills, and the delta of the Hutt opens itself to view—three or four miles in width, with a similar forest ridge sheltering it on the further side. The vale itself seems perfectly flat, the soil very rich, the timber magnificent—the river Hutt—or Eritonga, to use its native and, without offence to the owner of the patronymic, more musical name—watering and fertilizing its whole length. Quitting the beach and turning up the valley, the road took us close past the ~~pal~~ of Pitone, of which the loyal chief, E Puni, is the head—merely a stockaded village, whose palisades would hardly sustain the assault of my late enemy, the black cow. A chapel of ease is the most prominent building within this Maori hamlet, whose exterior fence is still decorated with the hideous symbols of the Heathen. Not far beyond, hidden by the clustering forest, is the residence of the Hon. Edward Petre, the most considerable settler and breeder of stock, especially horses, in the province, and one of the numerous scions of ancient and honourable Roman Catholic families, who have, under the auspices of the New Zealand Association, emigrated to the country. This Company, in numbering aristocratic names, the Petres, and Stourtons, and Jerninghams, and Cliffords, and Vavasours, among their first settlers, do certainly approach nearer than the rival Crown settlement of the north, to the system of the original English plantations in the New World^a—when the Raleighs and Baltimores and Delawarrs were among the leaders of the adventure;—and, indeed, to the custom of the colonizing ancients.

Galloping over alternate flax plains, bush, and swamp, in a couple of miles we came upon the British stockade of Fort Richmond, which, with its advanced post of Boulcott's farm, and a police stockade still further up the valley, was established for the protection of the settlers during the late war. The fort is at present held by a subaltern's detachment; but was a more important post during the hostilities of which the valley was the scene, when Rangihiaeta and his associate in arms and mischief, Mamaku, ravaged the incipient settlements on this richly alluvial and therefore by the natives vehemently disputed district, committing many barbarous murders on the

unarmed and unresisting colonists. It is certainly worth fighting for,—the valley of the Hutt, from the gorge on the hills where the river enters on the plain to its mouth, containing not less than 30,000 acres of what will be first-rate meadow land, when the bush shall have yielded to the axe and saw.

Leaving the little fort, we spurred along a fine wide road, drained on either hand and spanned here and there with bridges—a road as long and as straight as a French *chaussée*. Right and left, to a distance of fifty or sixty feet, the timber had been felled; and beyond this arose the tall, tangled, and impervious forest. Many of the trees were of majestic growth, and several—among others the Kaikatera, like an English yew, with red berries—are very valuable as timber, for hard and durable qualities. Some of the tree ferns must have been not less than forty or fifty feet high, shooting their slender stems through the dense underwood, and spreading their wide and delicate fronds to the upper air like so many Hindostanee umbrellas. A hundred feet above them towered the ruder giants of the forest, yielding them that shade and shelter which, both in New South Wales and New Zealand, seem necessary to their existence. But the arborescent fern was by no means the only kind here. Hundreds of beautiful specimens, infinite in variety, arrested one's attention at every step. Innumerable parasites and climbing plants, vegetable boa-constrictors in appearance, flung their huge coils from tree to tree, from branch to branch—dropping to the earth, taking root again, running for a space along the surface, swarming up and stifling in their strict embrace some young and tender sapling; anon, as if in pure fickleness, grappling and adopting some withered and decayed stump, arraying and disguising its superannuated form in all the splendour of their own bright leaves and blossoms and fruits (for some of the *passifloras* bear one like a cherry); and, having reached the top, casting their light festoons to the wind, until they caught the next chance object. Grand broad-leaved ferns, palmated like the horns of the elk, nighed themselves grotesquely in the forks of the oldest trees; and another kind, long and wide as a double-handed sword, looked so unlike a fern as not to be recognisable but by the mode of carrying its seed. Enormous mistletoes hung upon, and seemed, like

vampires, to exhaust the life blood of the plants on which they had fixed their fatal affections; The graceful clematis spangled the dark recesses of the groves with its silver stars; below was a carpet of lichens, and mosses, and fungi, among which the kareau, or supple-jack, matted the ground knee-deep with its tough network. I had not advanced fifty paces into the bush, with the intent of measuring one of the tree-ferns, ere I was completely made prisoner by its prehensile webs, and did not escape with a whole coat or skin. A plague on such a country for campaigning! I willingly admit that, if pushed by superior orders into a bush of this nature (for no will of my own would take me into such a position), with a party of first-rate British light-infantry—aye, even my own old company of the gallant 43d—and told that only an equal force of Maoris opposed me, I should consider my men, myself, and my credit, in a very critical predicament!

Here and there appeared a clearing more or less perfect, and, in peaceful contrast with the wild woodland I have just described, fine crops of wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes, with cottages of brick or wood and huts of reeds and mud, according to the wealth or enterprise of the occupant. An occasional English-looking cart, with blue body and red wheels, and good teams of horses or bullocks gave a dash of Home to the picture, which was enhanced by the luxuriant growth of well-known English weeds,—the dock, the chick-weed, the Scotch and sow-thistles,—all proving, if proof were wanting, that the tare as well as the wheat, evil as well as good, have crossed the seas and taken root on this land, with British occupation. The introduction of the dock-weed is attributed to a Yankee skipper, who, amongst other “notious,” (selected expressly for trading with the Maoris in their more pristine and gullible state,) imported and found, as may be supposed, a ready sale for a lot of *gunpowder seed*! In preparation for the next fighting season, the simple and benevolent savages sowed the dark-coloured grains, and, expecting to reap the best “Dartford,” got a fine crop of docks. I rather think Cook found the sow-thistle here; at any rate, this humble weed is in New Zealand promoted into an esculent, the Maoris making of it a sort of salad. It is a god-send to the birds, especially to the parrot tribes, hundreds of

which, of beauteous dyes but odious accents, we saw fluttering and feeding on its filmy tops.

Among the reeds of the river side, and on a pretty flowering shrub in the woods, the Tui, or Parson Bird, with his sleek black coat and snowy bands, was chattering in busy synods, plunging his long tongue into the blossoms and gathering from them heavy tithes of honey. This bird has a high character for elocution, and is readily domesticated; his mimicry of all kinds of sounds when caged is truly surprising: bark of mastiff, yapp of cur, crow of cock, pipe of canary, the deep bass voice and hollow cough of the old man, and the shrill laugh of the young girl, are all within the compass of the Tui, whose size is rather less than that of the English blackbird. High above our heads flapped, with heavy wing, the cumbrous Kawkaw, an ugly brown parrot, with a note like his name pronounced by a cabman with a cold.

Although remarkably deficient in indigenous animals, some very curious birds are peculiar to this country. The Moa I neither saw, nor do I know any one in New Zealand who ever actually set eyes on this gigantic apteryx; if not extinct, the living specimens must be very rare. A sort of wingless roc, she must have looked down upon her unfeathered brother-biped, Man, from considerably more than twice his height; for judging by the length, size, and weight of the bones that have been found, this immoderate stork may have been fourteen or fifteen feet high, and as strong as an elephant. The Kiwi, a small species of the same family, I saw more than once, although it is now scarce. It looked like a wingless curlew, about the size of a turkey, with grey plumage more like hair than feathers. The Rev. T. Jackson, then Bishop-Designate of Lyttelton, in returning from New Canterbury to England, brought with him to Sydney—where I saw it—a living specimen of the Kakapo, or night-parrot, a very singular and rare bird, with the rudiments of wings but no power of flight; half-owl and half-parrot, it seemed a wretched and abortive creature.

Not half a mile from a group of smock-frocked and blue-serge-shirted Britons, carting produce, we came upon a large party of Aborigines, under charge of a white overseer, working idly enough, on the road. They received us with a cheerful shout of welcome, "Aheremai! Aheremai!" brandishing

their spades and pickaxes in the air,—a demonstration which dispersed our horses right and left in wild amazement, and betrayed, no doubt, to the observant Maori, how innocuous to the steady foot soldier is the mounted trooper, terrible as he may appear to the opponent ignorant of his vulnerability. The infantry-man and his firelock have only one will—the dragoon and his charger *may* have two; and whether the centaur thus composed rushes gallantly into the enemy's ranks, or precisely in an opposite direction, it might sometimes be a matter of doubt which of the two volitions—the human or the equine—had the momentary ascendancy! It is unquestionable that a road like the noble one we were now travelling on, running right through the heart of a new country inhabited by a savage and undisciplined people, is as fatal to their continued resistance as the thrust of a rapier through that of an individual foe. Yet at present, even with this fine and level thoroughfare, passable for any kind of vehicle and ordnance, and with its *quasi*-cleared margin of fifty or sixty paces, an English force, however well composed, marching along it with aggressive purposes, would be exposed to great risk of discomfiture. The clearings are encumbered with gigantic felled trees, some of them six or eight feet in diameter, with spreading tops, affording excellent cover for an enemy clever at skirmishing, obstructing the operations of flanking parties, and thereby delaying the advance of the main body; while the bush itself, absolutely impervious to the belted, booted, chaco-ed, and comparatively clumsy soldier, has paths along which the naked savage, with his double-barrelled piece, can—as has been proved—move on the flanks of the regulars as fast as the latter can march along a smooth road. This, therefore, will not be, in the proper sense, a military road until both sides have been cleared to the distance of musket shot, and that can only be done gradually by the axe of the settler.

Coming to such conclusions as we rode along, and commenting on the not altogether happy complexion of our late military efforts in this particular locality, it appeared astonishing that, when this great high-road was but a swampy bush-track, the thickets almost meeting across it, the disaffected natives, headed by so inveterate an enemy to English domination as Rangihiaeta, had accomplished so little against the weak detachments in the Hutt Valley. Not that the soil is unstained

with English blood ;—for, besides more than one cruel murder of settlers, several British soldiers fell under the musket and tomahawk of the Maoris at Boulcott's Farm and in its neighbourhood. We diverged from the road to examine this now abandoned post—the scene of one of the boldest attacks on an English regular force ever attempted by the Maoris. The Farm consists of a weak wooden cottage and offices, with a barn hard by, which had been partially stockaded by the officer in command, thereby making it bullet proof, which was by no means the case with the other tenements. The premises are surrounded by a rough clearing of no great extent ; which, in its turn, is shut in by the primeval forest. The River Hutt, fordable in ordinary seasons, but impassable except by boats or canoes during flood, runs at half-musket shot distance from the post ; and at the time of the attack the opposite shore, covered with thick scrub, was in the hands of the enemy. The garrison consisted of a single officer and fifty men of the 58th—one-half of them occupying the barn.

Just before dawn of day on the 16th May, 1846, the sentry in front of the inlying picquet observed a dark object crawling towards him. He fired ;—and in an instant the air was rent with a chorus of yells, as fifty naked savages, springing up from the herbage, rushed upon him and overpowered and slew both the men of the picquet and himself, before any effectual resistance could be offered ; while a general onslaught was made upon the post from all parts of the surrounding bush, and a heavy fire was poured upon the fragile building in which the officer and a section of his people were housed. The gallant lieutenant hurried from his quarters with two men, intent on joining the party in the stockade, but was immediately driven back by a rush from the Maoris. The sergeant got a few men together and checked the furious assailants, and in a second attempt—with only six men carrying three others wounded—the officer succeeded in reaching the barn—whence, leaving a sufficient force to protect it, he sallied against the enemy with the rest, and, advancing and firing in extended order, soon drove them across the river. There they danced a spirited war dance, showing their numbers to be about two hundred, within view of the British post. “ But for the alertness of all in turning out,” says the officer in his report, “ and the deter-

mination of the men, we should all have fallen." The British loss was six killed and four severely wounded. The bugler, quite a lad, was struck by a tomahawk on the right arm, while in the act of sounding the "alarm;" the brave boy changed the bugle to the other hand and continued to blow, when the savage split his skull with a second stroke of his weapon. The Maoris had good right to be satisfied with the havoc they had committed, without pushing their audacity further. As to the loss on their side, if there was any, both killed and wounded were carried off as usual. The affair of Boulcott's Farm was a successful surprise of a British picquet on the part of the natives;—a gallant repulse of a superior force in a night attack, on that of the British. The Maoris did not want the post—they wanted blood, as they afterwards boasted, and they got it. The force in the valley was immediately augmented by the officer commanding in the southern district, who drove the still hovering rebels from their woodland position on the right bank of the river, with some loss.

CHAPTER XV.

SKIRMISHES IN THE HUTT VALLEY—WHO ARMED THE REBELS?—"OULD RAP"
 DINES WITH SOME OLD FRIENDS—RIDE TO PORIRUA HARBOUR—NEW ZEALAND
 SYLVA—POST OF PORIRUA—ARREST OF TE RAUPERAHA—PAHATANUI—REMOTE
 STATIONS OF H.M.'S ARMY—THE HOROKIWI VALLEY—RANGIHAIETA ESCAPES BY
 FLIGHT—TRIP TO THE WANGANUI DISTRICT—SUNRISE ON MOUNT EGMONT—
 WANGANUI BAR AND RIVER—WANGANUI SETTLED, BELEAGUERED, DESERTED,
 GARRISONED—MASSACRE OF THE GILFINNANS—MURDERERS CAPTURED, AND
 HANGED UNDER MARTIAL LAW—A CHIEF KILLED—AFFAIR OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD
 —MAORI SOOTHSAYERS—CLOSE OF THE WAR—WANGANUI—INTERVIEW WITH
 THE REBEL DELEGATES—BED AND BOARD AT WANGANUI.

PURSUING our interesting ride up the valley, which narrowed as we went, in about two miles we came upon another spot where the Maori insurgent and the English soldier had come into collision.

About a month after the combat at the farm, which had subsequently been reinforced and placed under charge of a captain, that officer, with a view to acquaint himself with the roads in the vicinity of his post, the fords of the river and the position of the enemy, who were reported to be encamped not far distant, and, perhaps, with a desire to avenge the loss inflicted by them on the 16th May, marched out to his front with forty soldiers, a small party of loyal natives under the chief Waiderapa, and a few militiamen; accompanied also by a young officer of the 58th, a volunteer on the occasion.

The main road along which they proceeded was at that time extremely narrow, full of deep holes, and in some places up to the knees in mud, the bush so thick that the view of the advancing party hardly extended beyond a few paces to their front and flanks. On reaching a piece of cleared land, or rather land with felled timber lying upon it, a smart volley delivered at fifteen paces from among the logs on the left of the road informed the Captain that he had fallen into an am-

buscade. The loyal natives threw themselves into cover, and returned the fire from the same side of the road as the enemy. The English, in skirmishing order, answered it briskly from among the trees on the opposite side of it. In about ten minutes some of the Maoris were seen crossing the road so as to obtain a flanking fire on the right of the soldiers, while a strong party were observed to move swiftly towards the road in their rear so as to cut them off from the stockade. This display of tactics on the part of the barbarians induced the officer to sound the retreat, which movement was accordingly effected without further loss of time or blood. Indeed, the casualties had already been pretty severe; four soldiers being severely wounded, of whom one died, and two missing; while the officer of the 58th was severely hurt, maimed perhaps for life, by a shot through the arm. Meanwhile, the subaltern of the stockade, hearing the firing, promptly armed his men, who were working on the defences, and, inviting the cooperation of a friendly tribe encamped hard by, advanced with forty soldiers, and no less than a hundred Aborigines under their veteran chief, E Puni, to the support of his superior. Meeting him half way on his retreat, he was, after a short consultation, directed to form an advance guard in the direction of the camp, to which the entire British party accordingly retired. The two native chiefs, on meeting, held a brief koriro, or talk, when Waiderapa and E Puni, joining their forces, determined to return to the scene of action; which they accordingly did, reaching it just in time to see some of the rebels retreating to the river across the clearing, and dropping blankets, cartridges, and potatoes in their track.

The account of the action given by Waiderapa, affords an amusing specimen of the vain-glorious bombast of the Maori warrior. "The reason why we retreated," said the gallant and self-satisfied chief, in his evidence before a Court of Inquiry, "was, because we were partly composed of soldiers and partly of natives;—had we been all natives, we would have driven away Rangihaieta's people." "The soldiers," he added, "retreated because they thought the enemy were dividing into two parties to cut them off. I did not think so, because they, the enemy, had seen the position that I had taken up!"

Here was indeed an unfortunate affair from beginning to end. The leader of the reconnaissance having fallen into the snare deliberately laid for him, had the choice of two alternatives—to fight his way through it, or extricate himself by retreat. All the evidence collected by the inquiry held to investigate the details, agree that the commander was justified in retiring when he was satisfied that the enemy, whom he supposed to be the whole of Rangihaieta's disposable force, had turned one of his flanks and were menacing to cut him off from his reserve; that the retreat was conducted slowly and with regularity; and that the Captain was the last man to retire—himself taking charge of the rear-guard. No mean guerillas these Maoris!—nor are they ill-armed and equipped for the service; for the dark naked skin is quite as suitable an uniform as the “invisible” green of the rifle-corps; and the double-barrelled piece, which most of them wield, is an awkward weapon in bush-skirmishes, especially when, after an exchange of volleys, the soldiers make a rush with the bayonet, in the faith that there has been no time to load. How came this people to be so well provided with fire-arms, in the face of the vigilant Governor's enactment against their sale to natives, is a question easily answered. The Americans, the French, and above all the Sydneyites, are their purveyors. Not many days ago, while the Governor-in-Chief, the Lieut.-Governor, and the senior officer of the southern district, were on different missions to Wanganui and other places, with strong doubts whether the issue would be peace or war—I cut out of a Sydney newspaper the following advertisement:

“TO NEW ZEALAND TRADERS AND OTHERS.

“ALWAYS on Hand, and for Sale at the Stores of the undersigned—

Tomahawks,	Handsaws,
Axes, assorted,	Saw files,
Adzes, of sizes,	Chisels and gouges,
Pickaxes,	Spades and shovels,
Crosscut saws,	Looking-glasses, and
Fishing hooks.	

ALSO,

A large supply of muskets, carbines, single and double-barrelled guns,

Gunpowder, loose and in canister,

Shot and musket balls,

Cartouche boxes and cutlasses.

* * * *, George and King-streets.”

How can he help it if the rebel Maoris should happen to be his best customers? The ALSO in the advertisement is full of pith!

Quitting those bellicose spots of the now peaceful vale of the Hutt our riding party proceeded as far as the "Gorge," where the mountains on either hand, closing in upon the little rippling trout stream that the river here presents, seem to push the road into its waters. Beyond this point there is at present only a foot-track; but it is the intention of Government to connect the valley and Port Nicholson, by a good road over the intervening ranges, with the extensive and fertile plains of Wairarapa—a district which will no doubt be shortly purchased from the Aborigines for a moderate sum in hard cash unmixed with blood—not by a large expenditure of both, as was the case with the Wairau, Porirua, Wanganui, &c. The two former districts were bought early this year for 5,000*l.*, to be paid by instalments extending over five years—not an exorbitant price, when it is considered that the Wairau alone was included in a general land purchase of not less than 2,500 square miles. If it be worth a single round of ball cartridge it is worth that sum. I was sorry to miss seeing the Wyderop or Wairarapa valley, for I heard much of its beauty. Of its history I know little, except that my old ship-mate, Te Rauperaha, as I was informed, paid a visit to it some years ago—a friendly visit to the remnant of a tribe that had been driven from their possessions in the north, and had settled down for a quiet life; and he seized that favourable opportunity to massacre some 500 of them—not failing, of course, to eat those who were fittest for the spit. Of the Hutt Valley I prophesy great success, and, should destiny make me a settler in New Zealand, I would prefer a site for a house on the flank of the hills near the sea, with about 1,000 acres of the alluvial flat at their base, to any other spot visited by me in the country.

Another interesting trip which I made, with a party of twelve, from Wellington, was to the military posts of Porirua and Pahatanui. Nothing can be more wild and beautiful in its way than the forest scenery on the road between Kaiwara-

wara, the point where it quits the beach of Port Nicholson, and Jackson's Ferry where it debouches on Porirua Bay. The whole distance of fourteen miles is through a rugged and densely wooded mountain tract, with but few clearings. The line was first opened by the New Zealand Company's people, and was taken up, improved, widened, and completed in excellent style by military labour, under officers who appear to have known and done their business well.

I have no words to describe the luxuriant beauty of the wilderness traversed by this monument of a young colony's energy and industry, the gigantic size of the timber, the glossy tufted foliage of tree and creeper and parasite, the noble contour of the uplands wooded to their very summits, the dark, tangled, and absolutely impervious glens, rock and ravine, brush and swamp—the natural bulwarks of a country inexpugnable except by Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Every man who has travelled at all has travelled through tracts of mountain forest, and has felt his soul awed and elevated by the romantic and sequestered grandeur of these portions of the universe, which seem as if purposely made too solemn and sublime for the permanent abode of busy man. The effect produced is still deeper;—the wilderness seems wilder still, when every tree and shrub and flower and weed, and every specimen of animated nature, is utterly strange and unknown to the traveller; when every object is an object of mysterious wonder. Such was my position in traversing this forest pass;—the blue vault above and the earth's crust on which I trod appeared to be my only old acquaintances.

Among the predominant timber-trees, I was introduced to the Totara* and the Rimu†—the most splendid of New Zealand pines next to the Kauri, which does not flourish so far south—both yielding a wood applicable to the beams of the largest house or to a lady's workbox, a mainmast or a paper-cutter. The Rata‡—ostensibly one of the legitimate aristocrats of the bush—is, in fact, no better than a creeper, —a hanger-on, which, attaching itself to some convenient tree, destroys, and in time obliterates all trace of the ladder whereby it clomb to honour and power. The Rata ranks as one of the highest ornaments of the New Zealand sylvia—its

* Taxus.

† Dacrydium Cupressinum.

‡ Metrosideros Robusta.

bright red blossoms literally illuminating the dark flanks of the mountains. There were convolvuli, and clematis, and passifloræ festooning the branches with their light garlands, and enormous brambles covered with little wild roses—such as I have seen among the deodaras and rhododendrons of the Hymalaia—clambering up to the summits of the tallest trees, and toppling down again in a cascade of bloom. These, at least, were to me old familiar friends. Then there were manifold and curious ferns, and fungi, and orchideæ, and mosses, and lichens—all objects of simple wonderment and ignorant speculation to one unversed in those sciences which lay open the more hidden operations of nature to the ken of man. Of the three first, there are kinds producing food for the natives. The common, or what appeared to me the common fern-shrub grew in some places to the height of eight and ten feet; and the fronds of the tree-fern must, in some instances, have measured fifteen or sixteen feet in length. A sort of sago is made from one species of fern; and the root and young shoots of others are edible. There are but few wild roots fit for human, even Maori food. Those of certain orchideæ, however, afford a meal to the travelling savage. The epicurean Englishman, balancing whether to emigrate or to stay at home, would probably decide on the former step, when he hears that the truffle is indigenous to New Zealand!

On the subject of fungi; of all the strange fungi that ever I met with—not excepting the luminous toadstool of Australia, by which you may see to shave yourself at midnight!—the vegetable caterpillar, whereof I saw several specimens found in this district, is the most strange. I believe the insect is, at one stage of its existence, a large grey moth, at another it becomes a caterpillar; when tired of a somewhat dull life it buries itself in the earth, and, after death, assumes a fungous form, or, at least, there springs from its skeleton a fungous excrescence like a bulrush, which pierces and rises several inches above the ground.

At length, bursting out of the solemn arcades of the forest, much as the railway traveller bursts into open day from the mouth of a tunnel, we found the beautiful harbour or estuary of Porirua spread beneath our feet, a prospect singularly bright, placid, and refreshing to the eye after several hours of sylvan gloom and circumscribed scenery. Near its shore

stands the Ferry House, kept by an Englishman married to a Maori woman, who was dressed in European attire, but with deep "tangi" * scars on her face and breast. Turning our horses into a stock-yard, we took to the boats, and, after rowing a short distance down a rushy creek, came upon the open bay. Porirua Harbour extends north and south about six miles, and is separated from the ocean, with which it communicates through a narrow inlet, by a ridge of pretty high land. Displaying every apparent quality of a commodious port—a refuge much wanted on this open coast—its waters are so shallow as to be navigable only by boats of light tonnage. With exception of the almost invisible mouth the bay is entirely land-locked, and, the richest vegetation flourishing down to the tide-mark, one can hardly believe that he is traversing salt-water; Killarney itself is scarcely more lake-like. On the day of our visit the weather was perfect, —bright, and breezy, with clouds sitting on the distant mountains, merely to add charms to the scene without suggesting uneasy thoughts regarding a wet jacket. But the campaigners, during the earlier military operations of which it was the theatre, saw it sometimes under very different auspices;—housed in reed huts, in a position exposed to gales from the seaward during the season of almost incessant rain; with none of the comforts, and few of the necessaries of life; sleeping on heaps of fern in thin, damp and worn-out clothes; hard worked on the roads and in fortifying their post; hemmed in by a treacherous enemy, whose *alertes*, however, furnished the only welcome incidents of a monotonous and comfortless existence, the garrison of Porirua were no featherbed soldiers. The officers' mess at one period numbered ten or twelve members, who daily sat down to a dinner of salt beef, biscuit and rum, with neither table nor chair nor bed to turn into when satiated with such delicate viands. Mr. Hume, perhaps, would admit that the daily stipend of 5s. 3d. is not extravagant pay for a young gentleman under such circumstances!

Within a mile or two of the camp is the pah of Taupo belonging to Rauperaha, where he was cleverly captured for the following cause and in the following manner:—This wily old chief, pretending friendship towards the English during

* The native women slice themselves with sharp shells, by way of deep mourning.

the rebellion, was found to be secretly supplying his old ally, Rangihaieta, then in hostility against them, with provisions and intelligence; and suspicions existing that he and other disaffected chiefs were conniving at the movement of a hostile body from the Wanganui tribes down the coast, to form a junction with the latter rebel leader, his arrest was resolved on.

On the 23d July, 1846, accordingly, Major Last of the 99th, with Captain Stanley of the *Calliope*, and a party of about 130, landed before daylight with such perfect silence and order, that the stockade of Taupo was surrounded and entered before the inmates caught the alarm. Te Rauperaha was seized in his bed by a band of seamen, and, struggling, biting, and shouting, "Ngatitoa—Ngatitoa—to the rescue!" he was safely carried off to the ship without any casualty. A considerable quantity of muskets and ammunition and a small iron gun were also taken in the stockade.

The attention of "the fighting Governor"—thus was Captain Grey styled by the Maoris—was then turned to Rangihaieta; and a combined movement from Wellington, Porirua, and from the Hutt Valley across the hills, was planned. The arch-rebel's courage failing him, he fled from Pahatanui with his followers before the force had assembled; and a party of militia guided by friendly Maoris along a native path from the Hutt, cleverly slipped in and secured the evacuated fortress. Had he remained and fought well, there would unquestionably have been "wigs on the green," for the position and construction of the pah are remarkably strong. Rangihaieta, however, was aware that there were cannon at Porirua that would soon have levelled his wooden walls. Perhaps, too, his conscience made a coward of the once bold and bloody warrior—perhaps his thousand murders, like those of King Richard, sat on his right arm and unmanned him for the field.

Our party enjoyed a pleasant sail up the salt water lake to the two camps of Porirua and Pahatanui—inspecting the detachments and cantonments of both, and getting at the former place so excellent a lunch as to prove beyond cavil that, whatever might have been the hardship and starvation during the war, no penance in that line was at present undergone by the gallant occupants of the Porirua stockade. On

approaching Pahatanui, we were much struck by its picturesque as well as defensible position. Even unopposed, it was not easy to climb up to the pah, which, perched on a bluff facing the harbour, is defended by ravines, swamps and a difficult creek, with a double line of strong palisades, trenches and traverses, and flanking defences. We found it garrisoned by a captain of the 65th, with a fine detachment of young fellows fresh from England. They are now employed in pushing forward the great road which is being gradually extended northwards along the coast, and which will one day connect Wellington with Auckland.

How soon the soldier shakes himself comfortably and contentedly into positions which at first sight he surveys with horror and disgust! Like a surly lion, driven by hunters from his familiar lair, he growls and grumbles and kicks up the dust around his new quarters—until, wisely resolved to make the best of it, he finally coils himself complacently within them—only hoping that there will be found plenty to eat and drink in the neighbourhood. At Sydney—1,500 miles from the scene—I had heard nothing but complaints of the military occupancy at Pahatanui. Standing within that stockade, I heard of nothing but its productive garden, its fine climate, the shooting, fishing and bathing, the eels, the ducks, and the pigeons; and certainly I never set eyes on more well-fed and wholesome “food for powder” than the officers and men of this distant detachment of Her Majesty’s army. Distant indeed! for how many members of the “United Service Club,” senior and junior, how many of “The Rag and Famish”—that queen of clubs,—how infinitely few of the self-styled “Travellers,”—how many of the gallant Household Brigade, roughing it in the “warrees” of St. James’s,—have ever heard the name of “Pahatanui?”

On our return across the harbour, about midway between Pahatanui and Porirua the entrance of the Horokiwi Valley was pointed out to us. Up the forest defiles of this rugged pass, and through regions almost impracticable to man or beast, Major Last, with a strong force of troops, militia, and native allies, pursued the flying Rangihaieta. Hotly pressed, the rebel chief soon turned to bay on a spot which had been previously prepared for a stand—a rough breastwork of horizontal logs, pierced for musketry, having been drawn across

a narrow and steep spur of a thickly-wooded hill flanked by steep ravines. On the morning of the 6th August, 1846, this strong position was attacked with but little effect, and with the loss of a promising young officer, Ensign Blackburn, of the 99th Regiment, and two privates killed and nine wounded. Two small mortars having meanwhile arrived, the position was again assailed on the 8th. The height and thickness of the trees, however, prevented the efficient practice of the shells; and the inaccessible nature of the country, with the evident intention of the enemy to abandon post after post, firing a few destructive volleys and then flying from their valueless positions with little or no loss to themselves—together with the difficulty of subsisting so numerous a force, induced the officer commanding the expedition to desist from further pursuit of his slippery foe. The troops were accordingly withdrawn into the stockades, and the loyal natives, in pursuance of their gallant offer, were left to watch the enemy, to cut off his supply of provisions and water, and thus eventually to capture or drive him back.

On the 13th, the rebels opening a brisk fire on the loyalists, Puaha, the leading chief of the latter, rushed with his followers to meet them, and, finding that the others retreated, pressed forward and entered their works by the front as the rebels passed out by the rear. The poor wretches had been fairly starved out—no remains nor signs of provisions being found in the camp except the mamuka or edible fern. A day or two later, the Christian chief, Wiremu Kingi (William King), issuing from Waikanae,* fell upon the rear of the discomfited rebels, capturing a few half-famished creatures who had been driven by hunger to approach the coast. Harassed on all sides, Rangihaieta thought himself fortunate in making his escape to the mountains, almost totally denuded of his "tail;" and deeply humbled by the foregoing events, this turbulent chief never again appeared openly in arms against the British Government.

Wellington, 13th *January*, 1848.—A "Taua," or war-party, said to consist of some six hundred well-armed men, having assembled in the passes of the Wanganui River, demanding a conference with the English authorities, and refusing, as I understand, to confer with the Lieut.-Governor, or indeed

* A Missionary station on the sea-coast.

with any one but the Governor-in-Chief; His Excellency was not the man to disappoint them. In order, therefore, that the matter should not cool, he re-embarked this day in the *Inflexible*, and set sail for the above-named settlement, situated about 130 miles north of Wellington, on the western coast. The Major-General commanding the forces also took the opportunity of visiting this important military post, and I was fortunate enough to accompany him. As it was the purpose of His Excellency to meet the overtures of the Tāua with certain stringent if not humiliating conditions, there were not wanting among the large party, naval and military, on board, some few sanguine enough to expect a fresh rupture of these martial and unruly tribes—an expectation which I may at once take occasion to say was not realized. In some of the cabins of H.M.'s steam sloop I noticed several very truculent-looking weapons—swords evidently sharpened with intent to split Maori skulls, and rifles that would pick off a rebel at any reasonable distance. They were bloodless this bout;—for the matter was settled by diplomacy without appeal to the “ultima ratio vice-regum.”

Passing the little islet of Mana, which looks as if it had been shot out of the mouth of Porirua Bay, and which was formerly one of Rangihaieta's buccaneering dépôts; and shortly afterwards the high peaked island of Kapiti—also a favourite resort of that outlawed chief, but mainly notable as forming the only tolerable roadstead on this exposed coast;—and running past the Missionary Station of Waikanai, whose church loomed like a huge barn;—late in the afternoon, H.M.S. *Inflexible* ranged alongside H.M.S. *Racehorse*, riding—or rather kicking and plunging—at anchor in the open and insecure roads of Wanganui, three or four miles from the mouth of the river. Though the breeze was light there was a heavy sea, and the surf was thundering upon the bar so as to preclude all communication with the shore except by means of the telegraph which, with the aid of Marryat's signals, the officer commanding at the post has established. Through this medium we received the information “all quiet,” and then stood off for the night into deeper water. In the morning we found the ship anchored in a calmer sea.

The sunrise—a spectacle which, while admitting its beauty and sublimity as well as the healthfulness of its enjoyment,

few of the richer classes have witnessed a dozen times in their lives;—the sunrise was truly magnificent on this fine summer morning. While the ocean was yet dark under our feet, and the shore was dim and indistinct in the mist of dawn, his earliest ray—like a flaming sword from its scabbard—flashed across the great island upon the snowy scalp of Tongariro, 70 miles distant inland and 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, in a few seconds later, upon the hardly less elevated peak of Mount Egmont, which though considerably to the northward of Wanganui is not more than fifteen miles from the shore. The effect of Sol's first greeting to this latter mountain—in shape and colour the most perfect sugarloaf I ever saw—was both singular and beautiful. Some one who knew the locality was trying to make me see the white pic which was visible to him above a bank of cloud. While straining my vision with this object, a spot became suddenly illumined so infinitely higher than where my eyes were fixed, that I had some difficulty in believing that it was a point on the earth's surface. The light had leapt from the first named mountain to the second, like beacon answering beacon! Soon afterwards the entire apex of the cone was silvered over; but the flanks and base remained shrouded in mist and darkness for several hours. Tongariro (the ancestor of the old Titan Chief, Te Hao-Hao, whom I have before mentioned) and its sister mountain Ruapehu, may be considered a *district* of mountains—while Mount Egmont starts abrupt and isolated from the midst of the comparatively level country of Taranaki—now New Plymouth.

The bar in front of Wanganui is sometimes for weeks together impassable and its passage is always precarious. The Government'schooner in the mouth of the river was seen trying in vain to come out to us; and we were contemplating the predicament of having to wait perhaps two or three days for a change of wind, or to give up the expedition altogether—as other vessels have often had to do;—when fortunately an inward bound schooner hove in sight, was hailed, brought to, took us on board, and after half an hour's struggling among the breakers, got us safely within the entrance of the Wanganui River. We grounded on the mud of the channel two or three times—once near some high bluffs of sand connected with terrible tales of massacre and man-eating—at which old Rauperaha

played a good knife and fork, in times long past; and from whence we could have been hotly peppered as our craft lay wedged in the ooze, by any one bent on receiving the Governor with such a compliment. At 3 P.M. we were met by some of the officers of the garrison in their boats, and, at about five miles from the mouth, came to anchor close off the settlement, and were quickly landed by the *Rattlesnake's* boats lying there.

The New Zealand Company's settlement of Wanganui consists at present of a church and some forty houses, scattered over a dreary flat of alternate sand and swamp. Two spurs, elevated perhaps sixty feet above the plain, abut upon the village from its rear, and on their extreme points have been erected stockades commanding the settlement and the river, which is here a fine stream about 150 yards wide. Nearly facing the village is the native Christian pah of Putiki.

In the year 1840 a large tract of land was purchased at Wanganui by agents of the New Zealand Association, and received the name of Petre. Seven hundred pounds' worth of "goods" is stated to have been the price paid to the natives, among which "goods" was "one case of fire-arms only." The deed of sale was ratified by the signatures of twenty or thirty of the head chiefs. Legends hint that the commixture of white man and Maori on the first foundation of this offshoot of the New Zealand Company brought anything rather than moral advancement to the barbarians; its infancy being disgraced by scenes of profligacy and low life. In short, like Kororarika, Wanganui got a bad name—a bad thing to begin life with—and, if it has escaped the dog's fate, it has at least been in continual trouble since its birth. The really earnest and deserving settlers—and Wanganui numbered several—were constantly obstructed by the natives in the occupation and culture of the allotments they had purchased. The warlike tribes of the interior—highlanders in birth and spirit—to whom the river was a great thoroughfare, kept the place in a harassing state of inquietude, ruinous alike to the comfort and the success of adventurers on a new home. The purchases of land were repudiated by the natives; and ultimately the district had to be repurchased by a commissioner of the Government. The rapacity of the Maoris increased by what it fed on; the settlement was

openly threatened; and the colonists began to desert it. Military occupation did not mend the matter, as far as regarded the townsfolk; for the officer who first commanded there showed his soldierly qualities by garrisoning and stockading such houses as suited his purposes of defence, and destroying such as hampered his glaxis. Finally, the barbarous massacre of a harmless English family in the vicinity, and the gradual investment of the township by a war-party variously computed at from six to eight hundred men, put the coping-stone on the general panic; and although some of the bolder few remained to fight—"to see the soldiers through it," as they expressed it—the majority of the inhabitants, never I believe amounting to more than 300 persons, betook themselves to Wellington for a safer and quieter life;—and Wanganui remained a purely military post beleaguered by a vigilant and treacherous enemy.

It was in December 1846, soon after the defeat and dispersion of Rangihaieta and his "taua" in the Horokiwi valley, that Wanganui was first occupied by soldiers. Sites were quickly selected for stockades and block-houses, officers and men were soon huddled in temporary warrees of reeds, the position was entrenched and surrounded with double palisades bullet proof, and a few light guns and mortars were mounted.

In the following April occurred near the township one of the most appalling and sweeping massacres of a peaceful household that ever blackened the history of a savage race, and harrowed the feelings of a white community—namely, the destruction of the Gilfinnan family. Let me relate it as succinctly as possible. On the evening of the 18th April, Mr. Gilfinnan, a settler residing about five miles from Wanganui, was heard calling from the opposite bank of the river for a boat to be sent for him, as he had been wounded by some natives. He was brought across the water, and found to have been severely hurt by a cut from a tomahawk on the back of the neck. Next morning, the officer commanding the post despatched a party of armed police and friendly Maoris, accompanied by two or three gentlemen, to Matarana the residence of the sufferer in order to ascertain the fate of the family, when they discovered the house burnt to the ground, and lying around the ruins the mutilated bodies

of the mother, two sons of twelve and four years old and a daughter of fourteen years. The eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, had escaped, badly wounded, and four other children remained unhurt. The same day, the news of the murder and the names of the murderers having reached the Missionary pah of Putiki, just opposite the cantonments, some of the natives tendered their services to attempt their capture, for they were known to have fled up the river with their booty. The Christian chief, Honi Wiremu, (John Williams,) with six other young men, in a swift canoe, pursued, overtook, seized, and brought prisoners to the British camp five of the six assassins. A Coroner's inquest, assembled by the commandant, returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against four of the prisoners, expressing a strong conviction that the fifth was also an accomplice. The district of Wanganui was at that time under martial law, which, however, would expire with the current month. No time was therefore to be lost, and Captain Laye, (58th Regt.) the commandant, lost none. He brought the villains to trial by a general court-martial, composed of seven officers, on the 23d of April, continued by adjournment to the 24th. All the five prisoners pleaded guilty to charges of murder and robbery,—one of the miscreants acknowledging that they had cut off and devoured a part of the cheek of the slaughtered mother. The four men were condemned to death; the other prisoner, a boy, to transportation for life. The 25th was the sabbath. On the morning of the 26th April, the four murderers were hanged on a gibbet in front of the stockade.

It was a good and gallant act on the part of Honi Wiremu and his companions, and an interesting proof of the ameliorating effects of Christian teaching, that they should have so strongly testified their abhorrence of the barbarities committed by their countrymen, as to resolve to bring them to justice at the risk of their own lives. Indeed, the forcible apprehension, by only equal numbers, of a band of ruffians from whom a desperate resistance might be expected, required a mixture of rashness and *ruse* that seldom go hand in hand. Mr. Power, one of the gentlemen who volunteered to ascertain the fate of the wretched family, thus closes his animated account of the pursuit of the assassins:—"The fugitives, who

by this time were fifty miles from the settlement and no longer feared pursuit, were taking it easy, singing songs, and bragging of what they had done. As their canoe ran alongside of that of the murderers, Patapo, a wild young chief, and a great favourite of the officers, who was hidden in the bow, saw that one of the fugitives had a cocked musket beside him, and that the others had arms lying within reach; and being anxious to take them alive, he, with a tomahawk between his teeth, made one spring on the fellow with the musket, seizing it, and at the same time upsetting the canoe. In a few minutes the whole party were captured in the water." Yet nothing could be more modest than the tenour of the evidence he gave on this exploit before the Court-martial; it was a model for a despatch after action. It would seem that this brave young chief was still a heathen, as he knew not the nature of an oath. I feel pleasure in adding, that the Governor-in-Chief, in reporting these matters to the Secretary of State, writes, that he had "satisfied himself that Captain Laye, in adopting these proceedings, had followed the only course that was open to him, and that there is little doubt that his firmness and decision saved the country from a serious rebellion." In this opinion I heartily concur. Military law, right or wrong, had been proclaimed by the gallant Captain's superiors; the ordinary law was therefore, *pro tem.*, in abeyance; and I consider it a happy circumstance that at such a juncture a prompt arraignment, a simple formula, a trial "according to the consciences and to the best of the understandings" of seven honourable gentlemen, and a swift execution should have filled, for the nonce, the place of that cumbrous piece of machinery—that net full of large meshes, called the civil law.

White apologists of the native New Zealanders—some of whom will go any length to prove them mirrors of knight-hood, instead of truculent cannibals—assert that the massacre of the Gilfianan family was perpetrated in "utu" for a wound inflicted upon a Putiki chief by a young midshipman—his pistol having gone off by accident. The truth is, that the natives of Putiki were totally unconnected by relationship or friendship with the assassins; and that the wounded man, being kindly and skilfully treated by the English surgeons,

entertained no ill-will to the youthful cause of his injury—much less an indiscriminate desire for vengeance on the white race.

On the 18th May large bodies of the insurgent Maoris were seen approaching the place from all directions. They took possession of the surrounding hills and of several houses on the outskirts of the town, and, keeping well under cover, opened a harassing fire on the stockades, the village and the gunboat in the river. Too weak in numbers to move out by daylight to attack the enemy, the captain despatched at night two strong parties to seize the buildings occupied by the foe—a duty which they gallantly performed—the Maoris plundering and evacuating them at the first onset. The troops suffered no loss, but the rebels, in addition to some thirty men wounded, lost a great “fighting chief,” Maketu by name, who was killed by a musket-shot in a house which stands at a distant extremity of the village. I traced the course of the bullet, which afforded no bad proof of “Brown Bess’s” power. At 150 paces the ball had passed through five planks including the garden paling, as well as through the skull of the chief, as he crouched on the floor fancying his person quite secure. Another minor chief was also slain. After the fight their friends retired for a time to bake the bodies of the slain, and to vow vengeance. They were seen the following morning sitting disconsolate on the hills lamenting their loss, and soon afterwards all had disappeared.

On the 4th June Lieutenant-Colonel McCleverty arrived at Wanganui in the *Inflexible* with a strong reinforcement—raising the numbers in the camp to about 550 men, and assuming the command. During the week he made reconnaissances three or four miles up each bank of the river, thereby ascertaining that the enemy’s camp, which was posted on the right bank, was covered by a series of entrenched ravines, stretching from a swamp to the river; but that there was no regular pah. His Excellency the Governor, who had repaired to Wanganui, took active interest in these movements, as well as others. A few days afterwards the rebel tribes seemed to be gradually closing round the settlement—considerable numbers showing themselves on either side of the river, as well as

on the before-mentioned heights, distant about a mile and a half from the town. Finally, so insolently bold were some of the native scouts in an attempt to cut off a herdsman and his charge under the very guns of the fortress, that two parties under active subalterns were sent to drive them off. The scouts fled—doubtless according to pre-arrangement—towards the hill of St. John's Wood, and up a steep ravine which had been strongly entrenched, and behind which among the trees a body of the rebels lay concealed. The soldiers, dashing after the runaways, were received with a heavy fire, which they of course returned, and an action was commenced. The colonel, having come up, sent to the camp for reinforcements; the insurgents were strengthened from their supports in rear of the wooded heights; and in a short time about 400 men on either side were briskly engaged.

In the hope of tempting the enemy from their cover, the colonel now tried the effect of a partial retreat, which movement was no sooner observed by the Maoris than, with a deafening shout, they rushed boldly down the hill, and, musket and tomahawk in hand, fell upon the nearest of their white opponents. Then the soldiers, turning upon their savage assailants, charged the foremost at the distance of fifteen paces, overthrowing those who waited for the touch of the bayonet, and driving the others, in hot haste, back to their breastworks and reserves. On our side one officer was wounded; and a young acquaintance of mine, of the 65th, narrowly escaped being tomahawked by a stalwart warrior, who sprung upon him while stumbling among the fern, but who was shot through the head by a soldier of the 58th, just in time to arrest the stroke. Two privates were killed, and eleven wounded, one of whom died subsequently. Nothing but the well-known awkwardness of the New Zealanders in the use of fire-arms can account for the small execution done by them during this skirmish.

After the brisk brush just related, the rebels stuck fast to their works, which were admirably though only temporarily constructed—all approach to them being impossible except under a front and flank fire. A few days later the Taua broke up altogether from the British front, and dispersed into winter quarters—a movement to which their usual desultory mode

of warfare, the scarcity of ammunition and provisions, (for these wild warriors had hitherto lived from hand to mouth by plundering the cattle and swine of the settlers and loyal natives,) the severe cold of the season, and, perhaps, the slight taste of the bayonet they had enjoyed, all contributed to incline the insurgents. A long-threatened, and, by the troops ardently hoped-for assault on the British stockades never took effect, though, it is said, the storming parties for each, with the chiefs to lead them, had all been regularly "told off." Superstition, as I heard, was one potential cause of the abandonment of the projected onslaught. On the evening of the night fixed for its execution, the priests or seers consulted the relative positions of the moon and of a certain star—the former being considered to represent the beleaguering Taaua, the latter the British camp. These very diplomatic horoscopists did not fail to discover that the aspect of the two luminaries was unpropitious to Maori success; for the crescent of the half moon had its back turned towards the flashing rays of the star, instead of threatening it with its horns, which would have been the favourable augury. They did, indeed, deserve the name of sages, who thus read the fortunes of an attack upon the English position.

The sustained blockade of the river, and other stringent measures enforced by the English, reduced the natives residing on its bank to the greatest straits; and, under the pressure of famine, a numerous deputation of men of note, in the month of October last, came down to the camp, and tendered their *peccavi* to the officer then and still in command. He assured them of the pardon of the Governor-in-Chief upon certain conditions. His Excellency is now here to name these conditions, and, on their ratification by the contrite rebels, to administer absolution for past transgressions.

In reviewing the Wanganui campaign, I have found much to admire,—many individual instances of gallantry, firmness, and self-devotion; with much cheerfulness under hardship and privation. The cardinal fault of it may be characterised by the homely phrase of "too many cooks." There were military cooks, sea cooks (famous fellows, we all know!) and civilian cooks, who, although full of good feeling towards each other and of zeal for the common cause, were, collectively, not

always unanimous as to the *modus operandi*—or, (to carry on the culinary metaphor,) as to the materials and mode of serving up “the broth.” No two tastes agreed;—in short, amongst them, it was “spoilt!” It is with every sentiment of respect for the great talents and undoubted gallantry of “the fighting Governor,” that I venture to state my conviction that interference in military details by a civilian, of whatever rank, is productive of confusion, subversive of unity of plan and steadiness of purpose, and destructive of that sense of responsibility which by a leader of troops should be, not feared, but deeply felt. If such a personage *must* be present during the prosecution of military operations, he should be considered in the light of an amateur—no more; and, unless his council be asked, he has no more right to meddle therein than the spectator at a game of chess, cricket, or cribbage. In making this passing remark, chiefly with reference to the operations round Wanganui, I must, on the other hand, observe, that in some of the earlier war passages in New Zealand, where large bodies of natives fought on the English side, the consummate tact of Governor Grey was of good service in securing the cooperation of the friendly chiefs and their followers, as well as in deterring from active hostilities against the British the doubtful and wavering.

With the skirmishes at Wanganui terminated the New Zealand War,—the first, and the last, I verily believe. The Maori is shrewd enough to know when he is over-matched. When Honi Heki first cut down the British standard and unfurled that of revolt in the country, there was no vessel of war on its seas, and only one company of soldiers on its soil. At the close of the Wanganui campaign in August 1847, there were two splendid regiments, full 900 strong each, a powerful naval force, including a steam-ship of 1,200 tons, and a strong band of Pensioner Fencibles, gradually increasing in numbers. The elder chieftains, who are not ignorant of English tenacity of purpose, well know that from whence these came, more “hippas” and “hoias”—ships and soldiers—would be forthcoming if necessary. With such odds against him, the Maori, who takes up fighting as a stimulating pastime not as the business of life, has discovered that macadamizing on commissariat pay, pig-and-potato dealing at

the settlements, and even psalm-singing with the missionaries, are more profitable than warfare. It is the happy result of this conviction that he is gradually sacrificing his innate love of laziness and blood for the arts and customs of civilized life. The least to be expected of the white usurpers of his country is, that they will heartily assist in the amelioration, moral and material, of the natural proprietor of the soil.

January 15th. Wanganui.—The afternoon of this day had been fixed for the meeting of the Governor-in-Chief with the leaders of the Taua from the river districts, who had demanded an audience of His Excellency. Mamaku, the friend of Rangihaieta, and the head chief of the rebels, together with the main body of the tribes implicated in the late outbreak, stayed away,—perhaps because they were not permitted to treat with arms in their hands; but about midday a fleet of fine large canoes was seen gliding with prodigious speed down the stream, and was quickly moored under Shakespeare's Cliff. A few of the chiefs then came across, and were admitted to the Governor's presence in a small room of one of the deserted houses, now an officer's quarter. The Christian native, Dawson, who was dressed in European costume, came forward boldly, though his loyalty of late was by no means beyond doubt, and spoke up in behalf of his rebel brother Te Pehe, a most ferocious-looking and crapulous savage. This man and Ngopera, another "robustious and periwig-pated fellow," scarcely less unwashed in appearance, were, at first, extremely nervous, striving vainly for many minutes to recover their self-command. At length, however, each spoke, and, as far as I could gather through the interpreter, spoke to the purpose of the conference, both acknowledging that they had joined in the war party against Wanganui, but averring that Mamaku had originated and was at the head of it. The koriro ended by these dirty notables promising that certain cattle, sheep, &c., the property of settlers, which had been "lifted" during the rebellion, should be restored; and that a murderer who had taken refuge up the river, should be delivered up to British justice if he could be found. The Governor's pardon was guaranteed to them on the performance of their promise.

After inspecting the stockades and admiring the ingenuity,

cleanliness, and comfort of the reed and rush-built barracks of both officers and men within the palisades, our party dined at the mess, and did not the less enjoy the repast because the mess-room was in a wretched hovel, the festive board formed of a chain of small tables of various width and altitude—a peculiarity extending also to the benches around it; nor because decanters and candelabras were personated by one and the same class of utensil—the well-known black bottle, which was here performing the double and genial duty of shedding light and liquor. We found Wanganui beef, pork, poultry and potatoes excellent. The wines, too, although perhaps not of the first vintage, seemed delicious to a traveller as thirsty as I happened to be, and to one who for so many years of mess life had become constitutionally acclimated to the “good strong military port, an extra heavy dragoon ditto,” advertised by a waggish wine merchant, in Dublin, who knew his market, and supplied it accordingly. Nor should I have had a word to say against the blanket and plank that formed my bed for the night,—for it was the best and softest that could be offered me,—but that its lowliness cost me a bite on the face by a venomous spider called by the natives Katipo, which not only caused me much pain, but very particularly compromised my exterior economy.

Both officers and soldiers appeared satisfied with their wild and far-away quarters. They have “made themselves comfortable” (as the troops during the Peninsular war were often enjoined to do by orders from head-quarters, when, after a long day’s march in heavy rain, the ground to be occupied by them for the night was marked out in a deep and wet ploughed field!) and have shaken down into a perfect state of amity with the natives. Some of the officers have made excursions far up the river, and have been received, if not very politely, at least without rudeness except in one or two cases, by the restless and martial people on its banks.

I had entertained vague hopes of being able to take a trip up the Wanganui River to its sources in the mountain region of Tongariro, and to visit the famous hot lakes and springs of Taupo and Roturua, by various accounts of which my curiosity had been much excited. Some of these natural baths are, it appears, quiet and lukewarm, others gently simmering, and a few boiling over furiously. The natives—men, women, and

children—sit for hours gossiping in these sulphuric *sudatoria* ; and a military friend, who visited the spot, assured me that a bevy of six or eight couple of young girls, laughing and chatting and splashing together, was rather a pretty sight. The winter huts of the people are built over spots of earth warmed from below ; and the traveller may pitch his tent in a temperature according to his taste and the season. Eggs and potatoes are boiled, and pigs scalded, without trouble or fuel, in the hotter springs. My time was short : the occasion was, by those who knew best, considered an unpropitious one for penetrating the interior, and the idea was abandoned.

CHAPTER XVI.

[1848.]

RELEASE OF TE RAUPERAHA AT OTAKI—HIS RECEPTION—A PHANTOM SHIP
 —NO MORE FIGHTING—ANNIVERSARY OF WELLINGTON—A CANOE RACE—
 MAORI AND BRITISH FIGURE HEADS—OLD AND YOUNG NEW ZEALAND—TATTOO-
 ING—MAORI TRIAL OF CRIM. CON.—THE HAKA—PASSAGE FROM WELLINGTON
 TO AUCKLAND—THENCE TO SYDNEY—THE VICE-REGAL YACHT—KAWAU COPPER
 MINE—TOMATI WAKA—LAST NEWS OF HONI HEKI—MASSACRE OF "THE BOYD"
 —THE "DEBORAH"—MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS—ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY.

NEXT morning, on our return towards Wellington, the *Inflexible* anchored off Otaki for the interesting ceremony of releasing to his people the veteran chief Te Rauperaha, after a detention, under surveillance, of eighteen months. His son Tomihani, or Thomson Rauperaha, came off to greet his father, dressed like a clergyman in black clothes and white cravat, a quiet respectable young man. The leading traits of the three last generations of this young Maori's family are somewhat curious; his grandfather killed and ate men prodigiously, and was himself killed and eaten; his father did kill and eat men. Tomihana is a discreet Christian teacher, and tea-and-toast man. When the boats had been lowered and manned ready for the Governor and his suite and the old chief to go ashore, the latter came on the quarter-deck in full uniform,—cocked hat and epaulets; but, on observing that His Excellency and the other gentlemen were in undress coats, his eye flashed and his nostril dilated with anger, and, hurrying away, he exchanged his English dress for a dirty mat and blanket. He had the impudence, moreover, to ask for a salute from the steamer on landing, and was quite sulky when he found that his restoration to liberty was not to be signalized by any honorary demonstration. The other state *détenus* were not so touchy on the subject of ceremonial, nor did they display any outward tokens of joy at their manumission.

The venerable and loyal chieftains, Te Whero-Whero and

Taniwha, accompanied the party ashore, dressed in their best. Thanks to the spider-sting, I felt too feverish to leave the ship, but the last I saw of the shore-going party was the poor old Waikato chief getting a tremendous back-fall on the deck by his heels slipping up. The costume he had selected for this state occasion was not a particularly dignified one; namely a new suit of fustian dittos, like that of an English game-keeper, with a pair of thick laced boots, pulled on for the first time over his naked and, doubtless, astonished feet. I was afterwards told that on the boats reaching the shore, the whole of the party proceeded towards the village, which is situated some two miles inland. Te Rauperaha, however, turned from them, and, sitting down on the beach with his face towards the ocean, covered his old grey head with his mat, and remained for hours immovable. Not a soul of his tribe or family came near him; they stood aloof in a crowd at several hundred paces distant; for Maori etiquette forbade that the great chieftain should be approached whilst exhibiting such signs of emotion. It is said that he was well-nigh broken-hearted when he found his grand old heathen pah, which stands close to the sea-shore, utterly deserted and in ruins, while the new Christian settlement is fully peopled and flourishing like a green bay-tree. To-morrow he will present himself publicly before his people; when doubtless some days will be spent in long-winded and pointless speech-making.

Five or six hundred persons poured out of the village to meet His Excellency and his lady. Prayers in the native tongue were read in the open air; a capital breakfast of tea, bread-and-butter, &c.—clean damask table-cloth and all—was served in a handsome glass-windowed and carpeted warree for the party; and a daughter of the outlawed Rangihaieta did the honours of the repast. She is now the wife or widow of a Mihonari native, named Martin. The Rebel Chief himself was not far off, harbouring a notorious murderer, whom he refused to give up to justice. The Governor commanded Te Rauperaha and the other friendly chiefs to cut the company of this stubborn “patriot,” who, it was plausibly reported, felt so deeply their desertion as to have signified his immediate intention (in order to prove his conversion to civilization) to kill and eat the aforesaid murderer, and then “to get into the best society!”

During the return passage from Wanganui to Wellington my journal notes a little marine incident of extremely picturesque character, although, after all, its details prosaically viewed are ordinary enough. The *Racehorse* was to sail in company with us, but the wind being dead ahead, the steamer took the sailing-ship in tow, and the two thus proceeded on their course. Some time after dark, (hour uncertain, for I had been dozing in my cabin,) methought I heard a voice say, "Come and see:" rubbing my eyes, I went upon deck, and had to rub them again before I could satisfy myself that there was a fine large vessel, evidently a man of war, careering past us to leeward, crowding all sail, going free, and with every seam of her white canvass visible in the silvery light of the moon against the background of night. The large paddle-wheels of the *Inflexible* were plunging into the brine, dashing it into scintillating atoms, and her stout frame was thrilling with the concussion of the engines as she rushed on her way. Yet the *Phantom Ship*—as she seemed—beautiful in her symmetry, almost awful in her silence, passed rapidly ahead; a black cloud swept across the face of the moon, and she was gone! Some one, I found, had called me to witness this pretty sight, so easily explained. The wind during the night had suddenly shifted to a favourable quarter; the *Racehorse* had "cast us off;" and, with a stiff breeze but smooth sea, canvass had in this case fairly outstripped steam.

January 24th.—Wellington.—On this day was held, for the 22d, the anniversary fête of the settlement. I was fortunate in the opportunity of assisting thereat, inasmuch as the assembly, on this occasion, of great numbers of the Aborigines and their commixture with the white inhabitants, afforded an instructive view of two races so distinct in character and customs, whom Providence has thrown together under such peculiar circumstances, and who have at this juncture arrived at an epoch in their intercommunion which may probably decide whether the Maori and Anglo-Saxon are henceforth to work together for good, in a country and a climate as favourable to one as to the other; or, by a second, and, to the natives a surely fatal appeal to arms, break up perhaps for ever the brittle bonds that the spread of a common faith and the ties of worldly interest are but now casting around them.

I think that the majority of opinions expressed in my hearing at this time was in favour of the Maoris again betaking themselves to revolt. Some of the war-prophets unquestionably argued as they wished; for there are not a few whose interests,—at least as much as their inclination,—bias them towards war, with all its concomitants of increased naval, military and commissariat expenditure, and ready markets and high prices for stores and produce,—not to mention the comparative, and, to some persons, not unpleasing relaxation of the laws and of morals which a state of warfare usually brings in its train. For myself, I embrace the belief that there will be no more fighting on a large scale in New Zealand. The old pagan chiefs, whose feudal power is gradually falling away from them under the influences of christianity, civilization, and commerce, are for the most part superannuated and dying off,—giving promotion to a totally different class. There will succeed them young chiefs, wild and unruly perhaps, and prompt to take offence, who will squabble among themselves, and who, looking upon furious excitement as a necessary of life, will, like the “Wi-wis”* of Young France, indulge occasionally in what that volatile people style “*revolutions intestines!*” Others there will be, steady and respectable,—perhaps fanatics in their new faith,—who have become, and will remain attached to the Missionaries: and numbers shrewd, active, and avaricious—willing and able to struggle with the Europeans in the race for gold. I do not know that the Maori is by nature rapacious; but the “spirit of the till,” that so powerfully rules the actions of the greater part of the colonists,—especially the huckstering inhabitants of the townships,—is rapidly infusing itself into the native character and dealings. The Hon. Arthur Petre, who has travelled much in the country, told me that on one occasion, on remonstrating with a Maori who charged him 1*l.* for ferrying him across a river, the native replied that before the English Government came they never asked for payment. Now they only imitated the whites, their superiors, in so doing. “I go to Akarana,” said he; “I see blankets and tomahawks in the shops. Do the shopmen give them to me without purchase? I see the dealings of the Pakehas

* The Maori name for the French.

amongst themselves. Are there any gifts? No: all is buying and selling!"

The pastimes of the anniversary were protracted through three whole days,—the last exhibiting those signs of exhausted amusement and draggled indulgence which in England and elsewhere are the invariable symptoms of *race, fair, fête champêtre*, or other public festivity unduly drawn out. The Te Aro race-course,—a grassy flat at the end of the town overlooking the bay,—was the head-quarters of the sports cut out by the stewards for the occasion; but the sea had also her share. There were sailing races by the settlers and whaling folks; rowing races by men-of-war's boats; canoe races by the Maoris; hurdle and flat races by the horses belonging to the officers and to English and native gentry. There were rustic games of various kinds; booths, and bands of music; war-dances, and dancing of jigs; a good deal of fun, some little fighting, and no end of drinking.

The hurdle race was won by a little old horse without a leg to stand upon, but against whose quarter century of jumping experience there were of course "no takers." The screw-propeller who rode him was a tall and strong subaltern, who might have "exchanged duties" with his steed, and carried him round the course with equal speed. Among the riders and perhaps owners of the horses entered for plates or public money, were one or two dry-looking, Tommy-Lye-like fellows, with tight leathers and seats, whose ardent attachment to horseflesh had probably been the original cause of their translation to the Antipodes. To the correct horsemanship of these there was an amusing contrast in the race by horses "exclusively the property of Maori gentlemen." In the first heat the black boy riding the leading horse, intoxicated by his almost certain success, pulled off his cap, and waving it round his head cheered himself vehemently as he passed the grand stand; when his perverse steed, bolting straight for his manger, ran in rear of the winning post, threw his rider, and disappeared; while a heavy galloway, bestridden by a fatter and less excitable jockey, cantered quietly in, and won the stakes,—*non sine pulvere*, however, for his single girth having given way, he fell off when the horse stopped, and remained stunned on the ground with his saddle held tight between his naked legs.

The canoe race—the competitors being men of different tribes, was contested with extreme spirit, nay fury! and was indeed one of the most singular and exciting spectacles I ever beheld. Two of the four canoes entered, being but small, had no chance in a sea ruffled by a fresh breeze; but those belonging respectively to the veteran chief E Puni, of Pitone pah, and to E Tako, of Te Aro pah, contested the prize in a course of four miles so closely, that, up to the last moment, the issue was doubtful. These chiefs were both acquaintances of mine. I had seen and conversed the day before with the latter chief, a handsome young man with the manners of a gentleman accustomed to good society, and speaking a little English, who had been breathing his crew for the coming race, and certainly had not spared either their wind or their muscles. It consisted of sixteen fine young men, (of whom only two or three were disfigured by tattooing,) all stript to the waist, displaying their sleek brown skins and singularly well-formed busts, as, kneeling in the bottom of their bark, they impelled it with wonderful force through the water, their paddles conforming to the measured cry—“tenā-tenā” of their leader, who, standing upright in the centre, gave the time by voice and gesture, cutting the air at every stroke of the paddles with a weapon like a wooden axe tufted with feathers. In the stern sat a singularly pretty and animated girl gaily dressed in parti-coloured mats, her hair decked with scarlet flowers and the black and white feathers of the Huia, who steered the vessel with a richly carved paddle, and occasionally added her shrill cheer to that of the chief. The canoe itself was about sixty feet long, scooped out of a single tree. The prow and stern were much raised, and covered with intricate sculpture, as also with fringes of feathers and of hair that looked very like American scalp-locks. The mazes of the pattern carved on the bow terminated in a fearful figure-head, more fearful even (which is a good deal to say) than the specimens of dock-yard statuary that in the British navy are received as authentic likenesses of the “Nelsons,” “Ajaxes,” “Rodneys,” “Billy Rough’uns,”* “Semiramises,” and other heathen heroes and heroines, connected (some of them, Heaven knows how) with naval achievements and architecture. The nearly uniform

figure-head of the New Zealand fleet consists of a huge grinning face elaborately tattooed, with large round eyes of mother of pearl and a protruding tongue, symbol of insult and defiance.

Wishing E Tako success on the morrow, I saw by the flash of the dark eyes of himself and his fair helms-woman, that they doubted it not ;—perhaps he was not aware of the odds against him ! Too late to see the start, I was, however, eye-witness of the greater part of the race, which was, as I have said, very closely contested. The shores, as well as certain bluffs of land near the beach, were crowded with spectators white and brown, all apparently much interested in this spirited trial of strength and skill ; but animation, excitement, frenzy, are words too weak to give an idea of the emotions betrayed by the Maori lookers-on. Men and women roared, yelled, and shrieked at the top of their voices, sprang into the air, their eyes rolling and mouths foaming, while individuals of adverse tribes vied with each other in abusive terms and insulting gestures, shaking their fists, grinning, and stamping on the ground. High above the rest, on a bare hill, stood, or rather raved, a tall, stout, indeed corpulent woman—widow, they told me, of a great chief, and a sorceress. Brandishing in one hand a red flag, and in the other a splendid green-stone Meri, heirloom of her deceased lord, and the skull-cracker no doubt of a hundred foes, her invocations for the success of one party, and her imprecations against the other rose above the general uproar, awakening the echoes of the surrounding hills. Crowds of pretty young girls, dressed in mats and blankets, calicoes, silks, velvets, rags, and native “ buff,” manifested, without reserve and by a thousand extravagant ebullitions, their deep interest in the various tenants of the canoes, laughing, crying, singing, dancing, even rolling on the ground. And, indeed, the crews of these two barks included the *crème de la crème* of the native manhood of Poniki. But, in my eyes, the most singular and significant feature of this animating scene, showing the gradual adoption of English habits by the present and rising generations of Maoris,—a feature not observable in the north,—was the number of young native exquisites riding about the course and the strand with new English saddles and bridles, dressed in neat fitting round jackets and forage caps of blue cloth, with white

trowsers, a cheroot stuck jauntily in the corner of the mouth, chatting, laughing, and betting—some, I regret to say, drinking with their companions. And these are lineal successors to the tattooed, mat clad, cannibal old caterans—strenuous opponents of every innovation which, by elevating and enlightening the minds of their subjects and slaves, must overturn their own hereditary influence. Too late and vain their resistance! Progress is amongst them. Yes, it is all over with the “fine old Maori gentleman, all of the olden time!” No more “long-pig” for him! not much more feudal observance. “Young New Zealand!” is almost of age, and votes “all that sort of thing” *rococo*. A well-dressed man no longer, in Maori parlance, signifies a well-cooked one; a writ of *habeas corpus* is not an invitation to a cannibal dinner! The New Zealander of the day has rubbed intellects with the European, and he finds there is no great difference in their natural abilities. Tommy Rauperaha, and a hundred others, can read, write, and cypher, and what is more, expound the Scriptures. Why should he not go a step further, and “wag his pow in a pu’pit?” and if capable of attaining proficiency in spiritual learning, surely he and they may, with hopes of success, study other learned professions. In an East Indian newspaper lying before me, I notice the following Government appointments:—“Mr. J. Macleod, deputy collector, has been transferred from Shahabad to Gya, in exchange with deputy collector Azeem Ooddeen Hossein, of that place;” and “Dr. Soojecomar Chuckerbutty is appointed to the medical college, Calcutta.” Would not Dr. John Hobbs, or Collector Wiremu Kingi, or Turingi Kuri,* Esq., Barrister-at-Law and Member of the Legislative Council, sound as well as those native oriental appellations? But I wander.

The canoes now approach the goal—a spot marked out on the Te Aro beach. Two, as I have mentioned, dropped astern. E Puni and E Tako alone strove for the prize—a purse of thirty guineas. The numerous paddles flashed in the sun; the vessels absolutely flew through the lightly rippled water. The frantic action of the veteran E Puni—as erect amidships he thrashed the air with his staff—suggested the idea of a grey-bearded Jullien in one of his monster-

* Turingi Kuri,—Dog’s Ear, a well-known chief.

concert paroxysms ;—while the younger and more elegant figure of E Tako was not a whit less energetic. They were now within fifty yards of the shore ; and, although four miles had been performed at the utmost speed, not a hair's breadth of advantage could be discerned, except when at each sweep of the paddles each canoe shot alternately a few inches ahead of the other. Ten yards only remained to be accomplished, and the race was still neck and neck. He would have been a bold better who had offered the most trifling odds ;—when, suddenly, with a shout that rent the air and drowned the universal clamour, the old chieftain's crew drove the Pitone galley in advance, and its lofty *rostrum* ran far up on the beach among the crowd, a few short feet ahead of the other. In an instant the victors sprang ashore, and, without even waiting to take breath, commenced a furious war-dance ;—while poor E Tako with his men seemed to seek concealment among the assemblage, and soon disappeared from the scene of his defeat. He had no cause for shame, for his opponent's crew numbered at least twenty-four men, while his own complement was but sixteen. Many of E Puni's men were perfect models for statuary, and one or two of them—young fellows of twenty, extremely fair in complexion. Nearly all had their cheeks rouged with kokowai or red ochre, with a black spot in the centre of the red—giving a singular effect to the expression of the face.

Nearly as naked as unwelcome truth, the persons of some few of the elder paddlers displayed a decorative peculiarity which the orthodox Maori warrior shares with his canoe—in two words, a carved stern. I was aware that the Moku, or Tattoo, the rigorously fashionable ornament of the native frontispiece, was occasionally extended to the antipodal extremity ; and more than once in my travels some brawny individual, stalking past, had permitted, by a peculiar—perhaps intentional—sweep of his toga, a partial exposure of this singular item of Aboriginal dandyism. But on the present occasion I had leisure to examine in detail the tasteful arabesque of the patterns—as well as to admire mentally the extraordinary amount of patience which must have been exerted by both sufferer and practitioner in the execution of this cruel corporeal sculpture. An acquaintance of mine, whose journal in this country I have lately perused, mentions

that, while travelling in the interior with a party of natives, the act of fording a river divulged to him the fact that the tattoo, applied as a personal endorsement, is not invariably restricted to the rougher sex!

I know not why my sympathies sided with E Tako in the contest, any more than I do why as a boy I was a hot partizan of the Trojans against the Greeks. E Puni, to whom I had been specially presented by the Governor, is a venerable and now placid-looking old man with a white beard. In his day he had been a terrible warrior, although very small in person.* He was one of the first chiefs to welcome and sell land to Colonel Wakefield, the Company's agent, in 1840; has shown himself a good friend to the English generally, and was frequently consulted with advantage by the British Government and military leaders during the continuance of hostilities. He and Tomati Waka saved the lives of many a soldier, whom rasher councils would have sent, post haste, to certain destruction. I have briefly noticed this veteran in my sketch of the skirmishes in the Hutt Valley. Governor Grey and Colonel Wakefield delighted to honour the old man. He and the Nestor of the North—Tomati—were two of the four esquires of the knight elect at the investiture of His Excellency Sir George Grey with the order of the Bath at Auckland, in 1848;—and in the same year, E Puni attended as a pall-bearer the funeral of his unswerving friend and patron, poor "Wideawake,"—as the Maoris styled the gallant and lamented Colonel Wakefield, who died in the full vigour of life. As for E Tako, I knew nothing of him beyond that he was a gentlemanly savage who affected Anglomania and let out hack-horses. His respected father was an acknowledged Kaitangita, or man-eater; and his feasts, like those of the tiger, were accompanied by acts of ferocious cruelty. The present representative of the family has made a great stride towards civilization. Not long ago he desired to bring into the English Courts an action for damages in a case of alleged infidelity on the part of one of his wives; and was astonished to find, that according to English law, polygamy deprived him of all claim to compensation! Not to be disappointed, however, he carried it into another court;—for there exists

* Though the Maoris look large in their mats and blankets, as a race they are said to be of lower stature than the English.

a court of appeal composed of two or more natives, whose business it is to settle disputes between Maori and Maori;—where he probably obtained what he considered justice.

A young English tourist in this country told me that when passing through the district of Taupo—perhaps one of the wildest in the land—he had been present at a native trial for adultery. The elders of the tribe assembled in the open air, the grandest of halls of justice, columned and canopied by the primeval forest; the principals in the case were not themselves present; the defendant had concealed himself; but his friend and representative demanded of the plaintiff's friend, "whether it was to be a case of blood or of money;" for his principal was brave and rich, and ready for either alternative! It was decided that payment would suffice. The greybeards assessed the damages—(two pigs, a pair of paddles, a fig of tobacco, and a kit of potatoes perhaps)—and the affair was satisfactorily adjusted without appeal to the tomahawk.

On the second day of the Wellington anniversary I witnessed a national spectacle which was new to me—a sort of incantation performed by women alone—the Haka, I think it is called. The actors, in number about sixty, having fallen in four deep and opened out to double distance, exhibited a quarter-distance column of four ranks entire at extended order. Squatting with legs crossed, Turk or tailor-like, they commenced a low chant, which, gradually swelling in volume, increased at length to the utmost extreme of vehemence. The attitude I have mentioned is not, one would suppose, susceptible of much activity, and at first I thought it had been assumed for the purpose of giving free scope to that formidable organ, the tongue, without fatigue to body or limbs. Blind error! for as the performers warmed to their work, member after member was successively enlisted in the cause; and when by a rapid "*crescendo*" the *bravura* had reached its acme—heads, eyes, arms, hands, fingers, backs, knees, and legs became involved in one general convulsion, that beggars and ought perhaps to preclude description. Had the Syrens of old thus sung they would have caught no human fish except those of the grossest tastes! There were ladies of various ages, from sixty to six, engaged in this ceremony; and it was remarkable that even the youngest girls were quite perfect in their lesson;—not a note, a grimace, a contortion, a spasm, out of

time or tune—all were complete adepts in human diabolism—children of wrath imbibing with eager zest a taste for the savage traditionary rites of their country. I could not but recall to mind old Te Whero's observation at the conclusion of the war-dance at Auckland—"Such things are finished now—let them be forgotten!"

In closing my account of the Wellington festivities, I must compliment the Maori race on their general sobriety under great temptation. Many a reeling and reeking wretch among the white civilizers of the savage I saw; and two of them, I grieved to hear, claimed good descent; but I noticed only one native who had fallen a victim to the rum booths,—and, alack! it was a woman. She was instantly surrounded by a crowd of Aborigines, male and female; her child was taken forcibly from her arms, a blanket was thrown over her head, and she was hurried from the Race-course.

January 28th. Wellington.—My hopes of being able to continue "on the books" of Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible*, and to return with her to Sydney, were frustrated by the Governor-in-Chief engaging the services of that ship for an extended tour round the Islands of the New Zealand group—far too extended for the time I had at my command. I therefore took my passage with Major-General Pitt, who was returning to the North in the Government-brig *Victoria*, for Auckland,—there to await an opportunity for a further passage to New South Wales.

I will venture to say, that neither General Pitt nor any of the six ladies and gentlemen will ever forget our voyage in this 200 tons tub round the stormy back of New Zealand! The last chip of wood, the last pint of water, the last sheep had been consumed; all bread stuff, except biscuit, had been devoured before half the voyage was over; the last goose was dying of solitude—too thin to be eaten—in his pen;—the rats even, of which there were hundreds, looked gaunt and famished, and seemed strongly inclined to jump overboard in a body, when, on the 12th February, the anchor was dropped in Auckland harbour. Owing to this tedious passage I missed the fine 500 ton barque *Eleanor Lancaster*, a noted swift sailer, by two days, and consequently had to fall back upon a schooner of about 100 tons and of slow repute, for the trajet to Sydney,—a voyage of some 1,400 miles.

February 14th. Auckland.—Shipped myself, servant and baggage, on board the *Deborah*, and made sail with a light breeze. I paid double fare for my cabin, in order to avoid being made up into a kind of human sandwich with some other passenger,—each little cupboard, called a state cabin, having two shelves in it for the stowage of human live-stock. The *Deborah* was very deliberate in her paces, but, as her name imported, was, on the whole, a well-conditioned old maid,—stiff, dry, and safe; the captain a worthy and intelligent man, with well-plenished lockers, and a laudable cook. On the 15th we had an opportunity of visiting Kawau Island and its copper-mine, from which great things are expected by the Aberdeen Company who have rented and are working it. On the 18th, I found myself once more in the Bay of Islands, and went ashore to visit the officers stationed there. In proof of the luxury of New Zealand military life, these gentlemen had tasted no wine and no butter for two or three months, nor milk for some time. A huge cheese, which I borrowed from Aunt “Deborah’s” dairy, was hailed by the Wahapu mess as a God-send.

February 19th.—Tomati Waka came on board and dined with us, behaving with perfect propriety. On learning that I was quitting New Zealand, the veteran and loyal chief confided to me that the “desire of his heart” was to possess a miri (mill); that he was rich with his pension*—whereof, by parenthesis, he had not yet touched a shilling—and that he would give it up for a year if the Governor would get him a fine mill from Sydney. I made the old man happy by promising to write a “booka-booka” (letter) to His Excellency on the subject, which I did that very day, in due time receiving a favourable reply. It is to be hoped, therefore, that before very long Mr. Thomas Walker,—né Nene,—became what was the height of his ambition, a miller on his own account, grinding corn for his neighbours at so much per bushel; much better employment, it will be conceded, than splitting their skulls, grinding “their bones to make his bread,” and dining off their steaks—pursuits in which the worthy old convert will not deny that he engaged, in common

* A pension of 100*l.* a year was granted by the colony to this chief, in accordance with Her Majesty’s desire to confer a mark of her favour upon him, “for his zeal, courage, and loyalty.”

with all Maori great men, in his hot youth when killing and eating were brothers in arms—"like twin cherries, never parted." The countenance of Tomati is of so good-tempered and benevolent a cast, in spite of the grim tattooing of his cheeks, chin and forehead; and he looks so fat and fussy, that I should have thought him a better man at the trencher than in the war-path; not so, however, for in his day he did many noted acts of bravery. Once he walked alone into the pah of an enemy, called him by name, and shot him dead for having murdered his friend and relative. This was merely *utu*. In 1839, he tried and shot a native for murdering an Englishman.

Heki, I found, was now living quietly at home, and had consented to receive a visit from Major Bridge, 58th regt., commanding at the Bay. A meeting was arranged by old Waka, who, a day or two ago, wrote thus to the Major:—

"The Ahuaha, Feb. 14, 1848.

"FRIEND THE MAJOR,

"Honi Heki and I are here, at the Ahuaha; we are waiting for you, and the Captain of the man-of-war, to come and see Honi Heki. Come you two to-morrow, and likewise bring some tobacco; come, do not delay. Bring some tobacco, oh! Captain of the *Calliope*, bring plenty of tobacco.

"From WAKA NENE."

The Major accordingly met the ex-rebel chief at Waimate, and was received by him, as Major Bridge writes, "with much ceremony and respect. He is a fine-looking man, with a commanding countenance, and a haughty manner, which appears habitual to him." Heki wished much that the Governor would come to see him at Waimate, for a korirō, and a shake-hands. In May 1850, he wrote the following somewhat touching letter to His Excellency:—

"Kaikohe, 30th of the days of May, 1850.

"O FRIEND THE GOVERNOR,

"Salutations to you. Your loving letter has reached me. Lo, this is my loving letter to you. Yes, my illness is great, but do not be dark or sorrowful. This is not the permanent place for the body; we are at the disposal of God. My words to you will not be many more, as I am very ill. Present my love to your companion, Lady Grey. Salutations to you and to your companion.

"From your loving Friend,

"HONE WIREMU HEKE POKAI."

On the 6th of August following, Honi Heki expired at Tauteroa, but little beyond forty years of age, of a pulmonary complaint aggravated by his old wound. In his last moments,

this once relentless enemy of the British Government urged his "young men to sit at peace for ever with the Pakehas." Am I rendering myself liable to prosecution for defamation of character in stating my belief, that the immediate cause of the death of "the Lion of the North" was a sound thrashing administered by his wife? It is certain that the daughter of the great chief Hongi was very jealous of her low-born but handsome husband—and had cause to be so, up to the very day of his decease. Honi's intimate friend and ally, Pene Tani, in reporting his death to the Governor, 15th August, 1850, writes:—"Thus it was. Heki was sleeping in the forenoon, he was sound asleep. Then came Harriett with a hani, (a staff or club,) and struck him on the ribs. When she had beaten him she threw him down on the bed, and when he was down she showered blows and kicks upon him. That is all."—And quite enough, in all conscience! Poor Honi never rose again.

February 21st.—Sailed from the beautiful Bay of Islands; passed the rampant-looking rocks of the "Cavallos," and peeped into the narrow mouths of Wangaroa and Monganui Bays, the latter a safe and commodious harbour, which, to the detriment of Russell, is getting into favour with whaling and other vessels. Our skipper, anecdotic and spinning pleasant yarns about New Zealand history, pointed out Wangaroa as the scene of one of the fiercest tragedies ever enacted on its bloody shores, namely, the destruction of the *Boyd*, with her crew and passengers, a detailed account of which is given in Major Cruise's old work.

This vessel sailed from Sydney for England in 1809, with seventy white persons on board and a few New Zealanders, intending to touch in that country to get Kauri spars. Tara, surnamed George, son of a chief of Wangaroa, being one of the Maori passengers, was worked like a common sailor, ill fed, and at length flogged by the master of the vessel. The young chief dissembled his anger, persuaded the captain to go into this port in search of spars, and, on landing, revealed to his tribe his sufferings and degradation. The captain and two or three boats' crews were, under mask of friendship, decoyed up the harbour to cut timber, when the natives fell upon and butchered them all. Then dressing themselves in the clothes of the slain and getting into the boats, they

boarded the *Boyd* in the night and murdered every soul on board excepting one woman and two children, whom they made prisoners and who were afterwards rescued by some Europeans. The murdered were all devoured—Tara, in all likelihood, cutting up the captain with great zest! The Maoris then proceeded to plunder the vessel which they had run aground, getting a rich booty, amongst other goods, of fire-arms and ammunition—booty which, however, cost them dear; for one of the savages—evidently an experimentalist, a class often ruinous alike to themselves and their friends, tested the quality of a cask of powder by snapping his musket over it, thereby blowing a couple of dozen of the pirates to pieces, and burning the ship to the water's edge. Such was the fate of the *Boyd* and her inmates.

February 22d.—Amid thunderings and lightnings—fit accessories of a spot so wild and grand—but with lulled airs, about an hour after sunset we doubled the North Cape, passing so close to the rugged and cloud-capped bluff as to be obliged to tack ship in order to avoid the attraction of the land. Fortunately a light breeze sprung up and bore us out of so dangerous a neighbourhood; and, as the shades of evening fell upon the face of the ocean, I lost sight of the shores of New Zealand—a country which on a short acquaintance has impressed me most favourably—a country full of intrinsic good—a country whose destiny it is to be a flourishing and a happy offshoot of the great and glorious Mother of so many noble children.

Once more a cruelly long passage fell to my lot. The *Deborah* proved a marine hackney-coach of the most tardigrade order;—but it could not be helped; so, like Diogenes, I resolved to be satisfied with my tub, and as for sunshine, I found it within and without! Let me not imitate the schooner in loitering over the voyage; one glance at my fellow-passengers, and I have done with it. There were three only in the cabin. The first was a sickly consumptive tailor of Sydney, who had been hunting for health in the fresher climate of New Zealand, (perhaps also to open a connexion at Auckland,) but he seemed to have left there its residue, and was besides so piteously sea-sick, that there was nothing left of a rather well-looking fellow but a flaccid husk of humanity, when he was put ashore in Port Jackson. My

second messmate was an old whaling skipper, with two very young grandchildren,—little fatherless, motherless, helpless creatures, a boy and a girl, who clung together all day, and at night slept in each other's arms; and who could not bear to be a moment out of sight of the old sailor their grandfather. Looking from my berth of a morning through the venetians, I felt the moisture rise in my eyes as I watched the bald and grey veteran taking his little *protégées* one by one from their common crib, carefully washing and dressing them, combing their flaxen locks, and then folding away their bedding. During the day he would feed and tend them, and carve toys for them with his pocket knife. And at night, after undressing his "little people," as he called them, he "coiled away and stowed" their day gear, and put on their night clothes,—his great rough hands fumbling the small tapes into all sorts of un-nautical knots which cost him a world of trouble to undo in the morning. Then he placed them in their bed,—side by side generally, but sometimes with their heads different ways,—and, having "shipped" the panel to prevent their falling out, he would sing them to sleep with a low hoarse lullaby, of which the words "Yo! heave oh!" and "Whack Old England's foe," formed the burthen. Then he listened to their light breathing, and, assured that they slumbered, dropped his furrowed brow on the bed panel for a time, as though he blessed and prayed for them, and, posting himself on a bench below, he opened an old chest, and, taking out a well-worn book and putting on his glasses, he read therein sometimes for half the night.

At the first nod of approaching sleep, the old fellow turned in "all standing"—for I never saw him take off more than coat and shoes; but was up again in a moment at their slightest plaint. It is a sad thing when the intermediate generation is thus missing in a family group; when upon the old age that itself demands fosterage devolve the duties of the young and strong,—tottering infancy upheld by tottering age! The old man was taking the children to England, to hand them over to their deceased mother's relatives; and he hoped to get from Sydney to London on cheap terms, by giving his services on board the vessel in which he should take their passage. He was a hale and hearty old fellow; and, as we passed through the "middle whaling ground," he became

quite excited as well as very entertaining, in his accounts of whale fishing,—carrying his hearers away with him in his animated descriptions. “There she spouts!” “Out with the boats.” “Give way, lads.” The boat-steerer has “fastened to her” with the harpoon. “Now she sounds!” (dives) with 150 fathoms of line,—the whale boats flying through the water “like seven bells.” “There she rises: bend your backs, boys.” The headsman, a tall strong fellow, poises the deadly lance. He strikes it deep into the huge mass. “Starn all for your lives!” Then comes the “flurry,” or death struggle of the gigantic monster; the “cutting-in,” and the “trying-out;” and we have our whale found, chased, killed, and cut up, with six or eight hundred pounds’ worth of oil safe on board, in a very few words.

The third, last, and fairest of my fellow cabin-passengers appeared in the well-conserved person of a lady of uncertain age, probably of an uncertain history. It was hard to say what were the main objects of her voyage to New South Wales; but during its prosecution they seemed to have settled down into the benevolent project of keeping house for the writer in Sydney. Luckily, however, the lady let fall one day in the hearing of my London Leporello that she had a “little independence of her own,” and a sum of money in one of the banks of the New South Wales capital. From that auspicious moment this best of all possible valets took the fair one in hand; and his master was spared the necessity of embracing or rejecting the domiciliary advances of the middle-aged adventuress.

March 6th, 1848.—Landed at Sydney, tolerably tired of small vessels in rough latitudes,—such, with the exception of two days passed at Auckland, having been my lot since the 24th of January last, the day on which I left Wellington.

CHAPTER XVII.

[1848.]

IMPROVEMENT OF SYDNEY—RENTS, HOUSES, FITTINGS—SUBURBS—BARRACKS AND
 FORTIFICATIONS—THE CLIMATE—ANGLO-AUSTRALIANS—MORTALITY—DOCTOR
 AND DISEASES—HEAT AND COLD—THE SEASONS TOPSY-TURVY—EPOCHS HEELS
 OVER HEAD—CHRISTMAS HERE AND THERE—EUROPEAN FLOWERS—BUSH FIRES
 AND RAIN—FALSE POETIC IMAGERY—WEATHER, ET CETERA—A HOME VISION.

July.—SYDNEY has improved in several important points during the two years of my sojourn at the Antipodes. Its increase is enormous; for a new suburb, connecting Darlinghurst with the city by one continuous street, half a mile long, with numerous lateral branches, has sprung up where, two years ago, the belated diner-out might have fallen among bushrangers, and the bewildered one might have fallen into a blind ditch, and there bivouacked with the frogs “until daylight did appear.” The whole of the ground at the head of Woolloomooloo Bay,* known by the name of the Riley Estate, forming a valley between the elevated plateau of Hyde-Park and that whereon the fashionable suburb of Darlinghurst is spread, and which, on my first arrival, contained no house but the ancient Riley residence, is now a forest of chimneys. Some of the modern houses are great improvements upon the older class, and many comfortable residences, suitable to persons of moderate means, have been erected. Within a few years house-rent has fallen immensely; yet it is still, by comparison, considerably higher than in England, except in the fashionable quarters of London and a few of the largest towns. The houses in Lyons-terrace, perhaps equally commodious with those of Eaton-place, about 1840-43, were let for 400*l.* a-year, and are now not paying more than 150*l.* unfurnished. The latter was the sum I paid for a house newly erected in the fashionable suburb above mentioned.

* *Wells-Male*—the Place of Tombs—an old burial-place of the blacks.

The stranger is much struck by the handsome appearance given by the profuse use of cedar in the fittings of the Sydney dwellings. The doors and sashes, the window-frames and shutters, staircases and balustrades, skirting-boards and cornices, and, in a few instances, the floors and ceilings, are all of cedar. It has all the beauty in colour and figure of the Spanish mahogany; indeed, the experience of an upholsterer is necessary to detect the difference by sight alone. In solidity and closeness of grain the Australian cedar is, however, greatly inferior to mahogany.

Sydney is happy in the possession of many well-situated and healthy suburbs—all of which show evident proofs of advancing wealth and consequence. On the south-east of the city are Paddington and the Surrey Hills; on the south, Redfern and Chippendale; on the south-west, Camperdown, Newtown, and the Glebe; on the west, separated by an arm of the harbour, Balmain, and Pyrmont; and on the north shore—only accessible by water—the pretty and secluded hamlet of St. Leonard's.

The harbour of Port Jackson presents excellent natural features for fortification against hostile inroads. All I shall say on this head is, that at present art has not done much towards the safeguard of the capital. During part of two years the colonial public prints indulged in repeated and most unwise discussions on the subject of the harbour defences and the helpless state and hoarded wealth of the great southern emporium;—entering on details singularly useful and instructive to any national enemy meditating a foray, and indeed suggestive of such an undertaking to any tolerably powerful pirate unpreoccupied by the happy idea. Sydney, twaddling over the hundreds of thousands in her Bank-vaults, and the facility with which she might be laid under contribution by an enterprising foe, always reminded me of a fussy old hen cackling an unintentional, but not the less tempting invitation to the roving fox. Surely there must be some better way of remedying public and private foibles than by noising them abroad!

Climate—though a positive thing—is a point, all the world over, subject to difference of opinion; and is, not seldom, discussed according to the passing temper of the individual—the state of his bile, his conscience, his purse, or other equally

potent motive. On the article of climate it is especially difficult to please an old campaigner of whatever profession. It is not his judgment so much as his muscles, nerves, and organs that direct his opinions. In a hot temperature the burthen of complaint is that he wants bracing, he feels languid, hipped, dyspeptic. In a cold one, rheumatism, lumbago, bronchitis, &c., compose his daily jeremiade. He resembles an old worn-out coach, which rattles and rumbles when its springs and spokes are permitted to become relaxed; and grinds, squeaks, and perhaps breaks down altogether, when its screws, straps, and washers are too much tightened. Wear and tear is a malady that may be mitigated—cannot be cured;—from China to Peru there is no condition of thermometer or barometer that will give the grumbler back the youth, health, strength, and activity that he has forfeited, lost, or outlived,—any more than a long life of hesternal vices can be effectually counterbalanced by an equally long life of “sermons and soda-water the day after.” I have heard the climate of New South Wales praised and abused much beyond its deserts. To a healthy person I should imagine that it promises as long freedom from disease as any climate in the world. It is said to be particularly favourable to old people, even those of delicate health, provided they are afflicted with no organic complaint; but it tramples upon the invalid once fairly down, and makes short work of the consumptive, apoplectic, and debauched. He whose liver has been devilled in India or the West Indies, will find that an Australian hot season is likely enough to produce an active *réchauffée* of the part affected. The climate is productive, say the faculty, of chronic diseases rather than acute ones. Let no man having, in colonial phrase, “a shingle short” try this country. He will pass his days in Tarban Creek Asylum!

Port Jackson has been found to possess the summer of Avignon, Constantinople, Baltimore, and Philadelphia; a winter nearly similar to that of Cairo and the Cape of Good Hope. It may be doubted, therefore, whether the Briton is quite at his best when transplanted here—or indeed anywhere. One hears a good deal of the “stalwart sons of Australia” in local writings and speeches *ad captandum*; and I have met occasional splendid specimens; but as a race, the native white of this, as of all other of our colonies, is physi-

cally inferior to the Briton, especially him of the agricultural districts,—for Spinning Jenny rears but a stunted offspring. The sexual precocity consequent upon a warm climate must not however be forgotten, and the stranger from England has often to take this into account when he hears with surprise a knot of what at Home would be called little boys shouting and singing in the *vox rauca* of manhood. There is one great peculiarity in the hot season of Australia. It does not appear to produce exhaustion or languor. There is no habitual “siesta” practised by the people. The climate may be said to be *high pressure*, exciting rather than productive of lassitude and listlessness; it may, and I believe does, wear the machine of life pretty rapidly, but is not apt to throw it out of work so long as it lasts. Mr. Braim, the historian of New South Wales, ascribes to its climate the power of rejuvenizing those who are “brought under its influence in middle or advanced life.” So charming a creed is sure to be popular. Whether I entertain it myself after a personal experience of five years caution induces me to keep secret; but should I be weak enough to do so, without a shadow of doubt I shall be disabused of the “flattering unction,” much as I was at a former epoch of my life—as follows:—I had been abroad following the fortunes of war, when, a day or two after my return home, walking down St. James’s-street I received the following cordial greeting from an old acquaintance and former friend about town. “Hallo, my good fellow! is that you? have you been out of town? why you look deuced seedy!” —“I have been five years in India since I saw you last,” was my placid reply. I might have added, that this *lustre* had added none to my affectionate friend’s outside, but I spared him so deadly a thrust.

In Australia no one appears to fear the sun even at mid-summer. One sees masons and roofers employed for eight or ten hours a day, exposed to its full blaze. They are burnt so brown as hardly to be recognised as Europeans, yet their health is not damaged. I once asked an old man who had just descended from the roof of a tavern, where he had been all day employed with his basket of shingles and tomahawk, whether the sun did not make him ill. “Oh no, Sir,” said he, “I’d never take no harm on the outside of a house; it is the *inside* of a house like this where the mischief to the likes

of me comes from." He had been a teetotaller for twelve years, and had never had a headache since he took the pledge. But at all times of the year the climate is subject to sudden and therefore unhealthful changes; however the spring,—September and October,—appears to be the only season when any considerable amount of disease is prevalent. Without note of time or reference to almanack, one may recognise this somewhat unhealthy season by the frequent rush of the gigs and broughams of the faculty, and the cheerful aspect of their owners. Scarlatina and croop ravage the nursery; influenza spares neither sex nor age; all the complaints, arising in this carnivorous country from large feeding and little exercise and contracted during the just past season of dinner giving and receiving, accumulate now on the hands of the doctors. Were it not for these occasional windfalls, it would be difficult to understand how the genus M.D. and its different collaterals are saved, themselves, from that worst of disorders starvation, in a country so blessedly exempt from fatal diseases and sweeping epidemics.

In 1849 public attention was more than ordinarily alert with respect to the sanitary state of the city. A great authority (Mr. Chadwick) says—before a Committee of the House of Commons—"All my experience and all my information go to vindicate the integrity of the nose. Where there is effluvium there is danger, in short." One cannot thread any back street of Sydney without feelings of dread and disgust. One might suppose it had been, literally, "raining cats and dogs" for a week, and clearing up with a slight shower of goats and fowls, such is the number of dead ones. Every kind of unnameable filth salutes the eye; and, as for the organ to which Mr. C. ascribes so much honesty, Ovidius Naso—could he suddenly be dropped into a Sydney back slum—would give his ears to have left his nose in Hades! It is, therefore, impossible to say conscientiously of Sydney, as Samuel Pepys does of La Hague, that "*it is a most sweet town*."

The newly arrived emigrant is, it is needless to remark, much struck by the absolute reversion of the seasons in these Austral portions of the globe. Brimful of old Home associations, how strange to him to find May-day—the festival of young Flora—falling in autumn; and to see Jack-in-the-Green dancing about in the sere and yellow leaf! The soldier

fresh from the *dépôt* stares when he reads in General Orders that white linen trowsers "are to be taken into wear on the 1st October," and that, per contra, cloth trowsers are to be donned, for the winter, from the 1st May. Guy Faux looks terribly out of season and out of countenance, toiling through the streets (as I saw him doing on the 5th of November, 1848) in a terrific sirocco of hot wind and dust, with the thermometer at 100° in the shade. But above all, how thoroughly un-English is the antipodal Christmas! Sitting in a thorough draft, clad in a holland blouse, you may see men and boys dragging from the neighbouring bush piles of green stuff, (oak branches in full leaf and acorn, and a handsome shrub with a pink flower and pale green leaf—the "Christmas" of Australia,) for the decoration of churches and dwellings, stopping every fifty yards to wipe their perspiring brows. And in Church—unlike Old England, where at this season general and incessant "coughing drowns the parson's saw;" where stoves and flues and furs scarcely keep the frost out—here we have fluttering of fans, faintings, and other indications of overheated humanity. The temporal celebration of the joyful anniversary consists, among the lower orders of New South Wales, in increased drunkenness and in an augmented list of disorderlies at the police office each morning. In the upper classes it is not celebrated at all.

There is no warmth (except such as the thermometer indicates) in the interchange of the compliments of the season—no meeting together of old and young and the distant members of families, for the expression of mutual regard—no congratulations or demonstrations of good-will between master, and servant—no Christmas boxes, except to the postman. It seems as though each felt it a mockery to talk of a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year," so far from the home "where his forefathers sleep," and where he first learnt to welcome the glad season with Old English observance. It is too hot to be affectionate! Christmas-tide is, in an Englishman's mind, so rigorously associated with ice and snow, holly and mistletoe, mince pies, burnt brandy, skating, cock-shooting, and Sir Roger de Coverley, that, with all his noted reverence for customs and epochs, it is easy to see that he is working against the grain when he attempts in this colony to celebrate the festival in spite of the *vice-versa*-tion of the seasons

and the absence of the conventional materials for its civil observance.

Only picture to yourself, middle-aged reader, a round of snap-dragon, a cup of hot spiced claret, or a plunge down fifty couple to the tune of "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife," with the thermometer steady at 95°! And—whew!—fancy the blazing Yule log in the height of the dog-days! Where, too, are the old men and the old women? There are none, it may be said, in Australia. Christmas is nothing without the old! While writing this I have become accustomed to the sight; but on first arriving, I remember being much struck with the paucity of bald heads and "frosty pows" in the places of worship and other public assemblies. Where is the neat thatched cottage, with its smoke curling from the ivy-clad chimney,—its three generations issuing joyfully and thankfully from the moss-grown porch, and wending their way along the frosty field-path and the crisp high-road towards the grey old village church, decked so jauntily in the holly's green and scarlet? Where the ruddy, rosy faces of young and old, of men and maidens; the plump cheeks and bright eyes of the cotter's daughter, the broad shoulders and well-filled blue worsted hose of the yeoman's son? . . . *Won't* that couple cut it over the buckle to-night on the stone floor of the squire's servants' hall? and *are* they not thinking of the mistletoe at this blessed moment, although they be on the way to church? . . . The "grandad" himself is hale and strong, as you may see by his cheek, russet and wrinkled as a well-kept pippin. His head is white as he doffs his broad castor, for eighty Christmases have passed over it, and he hopes he may see another or two ere it finds its last repose under the old yew-tree, side by side with the faithful partner already sleeping there, whose great arm-chair still stands in the chimney-nook opposite his own, and is regarded with almost superstitious awe by her children of two generations . . . The service is over: the humbler parishioners linger awhile for a word with the good pastor, or hurry to exchange a greeting with the hearty old squire. There are doffing of hats and pulling of forelocks, scraping of rustic bows, and dropping of rustic curtsies; no end of smiling faces and reiterations of "God bless your Reverence!" and "Many thanks to your Honour!" in return for the cordial good

wishes of the parson and the landlord. "We shall all meet again at the Hall, my friends, to-night," are the parting words of the squire as he hands his wife and daughter into the carriage, and trudges away sturdily a-foot, supported by his son on one hand and an ash-plant in the other,—through coppice and stubble-field, meadow, park, and lawn,—grateful for the health and wealth that have fallen to his lot, and revolving in his mind the best means of employing them for the benefit of those over whom Providence has placed him in authority. Ha! my little old friend, Cock Robin!—there you are, puffing out your scarlet waistcoat, picking at the laws that Jack Frost, your chief ally, has ripened for you, and singing your Christmas hymn, if ever hymn was sung! And—but (as I began) where is all this? "In my mind's eye, Horatio:" it is a dream, no more. For six years I have seen nothing like it; but 'tis a dream that I trust to see realized again before I go hence and be no more!

The European flowers appear to be regularly puzzled by the climate of Australia, and to be affected by it in a singular manner. They seem to bud prematurely, and then remain stationary, as though waiting for a safe opportunity of coming out. Once in bloom they are most luxuriant; but an hour or two of southerly wind and dust will so utterly blast the blossoms and young shoots that a newly arrived English gardener would suppose that his show of bloom was destroyed for the year. A change of wind and a shower—and lo! a regeneration more lovely than before; and such may recur half a dozen times ere the midsummer sun finally scorches the poor exotics to tinder. Except at this season of excessive heat, the China rose, verbena, heliotrope, and other familiar flowers, flourished all the year round in our garden. So well adapted for gardening purposes is the sandy soil of Sydney—which, without exaggeration, is whiter than any sea-beach I know in England—that, fair reader, the floral love-token you have just received from a button-hole—brave reader, from a bosom—if you but stick it in the ground the next morning, it will grow in a season or two into a fine plant covered with flowers and remaining a perennial memento of the giver; whereas in Europe, if preserved at all, it must have been consigned to the *hortus siccus*.

But of all the features of Australian climatology, draught

is the most prominent and forbidding. Of a certainty I must have heretofore noticed the subject—for it is the bug-bear of the colony; so no more about it. When the rain *does* come it comes with a vengeance, sometimes carrying away in its torrents roads, gardens, walls, palings, and bridges; every highway becomes a river, every by-way a brook, every bank a cataract; the thunder cracks right over head, echoless, like the report of a gun; hailstones come rattling down an inch long, knocking over young live-stock and domestic poultry, levelling orange orchards and vineyards, breaking windows and human heads—and in twenty-four hours, or less, the dust is blowing about as bad as ever. No one who has not lived in a country liable to drought can appreciate the eagerness with which every assemblage of clouds is watched; with what feelings of disappointment their breaking up without yielding a drop is accompanied; with what thankfulness the boon of “moderate rain and showers” is received when it does come. The Yorkshire farmer “shakes the dew-drops from his mane,” and growls out “cusses” loud and deep against the torrents that are laying his fifteen-acre wheat-piece, “spiling of” his just tedded hay, or “ruinating his turmits.” Poor Paddy, sheltering himself at “the back of the ditch,” the rain pouring down the funnel of his crownless caubeen, mutters half in despair, half in levity, “Mille murders! there goes the pratees to blazes, an’ wid ’em the rint, and Father Flanagan’s ducs, and the minister’s tithes, and the childre’s food, the craythurs!—and, thoffomondioul! to mend matthers, it’s put me pipe out!” In Australia, on the contrary, you have the cit congratulating himself that the coming storm will lay the dust, flush the drains, replenish the wells, and bring down the price of vegetables and forage. The agriculturist assures himself that his “maize is saved this bout, any how.” “My word!” cries the inland squatter, “this will fill the water-holes rarely, and save me a thousand or two head of stock on the Billibung upland runs.” He reflects, perhaps, *per contra*, that the storms on the mountains will set a-going the “chain of ponds” courteously known by the name of the Murry-run-dry river, and will cut him off from his two best out-stations, if not carry away a flock or two. He may lose half a dozen horses, if not his own life, in attempting to cross the “bottom,” where yesterday there was

nothing to be seen moister than a glaring white sand, hot enough to boil a retort. I am not particularly partial to being wet to the skin; but I may truly say that when in New South Wales a good drenching did befall me, I cheerfully and dutifully compounded for the wetting of my own particular clay in consideration of the benefit our Mother Earth was deriving from it generally.

I wonder whether any one has observed how completely the antipodal position of Australia falsifies many of the images of the English and ancient poets. To the born Australian, Thomson knows nothing about the seasons; Shakspeare is no longer the poet of nature:—what does he mean by—

“The sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!”

The *south* wind brings sleet and hail and chilly hurricanes, blighting and blasting every blossom it touches! What does Horace mean by his “*rabiem noti*?” ’Tis a libel on our soft Australian northern breezes. “Keen Aquilon” is not keen, whatever Herbert may say or sing. As for the east wind, so much abused in English prose, if not in verse—*here* it is the balmy breath of the Pacific—the sweet sea-breeze, for whose daily advent during the summer the Sydneyite watches and prays with all the fervour that inspired the “*Aura veni!*” of Cephalus. The veteran Spenser must have been dozing or doting when he wrote—

“Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nayles to warm them if he may!”

To cool them, of course he meant;—for, as I have before quoted, an Australian bard sings—

“When hot December’s sultry breeze
Scarcely stirs a leaf on yonder trees.”

And if December be hot, January is hotter!

One of the greatest advantages of an Australian clime is, that whatever you may have planned for out-door work or pastime you may, for three hundred and twenty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, pretty assuredly perform. The words “weather permitting” is a reservation

unheard-of here,—whilst in dear, drizzly old England a picnic and wet weather are proverbial companions. It is a great blessing, too, to be able to go abroad in an ordinary in-door dress, instead of piling on extra pellicles, graduated according to the season. Here the family of clogs, galoshes, umbrellas, &c., imported from Europe by the careful emigrant, are “hung up as monuments!” Chesterfield, Benjamin, Taglioni, and Macintosh, are sumptuary nobodies; and Nicol is only tolerated in his most gossamer form. I am aware of the existence of one warming-pan in New South Wales—one only; and I shall move the owner to present it to the Sydney museum when she returns to England—perfectly certain that to ninety-nine out of a hundred Anglo-Australian visitors of the institution the intent and purposes of the implement would be utterly inscrutable.

One of our old essayists defends the English practice of making the weather the first theme of conversation. Contrasting it with some other matters of common interest, he says:—“The weather is a nobler and more interesting subject; it is the present state of the skies and of the earth, on which plenty or famine are suspended—on which millions depend for the necessaries of life.” In New South Wales the words, “a fine day,” as part of a salutation, are absurdly expletive, and have therefore become obsolete—a fine day being a mere matter of course—sunshine the rule—clouds the exception. Yet with all its beauties the Australian climate, taken as a whole, is hard, glaring, almost withering in its excessive aridity. If it does not prompt to languor and listlessness, like that of some other southern countries, neither is there in it anything voluptuous. Byron’s dictum regarding “what men call gallantry” and “climates sultry” does not hold good, I think, with regard to New South Wales;—it is an indirect libel upon it—happily! Perhaps, however, so business-like a people would not be sentimental, romantic, poetical, or amorous under any skyey influences.

The winter season and the autumn mornings are thoroughly delightful. I often think how much we shall miss when we shall have lost them. Yet after all—bigot that I am—welcome, thrice welcome! misty atmosphere, “lack-lustre” skies of “my own, my native land.” When the sun *does* shine he shines on landscapes that in my eyes at least have no counter-

part. There *are* days I well remember (little as I have lived in England) which no climate or country can equal in loveliness—more delicious than any others—anywhere else—under any circumstances! What think you, sportsman reader, of a fine first of September morning in a good old-fashioned English country house? You spring from your couch, and throw up the window-sash to see if the weather favours the intended business of the day. How sweet and fresh the early air! How gratefully it plays upon the brow and fills the lungs! How pleasantly the sun, about an hour above the horizon, is “warning off” the lingering mists with his rays, like so many flaming swords. How cheerful the music from the rookery! You look out over the wide-spread park—over oak and elm clumps—bright sheets of water, where the fog still loiters among the sedges—fern-clad knolls, upon which the deer and cattle are browsing. Through ‘vistas in the woodlands you catch glimpses of golden stubbles; here and there a dark green turnip field; a brown fallow or two; beyond them a ridgy potato piece, and a narrow strip of gorse dotted with birch-trees, trending away until it is lost in the deep purple of a heathery upland. Bringing your eyes more homeward, they alight on the smooth-shaved dewy lawn, where the strutting cock pheasant,—happy in a month’s impunity,—is sunning his golden plumage; and the “limping” hare, sponging his “innocent nose” with his wet forepads, is longing for a nibble at the lady’s well-guarded carnations. . . . And, by Jove! here come the keeper and his assistants, with a leash of pointers and a shaggy pony!

Ah! well, well! dreaming again! *

* In the Appendix will be found extracts from a meteorological journal kept at the South Head—240 feet above the tide level—giving the highest and lowest state of the external thermometer for each month during the years 1847 and 1849. Comparing these tables with my own thermometrical notes, I find that the former do not fairly represent the temperature at Sydney, that of the town being several degrees higher.

I add also a report from the same source, as rendered to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, for the week including the 11th and 17th of February, 1851, giving a singular instance of equable temperature during seven days.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Excursion to Illawarra, or The Five Islands.

EXCURSION TO ILLAWARRA—A STEAM TORTOISE—THE MARINE HOTEL—A CHILDISH WAITER—A BABY CARPENTER'S MATE—WOLLONGONG—TRADE OF THE DISTRICT—FINE ESTATES—A "LORD OF THE ISLES"—THOUGHTS ON SHOOTING—THE FIVE ISLANDS—LAKE ILLAWARRA—HOME SCENES—SOLDIER SETTLERS—"WATERLOO" AND "ALBUERA"—CLEARING LEASES—GIGANTIC NETTLE-CEDAR—MOUNT KEERA—COAL—AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION—STRIKING A BARGAIN—A BUMP ON BRADLEY'S HEAD—SYDNEY.

IN the summer of 1849 I made a trip to Illawarra, a sea-coast district, about sixty-six miles south of Port Jackson. This district may be sixty miles long, is hemmed in and narrowed to the westward by a lofty range of mountains, and has the character of being the garden of New South Wales. Wollongong is the chief town. Strange and shameful to say, there is no road practicable for carriages from Sydney to this long-established, fertile, and beautiful province—the passage of the mountains presenting difficulties weighty enough to deter private enterprise and public effort, and thereby virtually shutting up the most fruitful lands in the colony from the markets of the neighbouring metropolis.

As fifty years of prisoner labour had failed to produce a suitable means of communication by land, I was driven to the sole alternative of adopting the existing most unsuitable one by sea. With many misgivings I removed my household gods, my wife, two servants, and a horse, on board a wretched little steam-boat—which it was absolute disloyalty to have named after England's Sailor King, and which seemed to have been built expressly to disprove the omnipotence of steam as a motive agent. On the morning of the 24th of January we got on board and under weigh—a perfect understanding existing on the part of the captain, the engineer, the boilers,

the passengers and the winds, that if anything like a moderate breeze was to blow up from the south we were to consider ourselves weather-bound, and bound in honour to remain within the Heads until more favourable auspices should supervene. Accordingly up sprung, about mid-day, a tolerably fresh air from the proscribed point, and, after paddling six miles down the harbour, our craft laid itself up snugly in one of the great port's little offshoots, called Vacluse Bay, where, within an hour's drive of our own comfortable drawing-room, dinner, and bed, we indulged in the variety of dining and sleeping on board this little floating dungeon. Fortunately the old engineer, who was the pink of politeness, suggested an oyster-hunt to pass the time, and the skipper falling good-humouredly into the proposal, all hands landed on a cluster of rocks, well known as the "Bottle and Glass," where we pursued that sport with as much satisfaction as success. At seven o'clock, P.M., we again got under weigh, and, after a rough night, reached our destination on the following morning at eight o'clock. There were on board several Illawarra settlers, who seemed proud of their little sea-port, town, and picturesque district—describing with animation and minuteness the various objects as we neared the anchorage. I have always looked upon my countrymen's catlike attachment to (not merely contentment with, but absolute enthusiasm for) the spot of their adoption, as a special and precious dispensation of Providence to a nation destined to replenish unpeopled countries; I have always treated it with becoming respect, (although in the indulgence of this feeling the one step between the sublime and the ridiculous is often passed,) and I have experienced becoming pain when an unguarded expression on my part may have hurt such feelings. "Pray, Sir!" said I to a gentleman of responsible and courteous exterior, who had been kindly supplying information on the different points of view around us,—“Pray, Sir, what may be that singular looking building near the beach?” “That, Sir,” replied he readily, “is popularly styled Brown's Folly—my name's Brown, Sir!”

The boat harbour of Wollongong—for it is little more—consists of a basin and jetty, constructed by convict labour. The remains of the old stockade, and the officer's cottage, crown the top of a verdant promontory, which protects the port from the southern gales. The site of the town, with

Mounts Keera and Kembla in the background, is *extremely* picturesque. Its salubrious sea breezes and quiet seclusion have made this little place a sort of sanitarium for Sydney. We took rooms at "The Marine Hotel,"—the same apartments, we were assured, as were lately occupied by His Excellency the Governor, whose previous visit to Wollongong was to the good folks of the hotel what the famous "disjeune" of King James was to the Lady of Tillytudlem. Nothing could be cleaner, quieter, or more comfortable than this establishment, which I hereby recommend to all tourists for health or pleasure. We had the house nearly to ourselves—only one other family sharing it with us. We had actual and visual cognisance of a ladylike matron, a nice fat baby, and a fatter boy of three or four years, whose bashfulness took the awkward form of always hiding his face on the floor. There was presumptive evidence of a male head of the family, for we saw his capacious slippers,—we heard his sonorous "hem!"—occasionally we met his hot meat breakfast on the stairs,—but to this day he remains in our memory as our invisible neighbour of Wollongong!

At the Marine Hotel we enjoyed, or rather endured, a singular proof of the want of adult labour in New South Wales, and of the consequent early importance of children. The posts of waiter and "*laquais de place*" were filled by a lad of eleven or twelve years, the eldest son of the landlord;—(it was funny enough to hear the chamber-maid calling to the waiter, "Master Charles, your Pa wants you!") Sharp and intelligent, but terribly spoilt, nothing could be done in the house, or out, without the interposition of this little meddlesome Puck; he brought up our meals, waited at table, joined in the conversation, drew and helped to drink the wine, knew everybody and everything about the place, and was just the fellow to fill a gaping tourist like myself with a budget of incorrect information. He constituted himself my guide in our rides to the "lions" of the vicinity,—assuring me that "his three-year old filly, by 'young Theorem,' out of a 'Scamp' mare," was nearly clean bred; that he had broken her himself, and that she was a pleasant hack;—that he had lent his gun, "a first-rate one," to a black, to get some wild ducks for us, but would be happy to accompany me a-shooting, as he had heard I was a sportsman,—was one himself!—

although to be sure his idea of sport was somewhat bashaw-like. He could get me a boat, he said, with a pair of oars, and a man who would fish and shoot for me at 7s. 6d. per diem. One night, when on the point of going to bed, my self-elected brother-shot rushed into my dressing-room, and informed me that the lagoon near the house was covered with wild ducks, which had alighted in a large flight. Full of an old sportsman's zeal, I hurried on my clothes again, loaded my trusty Wesley Richards—carefully chalking the barrels according to Hawker's advice for night-shooting, and, having by great exertion of woodcraft got within shot of the wary game, was in the act of opening upon them what despatches call "a galling and destructive fire," when, fortunately, a "lily-white duck" sailed across the moon-beams, and saved me the disgrace and disbursement consequent upon exterminating whole broods belonging to neighbouring poultry-yards.

I have cited young hopeful as a living proof of the scarcity of adult labour here. But there was a still stronger illustration of the early enumeration of children among the working hands, brought to our notice. A female servant of the hotel told us that one of her boys, only *four* years old, had been adopted by a relative, a carpenter by trade, and that "he found him very useful in carrying his tool-basket, and doing odd jobs."

The town of Wollongong contains about 120 houses, and 500 or 600 inhabitants. One-fifth of the buildings are tumbling down or tenantless, two-fifths are public-houses, and the rest belong to settlers, shopkeepers, and professional men. There are places of worship for all shades and tastes of creed. Besides the four or five which, as the French say, "jump to the eyes" of the traveller, there are others of less demonstrative exterior; so that spiritual destitution, if it exist—and we hear a good deal of it in New South Wales—must be voluntary. In the Protestant church, on Sunday morning, I found about sixty grown-up persons, exclusive of the minister and an individual in a holland blouse and clarionet, personating the organ. The Roman Catholics here, as generally in these colonies, appear to have increased in numbers and consequence at a much greater ratio than other denominations. The reason is obvious; the Romanists are devoted to one set of tenets—bound up in one common cause—

presenting the strongest "formation" for resistance, if not for conquest; the Protestants are split into sects, and Dissent appears to be the rule rather than the exception. A handsome stone chapel, nearly finished, will shortly replace the present modest wooden edifice. The priest, it need hardly be added, possesses a most comfortable cottage, a clever hack, and a sleek exterior.

There is a painful appearance of by-gone better days about Wollongong and its neighbourhood. The fictitious value of land, at that period of the history of the colony when its follies and misfortunes formed its leading features, was one of the causes of the decline of this town. The agricultural produce of the district is greater than can be sold or consumed; and the starving condition of the poor in the old countries recurs with bitterness to the mind when one hears a colonist say,—“We should be as well off, or better, if we produced less; we have not mouths to eat, nor customers to purchase our meat and grain.” What sad tales of misery, poverty, crime, violence, sedition, and death might be spared us, if plenty and population could be more justly balanced! The chief exports from Wollongong are eggs, cheese, butter, calves, poultry, and grain. Some excellent horses are bred in the district, especially adapted for harness—for they attain a larger size here than in the drier parts of the colony, as is well known to be the case all over the world—the arid and sandy deserts producing the thorough-bred and beautiful Arab of fourteen or fifteen hands, while the old original Flanders mares, which were imported to England to drag at a snail's pace the gilded coaches of our ancestors, are the natural production of a soft swampy soil; and the Lincoln fens grow the tall black steeds destined to carry our scsquipedian Life-guardsmen.

There are some splendid estates in Illawarra; yet, for want of a market, it is to be apprehended that their proprietors can never attain wealth.

Within the scope of a ride from the town, may be found some very picturesque scenery, new to the eye accustomed to the sandy flats and undulating scrub-land of Sydney. The pretty valley of “Fairy Meadows” is close at hand, separated by a ridge of highish land from the sea board, backed by the mountain range, and with a stream of fresh water running

through its length. Here are water-mills on the flat, settlers' houses perched on the hills, bark huts overgrown with passion flowers, vines, ivy, or gourds; fields of wheat, stubble, or growing maize with its tall green flags and yellow plumes; rude barns at the corners of enclosures, whence the cheerful sound of the flail reaches the traveller's ear; and many other objects which—more than anywhere else in this country—might recal England, were it not for two things:—one of them is the untidy and un-homelike look of the half-cleared fields, cumbered with stumps and logs, or with dead single trees—for the forest tree, impatient of solitude, generally dies when left to stand alone;—the other peculiarity is the cabbage palm-tree, some few specimens of which are still left growing in the valley. The appearance of this graceful tree carried me at once back to the East. The slender stems seemed to be from sixty to eighty feet high, and they swayed to the breeze as it whistled through the round turf of foliage at their tops. The well-known cabbage-tree hat of the squatter, the farmer, the sailor—in short, of every “gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief,” in and out of Sydney, is made from the leaves of this palm; and the raw material forms an article of export to the metropolis. These beautiful and useful trees are becoming scarce from the reckless destruction of the trunk for the sake of the leaf by the whites, as well as from the blacks cutting them down for the edible shoots at the top—whence the cabbage.

January 28th.—I had a visit from the chief of the Illawarra tribe, “Jemmi-Jemmi,” as inscribed on the brazen gorget round his neck—the usual gift of the Government to distinguished natives;—or Jem, as he was popularly styled. He is a wretched-looking old man, and his “gin” an equally miserable specimen of old woman-hood—a perfect skeleton; yet she seemed strong and active, although but lately she had been half burnt to death. There was with them a fine full-blown young woman, the mother of two pretty children, both of them evidently indebted for paternity to some white-skinned dweller in the wilderness. The old man gave his protection moreover to an orphan girl—“moder tumble down (died), me keep him; Master give me coppers for get him beer.” Eight dogs trotted at the heels of the family. And this was the hereditary chieftain of Illawarra!—The Lord of the Isles!

demanding tribute from me a stranger and intruder in the land,—for so I considered my small offering of “white money,” which the poor old fellow was too modest to ask for.

I had been led to expect some good shooting at Wollongong, and had contrived to borrow from an old sportsman, through the intervention of “Master Charles,” a brace of dogs. There was little game to be found, however, for the season was unusually dry and fearfully hot; the stubbles had been burnt, and the dogs hunted entirely on their own account. In spite of them nevertheless—for I could not catch them to tie them up—I killed a good many quail, and a few bronzed-winged pigeons. One day I was joined by an old man, who proffered his aid to show me likely spots. Observing his sportsman-like demeanour and language, I asked him if he was a native of the colony. He said no; that he had served Squire Osbaldiston in England. In this colony, for reasons that may be guessed, I was rarely inquisitive regarding the private history of strangers—who might, or might not, volunteer some account of themselves;—so I heard no more of my chance companion’s biography. He was a pleasant old fellow; but I thought he looked like one who would be a troublesome customer at the corner of a covert on a moonlight night; and the wildest hope I entertained regarding the cause of his “*exeat regno*” was, that it had fallen short of bagging a gamekeeper!

Bulwer makes Pelham say, “that same shooting is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for royal dukes, majors in the army, and that sort of people,” and that the shooter endures “a state of painful fatigue enlivened by the probability of being killed.” It is difficult indeed to account for the popularity of this pastime; for sportsmen as ardent are to be found among the intellectual and refined, as among the empty-headed and uneducated. The pursuit is shared by the greatest statesmen, (it is soothing to reflect!) the profoundest scholars, the wisest jurists, the most conservative physicians, the most successful captains—as well as the fattest majors and fastest subalterns of the day!—But let me stop in time and return my Hobby to his stable. In a book published many years ago, the author of these volumes gave his reader perhaps too weighty proofs of his addiction to field sports. Time, the tamer of such tastes, and the scarcity of game in Australia are sufficient

guarantee for his not sinning in the same shape in the present work; but in previous editions, he burnt powder and shed ink in recounting an incident, wherein a black swan, the only wild one he ever saw, rewarded his woodcraft. In the present reprint he will confine himself to its illustration by the pencil.

January 30th.—A trip to “The Five Islands” in the boat of and in company with Sandy Macpherson—the “harbour-master,” as he calls himself, of Wollongong. This rocky group, which gives its name to the district, is about eight or nine miles from the port. We landed at Rabbit Island, in hopes of finding a few of the coney tribe from which it derives its English appellation. The colony, however, planted by English hands, has by the same hands been extirpated or nearly so; yet its existence proves that the rabbit might be introduced with success into this colony, so devoid of four-footed game. Close to the warren are the burrows of the sooty petrel, or mutton bird, which forms to itself a sort of underground rookery, very curious to behold—out of which you may pull them or their eggs by dozens, if so inclined. I know not how this bird got its ovine name, unless it was from the people of H.M.S. *Sirius*, which was wrecked at Norfolk Island when freighted with convicts—the crew, escort, and prisoners feeding on the mutton bird until other provisions arrived from Sydney. There is only one tenant of Rabbit Island of a higher order than the rabbits and petrels—namely a venerable Billy-goat, whose wives and children have all been carried off by coasting vessels. He is very wild, and doubtless very tough—qualities to which he is probably indebted for his life. We caught a momentary glimpse of him among the distant rocks, but he instantly disappeared. Some plans were talked over for furnishing the involuntary hermit with one or two companions; and, if some “unholy bark” touch at the “Sainted Isle” with a partner for him, the bearded sage may thank me for the acquisition. Our pleasant little repast, which we cooked too near the dry scrub growing at a short distance from the shore, ended with a grand conflagration; which it is to be feared must have temporarily destroyed all the vegetation of the island,—for it was seen smoking like a Stromboli for some days afterwards.

Rabbit Island is not more than half a mile from a salient

point of the coast, extensively cleared and cultivated; on which, the wind preventing our return by water to Wollongong, we landed, and hiring a cart at a farm-house, went back by the shore at a foot's pace—enjoying a delightful drive by moonlight through a tract embracing many of the peculiarities of Illawarra scenery—sand and swamp, forest and savannah, lagoon and dry land alternate. In India we might have looked for tigers and bears, in Africa for lions, on such a belated expedition;—in some other parts of New South Wales for bush-rangers of a biped kind. Here we met with nothing more alarming than the whistle of the curlew, the quacking of the wild duck and widgeon, as they rose in hundreds from the waters of “Tom Thumb's Lagoon,” about two miles from the town; the shrill scream of the heron, and the rough trumpet of the pelican busily fishing in the shallows.

February 3d.—Having hired *the* hack carriage of Wollongong, we made a trip this day to Lake Illawarra—an immense salt estuary, about seven miles distant. Our route led us through a line of country not only picturesque by nature but charmingly embellished—(for after all, “nature unadorned” is but a naked savage)—by the presence and improvements of man. Right and left were proofs of successful agriculture, very rare in this most pastoral of countries;—handsome and solid houses, with spacious pleasure-grounds; snug homesteads, flanked by a regiment of ricks housed-in with bark roofs; neat little dairy-farms, with all their picturesque appurtenances; modest slab huts, embowered in vines and wood-bines and climbing roses; blooming orchards of peaches and apricots; long and busy ranges of bee-hives—some of them fixed in the upper windows of two-storied houses; yellow stubble-fields, plots of green and waving maize, and rich meadows in which, despite the season's drought, the fat cattle stood up to their dewlaps in clover! There was the humble hedge-school—or rather bush-school, for there is hardly a mile of hedge in Australia—and a crowd of flaxen and Saxon children rushing from its porch in frantic glee; and, what I do not remember seeing elsewhere in this colony, jolly rustic pairs trotting to market on one horse, the rosy wife seated behind her lord on the old-fashioned pillion—time-honoured mode of family locomotion!—mode that has brought home from the “flaunting town” many a gudeman with sober

head, whole limbs and full pockets, who without the guardianship of his thrifty dame would have returned drunk as an owl, penniless as a poet, and bruised and battered like "the man wot won the fight!" Many of these cosy-looking Darbys and Joans were mounted on rough, round-ribbed cart mares, with skittish little foals trotting and whinnying at their heels. These were cheering sights in a strange land, generative of pleasant Home thoughts. The wretched shieling of poor Paddy, with his dudeen, his caubeen, his boneen—his "large family of small children," his dirt and destitution, and withal his merriment that went to the heart; and the deserted clearing of the improvident retired soldier, were subjects for rumination less agreeable.

Of the vast numbers of small grants of land made to old soldier settlers during the government of Sir Richard Bourke, I believe there is in the district of Illawarra only one instance of the grantee retaining and residing on his allotment. Unaccustomed to business habits, and unwilling to quit town for country, many of them would have sold their land in Sydney without ever setting eyes upon it, but for a regulation which enforced a certain term of residence. As it was, the solid acres were quickly converted into liquid ruin. The attempt to make the soldier-colonist a landed proprietor succeeded no better than the attempt to make him a capitalist by commuting his pension. These children in arms—"heroes with the bayonet, dastards with the spade"—*—deprived of the dry nursing of their officers and non-commissioned officers, have almost uniformly proved incapable of their own guardianship; and, had the demand for unskilled labour been less urgent, many of them must unquestionably have died of starvation as a consequence of their much craved release from the service. To such straits were reduced some of these crippled veterans who had sold their pensions for a sum of ready money and squandered the latter, and had bartered their land for a gallon or two of rum, that the late Lieut.-General commanding in these colonies obtained from the Home authorities a "compassionate allowance" of $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a-day for the most destitute among them,—a small sum for food, raiment, and lodging; but, in a country where a poor man may get his

* *Edinburgh Review*, January 1851.

pound of meat for a penny, a sum eagerly sought for by the really starving.

Just after my return to Sydney from Illawarra, I became acquainted with a singular pair of old soldiers, well known by some persons in Sydney, and in receipt of this charitable allowance. Living together in a rocky cave on the shore of Double Bay—one of the romantic coves of Port Jackson, about two miles from Darlinghurst—they eked out a wretched livelihood by making and selling besoms. They were known respectively by the war-names of Waterloo and Albuera; no one cared about the real names of the poor old fellows. They were inseparable;—they worked together, fed together, slept together, walked together to Sydney to sell their brooms, got drunk together almost daily, and together staggered home to their habitation in the rock—which by saving them lodging money, afforded them each no less than three-and-sixpence a week for extra drink! Waterloo had served in the Grenadier Guards, Albuera in the 57th regiment—the former a fine tall old man, the latter a regular little bandy-legged rear-ranker. Each was aged about seventy; each was invariably accompanied by a well-fed cur-dog, which trotted at his heels. Inseparable, and perhaps truly attached as were this “*par nobile fratrum*,” they were not always on the best of terms. It was amusing to encourage one to talk of the other in his absence. Albuera professed the greatest regard for Waterloo:—

“Oh, yes, your honour,” said he to a friend of mine who patronised the poor old soldiers, and was talking with him, “Oh, yes, we are the best of friends and comrades, but that Waterloo—you wouldn’t think it, may be—that Waterloo is the proudest man I ever knew.”

“Proud!” demanded his colloquist, “how is that?”

“Why he’s proud because he was a guardsman, and I was only in the line,—that’s why he’s proud. Lord bless you, sometimes he would not speak to me for a week together—that he wouldn’t.”

Thus it seems pride may live in a cave, dress in rags, accept a “compassionate allowance” of $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per diem, and make besoms!

One evening I perceived old Waterloo slowly passing my house towards his own abode. He was, contrary to custom, solus and sober, and the two dogs jogged dolefully after him;

—I guessed at once what had happened ;—Albuera was dead. Pathos is sometimes composed of strange materials ; and to me there was something really pathetic in the mere spectacle of those two dogs, abject mongrels as they were, following that wretched white-headed and feeble old man to his solitary and surf-beaten retreat. A few days afterwards the old Grenadier gave the following description of his comrade's last hours and character :—" On Friday, howsomever, he was took wus. I got a cab and sent him to the Infirmary. He died on the road. Next morning I went down to the Infirmary, and gave in his effects—an old pair of trowsers, not much good, and a quart pot. That's his tomahawk, Sir, for cutting the broom ; it's a better one than mine ;—it's all that's left to me of poor old Albuera ! Well, Sir," continued Waterloo—shaking his head meditatively, as if recalling to mind the many virtues of his deceased comrade—" Well, Sir, he was, he was the . . . but he's gone ! . . . Ah ! well, he was the foul-mouthisest old blackguard that ever I saw—that he was ! " And the old soldier seemed relieved by this tribute to his departed friend and comrade.

Some time later in the year, I rode out with my wife to pay a visit to the now lonely veteran, and had some difficulty in finding his retreat, which is situated in an unfrequented spot, cut off from the high road to the South Head by a thick wood. The "two dogs" rushing out to bay at the intruders, discovered its locality ; and, as we rode up, the tall, thin figure of the old Grenadier appeared upon a rocky point, his tattered garments flying in the wind as he stood up at the mouth of his cave, shading his eyes with his hand. His bare head was covered with curly snow-white hair, thick as in youth. His long arms, burnt black by the sun, looked like dry oaken sticks through his ragged shirt-sleeves. The old man was sober, and was about to cook his supper over a little fire of sticks, under the shelving rock that "served him for parlour and kitchen and hall." We talked a good deal about the officers of his old corps. I saw that he did not recognise me in plain clothes. In course of conversation, I told him that his former captain, Lieut.-Colonel * * *, had retired from the army and taken holy orders. Upon this the old Guardsman came a step nearer, and laying his withered brown hand on my knee, as I sat on horseback, said, in

a tone of instruction not a little edifying, “No, Sir,—I beg your pardon, Sir,—but that couldn’t be. No one after being a soldier would go for to be a parson; not that it’s no ways disgraceful,—I wouldn’t say that it is,—but you see, Sir——oh! no, damme, that couldn’t be, no how!” And he looked at me with a grim smile of contemptuous unbelief. It was clear that the retired Household Brigade-man was every bit as “proud” as his defunct comrade had asserted him to be! I asked him what made him come to this country. “Oh! you see, I did not know when I was well off. I had twelve shillings a-week, my pension, and the rent of two small cottages. I had a sister at Manchester, well to do in the world, owner of five or six good houses: Says she to me,—‘I’ve room for you, Joe;—there’s tea of a morning, and coffee of an evening for you if you’ll stay with me. You need not go and spend your money in a public-house; for I’ve beer, strong and small, in my cellar for you, and a hearty welcome.’ But, as I said before, I did not know when I was well off.”

I was not without hopes that the loss of his boon companion might have reformed the old man’s habits. Alas! the very next day, returning from my evening’s ride, I met him, not drunk, but worse,—suffering under all the mental and muscular flaccidity of returning sobriety,—the liquor dying in him, as it is called. His brooms were sold, his money was spent, his square bottle of strong waters empty! The wretched old sot felt keenly the misery of his predicament. The prospect of his solitary cave,

“By the sad sea wave,”

and a night of spirituous destitution was too much for his manhood; and he wept! This hardy old troglodyte had not slept under a roof for seven years. He survived his comrade longer than I expected; for he was still alive, though much broken, when I left the colony in 1851.

The beneficent project of Government to create a large community of small freeholders in Illawarra does not appear to have met with much more success when exercised in favour of civil, than it did in the cases of military settlers. They could not compete in the markets with more moneyed neighbours. The great properties swallowed up the little ones by degrees; and the poor man who had cherished the laudable

ambition of becoming a cultivator of his own acres, and, perhaps, an employer of labour, was compelled, after all, to work for hire himself. In Illawarra, as elsewhere in this colony, it is usual for the poorer class of settlers to take portions of wild land—twenty or thirty acres, perhaps—on what is called a clearing lease, from the larger proprietors. The tenant builds his log or bark hut, sets to work with his axe and saw on the forest; fences, cultivates and improves, and holds possession, rent free, for six years; at the expiration of which term, he is expected to commence paying rent or to vacate his lot. Some of the great landowners have scores of tenants on this plan.

At the instance of our intelligent driver, we went a short distance up the avenue of a wealthy resident on the road-side, for the purpose of seeing a curiosity in vegetation, and were well repaid for our trespass. On the banks of a little fresh-water stream, over which the approach to the house leaps by a rustic bridge, there grows a cluster of the finest cabbage-palms in the country, eighty or a hundred feet high, perhaps; and singular and beautiful to behold, the entire columns as well as the palmated capitals of these graceful trees were clothed with a luxuriant large-leaved creeper, so that the original tree itself was only to be guessed at by its general form.

At another passage of the high road to Lake Illawarra, stands a most remarkable fig-tree, well known in the vicinity for its gigantic growth. It must be fifty feet in girth, and at least one hundred feet in height before the branches divaricate. Notwithstanding its great age, the foliage is most abundant and glossy; and at this season the branches are loaded with the small bastard fig so prized by the wild pigeons; yet I was told that this splendid tree, like most if not all of its fellows, is but a parasite. A seed dropped by a bird on the stem of some forest tree—the gum, perhaps—germinates, and in process of time the lodger entirely obliterates its protector. Close to this fig-tree there is a tolerably fine specimen of the *Urtica gigas*, or stinging-nettle-tree, the first we had seen. It may be forty feet high, and the stem nine or ten feet round. A botanical gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he had measured one more than thirty feet in circumference. The sting is so painful as to paralyse a limb

for a time, as may well be imagined if its venom be proportionate to its bulk ; for the *spiculæ* on the leaf, which is as large as that of the dock, look like so many shining “silver-steel” needles.

On reaching the lake we bivouacked for an hour or two during the heat of the day on the verge of a fine grove near its shore, embowered among the dark foliage of myrtaceous trees mingled with a few small cedars, and looking out upon the paddocks of a considerable farm. If we were not merry over our rural repast, it was not for want of a jovial example ; for a large flock of the Laughing Jackass, obstinately hanging about our resting-place, kept up an unceasing and stunning guffaw. Situated as we were, the gloomiest of ascetics could hardly have maintained his gravity. Elsewhere I have made a poor attempt to describe the vocal peculiarities of this eccentric woodpecker. On the present occasion there could be no doubt as to the personality of their jollity, for ten or twelve of these scoffers sat around us on different trees, with their ungainly large heads and wide mouths pointedly converging towards our party. “*Il rit bien qui rit le dernier !*” muttered I as, my self-esteem becoming more and more irritated, my finger sought the trigger of my gun ; but I did not want a specimen ; and my fair spouse pleading for the feathered humourists, the charges were reserved for some bronze-winged pigeons—a bird culinarily useful.

In the grove where we rested there were, as I have said, a few single trees of the red cedar—the great *succedaneum* for mahogany in New South Wales—for the trade in which this district was once famous. There are now, I fancy, no really fine cedars within reach of the chance tourist ; they have long ago been cut down and sawn up for Sydney furniture. An old sawyer told me that he did not know where he could put his hand upon “a good fall of cedar” hereabouts ; but that if I did not mind a rough walk up the mountain he could show me one or two “pretty fair sticks ;” and that these would have been felled, pitted, sawn, and sent home to the upholsterers years back, but for their being “bad to get”—that is, growing in some inaccessible gully—where, indeed, the tree might be cut down, but whence it would be as impossible to move it as it unfortunately was, in my time, to bring to a market the magnificent pine timber of the Himalayas. The

lumberers of America and northern Europe have in winter no small advantage over the woodmen of Australia and other hot countries; for the snow affords a road where no possibility of transport exists in summer, and where the timber-sled, with its ponderous log, runs glibly down to the creek, to be rafted and floated to the mill, wherein it is destined to be "chawed up" by the inexorable teeth of the circular saw.

Lake Illawarra appears to be about twenty miles in circumference. Its shores are flat and ugly; but there are sprinkled over its expanse many pretty islets, covered with noble timber, which owes its exemption from the axe—as England does her safety from her many enemies and enviers—to its insular position. The distant range of the Bong-Bong mountains affords a fine background to a landscape which, but for the wide sheet of inland water, would not be particularly engaging. Wherever there is a salt-marsh there are dead trees, and large tracks round this lagoon are thus deformed. The little town of Dapto was visible from the hill where we diverged from the high road, but we had not time to visit it.

No lady, I think, ever travelled over rougher tracks than were jumbled over by us this day; for the greater part of our route lay through bush-roads winding from one settler's homestead to another and thickly set with stumps, through fields full of felled timber all on a blaze, through scores of slip-rails—the primitive gate of Australia, and along the bush-ranges, where the track was often invisible. Yet we got home to our comfortable inn with whole bones, springs, and wheels,—pleased with our excursion and gradually falling very much in love with Illawarra.

February 6th.—A ride to Mount Keera, one of the lions of Wollongong. Just at the foot of the mountain, on the estate of a gentleman, who, it is to be hoped, will make the best of his good luck, a fine vein of coal has been discovered; indeed it discovers itself, for portions of the lode may be seen cropping out in the middle of the road which crosses the mountain. Here it has the appearance of anthracite or Killkenny coal, but I believe where the works are to be opened the mineral is of superior quality. It is supposed to be the southern rim of a great coal basin, the northern rim of which appears above the surface about the same distance north of



On 3-1-1941

Dr. J. W. M. G. C. Mundy

THE NATIONAL MENTAL HEALTH FOUNDATION

— *Adrian L. Lutz* (F. W. Lutz, New Burlington, N. H., 1892-1971)

Sydney, at Newcastle, where it has long been worked by the Australian Company. I rode for some distance up the mountain in order to examine the magnificent trees clothing its flanks, and to obtain a good bird's-eye view of the district; and soon found what I sought. The road swept round the back of a small clearing, where a modest hut, covered with vines and pumpkins, stood in the midst of its "rood of ground," in which was a thriving potato-patch and a clump of standard peach-trees in full blossom. This tranquil little domain was seated, as it were, in the lap of the mountain, surrounded on three sides by acclivities, clothed with such gigantic trees as to keep out the light and sight of the heavens, except such as were caught from a triangular slice of the sky directly in front. The view plunged hence upon the wide and fertile plain below. The prospect was bounded on the right by the long wall-like range of the Bong-Bong hills trending away to the southward, and fencing out this favoured province from the interior country; on the left by the Pacific—the surf-beaten group of the Five Islands breaking the dull uniformity of the coast line. Amongst the timber growing on the hill-sides were box-trees of immense size, fine specimens of the cabbage palms, of which there are two distinct kinds, of the trec fern, the grass tree, and of a sort of date. The hibiscus, attaining a height of twenty or thirty feet, was in full flower; bignonias clomb from branch to branch, and many other fine creeping plants, among which was one with a leaf and a bud like a camellia—whose delicious perfume filled the air around. Here and there, surrounded by the wrecks of smaller trees, crushed in their fall, lay huge logs of the gum or iron-bark, some sawn through into lengths, but apparently abandoned by the woodman in despair of removing such unwieldy masses, or because they were rotten at the heart. In my exploration of the bush, I was more than once only saved by the sagacity of my mare from being stung by the giant nettle—which she always avoided with peculiar care.

The country round about is dreadfully burnt up—the cattle dying in great numbers from want of water and scantiness of herbage. In the upland pastures it has been found necessary to cut down the growing maize crops for forage. I do not know whether I have mentioned the fact,

before, but the English farmer and horse-owner will be surprised to hear that maize, or Indian corn, is the "feed," in lieu of oats, and the oat itself is sown, grown, and cut down green in New South Wales, in order to make "hay" for the horses. Oats in the grain, for those who fancy the maize too heating, may be got reasonably enough from Van Diemen's Land.

Our time being limited, we had none to visit the southern division of the district, where are to be seen some of the finest scenery, rarest natural curiosities, and best estates of Illawarra. On the day preceding the termination of our sojourn at this little Brighton of New South Wales, the town was enlivened by an event of considerable local importance, namely, the annual exhibition of the Illawarra Agricultural Society; when all the beauty and fashion of the county attended. Among the more interesting products of the soil there were not wanting a few particularly fine looking "currency lasses;" and there were plenty of long-legged cabbage-hatted, tweed-coated sons of the same soil, much more worthy of the name of corn-stalks than the undersized native-born denizens of the Sydney streets and grog-shops. The show of vegetables was remarkably good—as good as any in the world probably; and the flowers, although less remarkable, evinced a creditable desire on the part of the settlers to embellish their dwellings; for a well tended flower-garden is one of the surest, and certainly a very pleasant indication of competence, leisure, and taste.

The Market-green just opposite our inn was allotted for the exhibition of live stock, amongst which were some well-bred cattle of the Durham race, and more than one "good cut of a horse;" and the little quiet village hotel was converted for the nonce into a noisy tavern, reeking with spirits, beer, and tobacco. I dare say our excellent host put more money into his pocket this day by bar-custom alone, than accrued to him from our fortnight's patronage. It was very thirsty weather—very sultry, very dusty—some excuse for profuse ingurgitation of malt liquors, ginger beer, &c.; none for the really frightful consumption of ardent spirits by the men, young and old, and for the consequent rapidity with which many of the lords of the creation reduced themselves to the level—infinately below the level—of the beasts they

came to exhibit and inspect, to buy and to sell. I have descanted elsewhere upon the wild drinking bouts of bushmen, and of the sums squandered therein. The persons assembled here had probably no accumulated wages to veer away upon, but, in default of this, every bargain, every meeting, greeting and parting was solemnized by liberal libations; not, as will be readily believed, poured out upon the dusty earth in honour of the gods, but down throats that must have had all the dust in them laid long before. The usually cold and undemonstrative Englishman warmed up as ale or rum dictated. They shook hands, laughed; d—d each other's old eyes and limbs, (the acmé of British and brutish cordiality;) and slapped on the back and "treated" each other over and over again. Paddy was himself, undiluted by expatriation—what more need be said, when a fair was going on? Even Sandy's habitual caution was at fault—at least in one instance; for a tall, rawboned lowland gardener, at least fifty years old, forced a quarrel upon a strapping young Swedish sailor, whose torn shirt and fiery eye betokened previous cuffs and combats; and the result was, that the Caledonian got well thrashed, and was carried off by his one-eyed but not the less vigilant wife.

Of the business transactions which came under my notice, take the following instance:—A chestnut colt was the object; two countrymen the actors. After much chaffering, half-whispered half-aloud, and a good deal of unsteady mutual fondling—for they were both very far gone in what Mrs. Butler calls "a state of how-came-you-so?"—the would-be purchaser muttered a proposal into the bushy whisker of the seller.

"No, I'm blessed if I do!" cried the latter.

"Will you split the difference?" pursued the buyer.

"I will not," responded the other; "but I'll tell you what I *will* do. I'll take six pounds down, and drink a sovereign of it now with you, my son!"

Upon this the worthy and ingenious couple vehemently shook hands, and dived together head-foremost into the bar. At different periods of the day their progressive career was forced upon my notice. When they parted at dusk it was evident that the liberal seller had considerably more than fulfilled his treaty and his treat. The purchaser, after sundry

attempts at mounting his new acquisition—attempts which reminded one of “ vaulting ambition,” and certain equestrian feats at Astley’s—at length got safely away ; his disconsolate friend kissed his hand several times to him as he departed ; and, after looking around with a maudlin and bewildered air, laid himself down by the rails and fell fast asleep. At night the Market-square looked like a field of battle ; but it is only fair to the conservators of the public peace of Wollongong to record the fact, that before we retired to our couches there was a general collection of the killed and wounded—and I may add prisoners—by the constabulary, under the orders of an important functionary in a blue coat and gilt buttons, black velvet vest, red face and black and tan terrier. The last objects having reference to the Illawarra Agricultural meeting that my eyes closed upon were a brace of disorderlies in handcuffs meandering under escort to the lock-up ; and an utterly insensible seaman, proceeding in a wheelbarrow to join his vessel—and ours—in the harbour.

On the morning of the 9th of February, in the midst of a thick fog, we once more entered Port Jackson, and shortly afterwards our steamer ran, or rather walked—for she could make no running, plump upon a rock off Bradley’s Head—a promontory half way up the harbour. Had the vessel possessed more than half-a-dozen donkey power, she must have left her—if not our—bones there. As it was, the shock was but small, although the consequent confusion was great. There was some talk of lightening the vessel ; and, my mare and another alongside of her—the only horses on board—becoming alarmed, some considerate persons proposed throwing them overboard. I moved as an amendment that the calves, pigs, butter tubs, trusses of hay and cabbage-tree leaves, with other provincial products, should first be got rid of—a motion which at least induced the withdrawal of the original resolution ; and fortunately no removal of cargo was requisite. A kedge was sent out and hawled upon ; and after twenty minutes’ see-sawing upon the reef—far from the pleasant game it is on dry land—she was got off with little or no damage, and soon after discharged ourselves and chattels in Darling Harbour.

CHAPTER XIX.

EMIGRATION—FOOD AND LABOUR—EMIGRATION AS IT WAS—AN EMIGRANT IN 1837—EMIGRATION AS IT IS—AN EMIGRANT IN 1850—CASTAWAYS—IRISH ORPHAN GIRLS, PRO AND CON.—TWO HUNDRED WIVES APPLIED FOR—AN ITINERANT MATCH-MAKER WANTED—WAGES HERE AND THERE—A WORD TO THE POORER, A WORD TO THE RICHER, EMIGRANT—AUSTRALIA AS A HOME—TRANSPORTATION—OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS—THE ANTIS AND THE PROS—THE CONVICT QUESTION—THE “HASHMY”—THE MOTHER COUNTRY SUPER-CILIOUS—INDIFFERENCE REPAID—PROTEST MEETINGS—AN EXPLOSION—POPULAR OUTRAGES—FRIENDLY HINTS TO RIOTERS—COLONIES FRETFUL BUT LOYAL.

It is not surprising that emigration forms among the colonists of this country a prominent topic of thought, of conversation, writing, and speculation ; for it is nothing short of an infusion of life-blood they are canvassing. On the other hand, the most indifferent reader can scarcely take up an English newspaper or periodical without being struck with proof after proof of the “plethora of humanity” with which our overcrowded islands are bursting. There is harmony in the cry from the uttermost parts of the earth :—“bring us your strong arms and your willing hearts, your skill, your courage, and your thrift, your notable dames, your blooming maids, your growing children. We have fertile lands, we have beef and mutton ‘galore ;’ send us hands to till our soil, mouths to eat our surplus !” And Britain’s deep voice booms across the deep she rules—“give us a home ; give us breathing room ; give us food and peace for our starving sons and daughters !” Expatriation or starvation is the alternative on one side, increase of population or ruin on the other. Pity it is that so tardy has been the supply, to these colonies at least, that many hundreds of thousands of good colonists have meanwhile carried their industry and their savings to enrich a foreign country—possibly to aggrandise a hostile power ;—for where the emigration to Australia may be told by tens, that to the United States must be counted by thousands.

But quality as well as quantity in the matter of emigration is very reasonably looked for by the recipient colony. New South Wales would bear just now an immense influx of mere muscle, and would repay honest industry with liberal remuneration.

neration ; but she cannot afford to be swamped with pauperism and crime ; her moral complexion is not so spotless as to defy taint from an indiscriminate introduction of the budding thieves, rising rogues, and ragged parent-deserted juveniles, who, to the tune of 30,000, are said to infest the lanes and alleys of London. She does not offer herself as a refuge for runaway apprentices, thimble-riggers, poachers, and prostitutes ; nor for the sturdy tramps and vagabonds now occupying in workhouses the room and devouring the meal which should be devoted to the honest but destitute labourer, the disappointed but really earnest applicant for work. Nor does this colony desire to have "its moral atmosphere Tipperaryfied" by idle and disaffected Irish, nor to be overrun by English spies and "approvers," or chartist and socialist outcasts. When she exclaims, "Send us your poor—we will feed and clothe them, your orphans—we will adopt them ;" she does not advertise for the old, infirm, and sickly, nor for the "kids forlorn" of the rascals, hanged and unhanged, of England's Alsatias. Enterprise and dexterity are, undoubtedly, valuable qualities in one who proposes to strike out for himself a new existence in a new and rough country ; but the skill and nerve—not to mention the frankness—of the promising youngster who boasted of having picked his mother's pocket while *both* were spectators at his father's execution, are not precisely those calculated to adorn or profit a rising community. The *vaurien* of London will be equally worth nothing in Sydney ; the drone and the voluptuary had better stay at home ; the able and sober mechanic and labourer, whose strength and skill are a drug in England, will receive their highest value here. "The colonies want men who will go thither to live there, to work there, and to die there,—to find a home there for themselves and children. Such men may sail with confidence, they will not be disappointed." *

The process of emigration was formerly—as compared with its present gradual perfection—a very blind-hooky kind of game. A poor devil finding himself miserable and starving at home, made interest to be sent out to "the Plantations ;" or *was* sent out pell-mell by some landlord or parochial authority, desiring to be rid of a nuisance. He departed in worse than ignorance as to the land of his pilgrimage ; for

* From the *Atlas*.

if he made inquiries at all, he was sure to obtain false or exaggerated information. He performed the voyage in misery, dirt, and perhaps disease, in an ill-found, slow, and unsafe vessel. On arrival in a country utterly strange to him, he found few ready to help or advise; very many prompt to deceive and swindle him. If possessed of a little ready money, while loitering about in puzzled attempts to discover the best way of laying it out, the temptations of a town, after the long tedium of a sea voyage, in a few days or weeks saved him all further trouble as to its investment.

Often, in different dependencies of Great Britain, have I encountered some poor illiterate helpless creature, wandering bewildered, like a masterless dog, down the strange street of a strange town; looking vacantly in the faces of the busy passengers, and, in the depth of his tribulation, wishing himself safe back in his native land, with all its starvation and wretchedness, so he could be among familiar faces and familiar objects. I well remember being accosted one day, in a Canadian town, by a ragged, red-headed, wretched-looking but able-bodied Irishman, who begged my Honour to tell him where the "Immigrant's office" might be. I pointed in silence to these very two words, in huge black letters over a door across the street;—but he was "no scollard," and though the inscription was "jist forninst his nose, sure enough," it conveyed to him no information. He had been five or six days in the town, "and bad luck to him if he could hit upon the place at all at all."

"Why did you not use your tongue, my lad?" said I. "Your countrymen are not generally very bashful!"

He *had* used it, it appeared, frequently; and had uniformly been carried into the nearest tavern, where the kind stranger he had questioned promised to tell him all about it over a quartern of whisky; "and by the hookey, one and all left me to pay the piper, and to get out as I could!" "Sorrow a rap" had he got of all his savings, barring a five dollar note, which, on presenting it for change, he would probably have found to be no better than one of those illusory specimens of paper currency known as "shin plaisters."

Three or four months after this interview, I recognised my friend in an American steam-boat, bound from Buffalo up the Lakes. He had entered the service of a naturalized American

farmer, who informed me that he had been for many years a tenant of a Cambridgeshire baronet, of whom he rented 300 acres; that, finding his family and the difficulty of meeting his rent yearly increasing, he had emigrated to Canada; but, solely because the process of buying land in the British colony was too dilatory for his active and decisive humour, he “up stick and crossed the border” to the United States. He had been seven years there, had bought up for next to nothing the impoverished land of his neighbours, who, knowing little of the arcana of farming, had gone further west in search of “fresh diggins;” and, from his skill in the rotation of crops, and by the application of restoratives to the exhausted soil, he could now undersell every competitor in the surrounding markets, making a handsome profit. He had several sons, each of whom, before they left home, had been instructed in some useful trade; and two or three well-grown daughters, adepts at the churn and cheese-press as well as the needle and spindle. Such is a family group fit not only for emigration, but for its higher aim—colonization! truly it is to the settler in a new land that a numerous and well-disciplined family is like “the arrows in the hand of the giant;” with his quiver full of them he may drive the enemy—Want and Care—from his gate! In the crowded Old World, where consumption presses too hard on produce, a father’s joy at the annual sprouting of an olive-branch on the family tree may possibly have some alloy; but when a man sets himself down, axe in hand, before the primeval bush of Australia or America, to carve out for himself a home—the more chopping boys his wife brings him the better!

Compared with the haphazard system of former days, the act of emigration is now made easy indeed. At Home, societies for its promotion multiply in all directions. Deputies therefrom distribute information, not always very correct, through rural districts and manufacturing towns; lecturers hold forth for pure unpaid philanthropy; Lords and Commons speechify and agitate; clergymen, magistrates, poor-law commissioners, parish authorities, mayors and aldermen and ratepayers in general,—all preach “systematic emigration.” Tories and radicals, protectionists and free traders, join in the propagandism of popular depletion; magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, penny journals, lend their aid to dispel ignorance

on this absorbing theme; and union workhouses, penitentiaries, foundling hospitals, ragged schools, asylums, refuges, all are ready and willing—who shall blame them?—to disgorge their contents upon the dependencies of the Crown.

The aspirant for emigration, according to the improved system, places himself in the hands of the Colonization Society. He and his family are “told off” to a vessel; which will probably make the passage to Sydney in 100 days; to Adelaide or Port Phillip ten days quicker. On its arrival, a Government notice is issued, giving the number, sex, and callings of the immigrants, whether married or single; and a day and hour are appointed for the hiring of them. The single females are lodged, boarded, and looked after at the Immigration Dépôt,—a walled barrack, where they can be engaged by persons known by the agent to be respectable. In short, the emigrant is taken charge of by competent authority from the moment he or she announces in England a desire to become one, and is not abandoned until fairly established in the new country.

Having admitted, a few pages back, an account, taken from an old diary, of an Hibernian emigrant encountered in America about 1837, I now take leave to insert an extract from my Journal of 1st December, 1850, giving a short notice of a newly-arrived Irish emigrant whom I met and conversed with on that day near Sydney. Riding on a smoking hot afternoon (for at 6 P.M. it was 98° in the shade) from the Heads towards the town, I perceived a young man stepping briskly across a ferny paddock near Rose Bay, and, touching lightly the top rail of the fence, vault into the road in a very un-currency style. “You are from the Old Country,” said I, as I overtook him. He was an Irishman, true enough; and, being a good-natured, communicative fellow, he walked with me for more than two miles, telling me about himself, and asking questions about the colony. He had come out a free emigrant “on” the *Kate* six weeks ago; and the day after landing, reading an advertisement in the paper “for an active young man, willing to make himself generally useful,” he had taken service “with the missis over yonder,”—pointing to a substantial residence. He was tired of it, and was leaving, and had not yet got another place. The young master was the cause, I found,—“a strip of a lad,

fourteen or fifteen may be. Oh! bedad, his word's law in that house!" Paddy got 15*s.* a-week, a hut to himself, fire, candles, and milk. In Ireland he could not earn 6*s.* a-week certain, and had to find himself in everything. But he could not stand the late hours of the youngster, so he vacated this well-paid situation. He descanted on the subjects of the climate and of drinking. It was a fine country for a poor boy to come to; he did not mind the heat; "but oh, my darlin'! last Wednesday night wid the hot wind! I'd heard of it before! I thought I'd be smothered. Murther! says I; if this is what it is by night, what'll it be by day?" "Drinking," he said, "is a fine thing if a man could take enough to do him good, and no more. It's the *rune* of many a man; but it will never take the feather out of my cap, for the pledge is on me these twelve months; and I trust in the Lord I may never taste the taste of spurts again!"

I tried to persuade him to leave Sydney and go up the country, where I would get him employment. He seemed much tickled by my account of the life of the provinces, and above all of the Saturday serving out of weekly rations to the labourers,—“the mate, and the tay, and the like;”—“but the snakes, my darlin', the snakes!” he continued; and having once stumbled on this unlucky subject, he gave up all idea of rural employment! The good fellow told me he had saved at his last situation ten shillings a week! He got as good a one in a few days—and no young master, I am glad to be able to add.

By some mismanagement or mischance emigration to this country has never yet been steadily and uniformly maintained. Conducted by fits and starts, no continuous stream has been kept up; and the clamour for workmen which rung in my ears during the first year of my residence arose with nearly equal earnestness in my last. Wages were always excessive; they fluctuated, but never descended on the scale to a degree fair upon the employer. Nor has the system, such as it is, been done justice to; for crowds of persons have found their way out at the expense of the emigration funds who ought never to have been assisted—specimens such as I have sketched speaking of the domestic servants of this colony. Let me add here another instance or two;—for a good example is better than an essay. In 1849 a wretched helpless-looking lad offered himself to me in the capacity of footman; he had

just arrived from London, where he found that he had neither personal length nor breadth, calves, whiskers, or impudence sufficient for West End flunkeyship. The clergyman of his parish, who ought to have known better, told him he could get 60*l.* a-year wages in New South Wales. He had married in England a pretty nursery-maid of eighteen, expressly, as he said, for settling in a colony. She did not like work, he said, but expected to live like a lady; he declined service unless she were permitted to live with him; and so missed the 30*l.* a-year which, in the dearth of domestic servants, I was prepared to give him. But one of the worst—the cruellest case of emigration at the public cost that ever came under my observation (not excepting a hump-backed fiddler!) was the following. Towards the end of 184—, two young orphan girls, little more than children, daughters of a respectable professional man, came out from England, with strong recommendations from the minister of their parish to the head of the Church in the colony, who bespoke for them the favour of some of the ladies of Sydney. They had no relatives or friends in the country. Their ostensible object was to procure situations as nursery governesses; marriage might possibly have been their real aim. A married gentleman very humanely took them under his roof, and allowed them to live on nearly equal terms with his family until they might be able to provide for themselves. Both were, as I have said, young—one very pretty. It is needless to say that Sydney possesses the same snares and pitfalls for the innocent and inexperienced as other towns containing fifty thousand inhabitants. The elder was for a time—for a time only—permitted to escape. The younger and handsomer soon began to show such levity of manner as to forfeit the protection of her kind patrons; and she shortly afterwards consigned herself to that of a young gentleman of Sydney. The subsequent downward steps of this unfortunate child can only be predicted. And these were emigrants at the cost of the territorial revenue of the colony! Did the mother country benefit by sending two of her defenceless daughters to almost certain shame and ruin? Did the colony benefit by their coming? . . . Did the poor young creatures themselves benefit? . . . I might pile instance upon instance of this nature; but enough has been said to point a moral—perhaps to tend, in a very humble degree, to the prevention of future ill-selected emigration.

A word about the Irish orphan girls, so liberally poured into the colony during the last year or two. Forty thousand pounds' worth of this commodity was imported into New South Wales up to 1850. The public, I think, took more pains to drag to light the defaults of this class than to publish their virtues and to reform their errors. The police reports teemed with instances of their rebellious conduct, as well as of their unfitness for household service. In July, 1850, an hon. member of the Legislature complained that there were at that moment three hundred of them unhired at the Immigrant Dépôt, and maintained at the public expense,—the said maintenance costing, by the way, 3*d.* a-head per diem. Many of them, doubtless, preferred food and lodging and idleness in that establishment to wages and labour out of doors—as the hackney coach-horse prefers his stand and nose-bag to hard work and whip-cord! One young lady was brought before the bench of magistrates at Paramatta, because she persisted in operating at the wash-tub in patent leather pumps. Another broke her indentures, and demanded to return to the *dépôt*, because she was not permitted to receive a male friend after hours. In some cases these poor girls were shamefully treated on board the emigrant vessels. Several were seduced by the ruffians who ought to have protected the fatherless; and one wretched creature died soon after landing, from the effects of having been slung up by the waist to the rigging when far gone in pregnancy, by way of punishment for misconduct.

The matrons were, in some instances, badly selected. One of them, who took service in my family, was somewhat ill-fitted to control two hundred and fifty young girls, of whom she had charge for four months; for she could not control her middle-aged self for a fortnight! The term orphan was utterly misplaced in many coming out under that designation, who were in truth quite as well supplied with parents as their neighbours, and had quitted them willingly. Not a few were in the condition of an individual of this class, who, being twitted in the street by “a common scold” with the opprobrious term of poor Irish orphan, exclaimed in her haste—“Horpin! I’m no more horpin than you are. I’m a married woman, and mother of two children!”

I was particularly struck with the cleanly and decent appearance of these poor girls as a body in the *dépôt*, as well as by their marked superiority in good looks over the native

born girls of the same order. Why they hung so long on hand, both in the labour and the marriage market, in a country where males so greatly preponderate in the distribution of the sexes, I cannot tell. Perhaps the local authorities did not meet the demand of the distant districts with sufficient promptitude; for in 1850, the public prints contained several requisitions of the following tenour:—

“WIDE BAY AND BURNETT DISTRICTS.—THE ORPHAN GIRLS.

“To the Editors of the Sydney Morning Herald.”

“GENTLEMEN,—Whilst the Government pretend they do not know what to do with these girls, they entirely neglect the northern and rapidly increasing Wide Bay and Burnett River Districts. On the Burnett, Severn, Dawson, and Boyne Rivers, there is a large entirely male population; there are not more than six women in the whole district, and those have arrived within the last six months. If a vessel was despatched immediately to Wide Bay with 200 of these girls, I have no hesitation in stating the whole of them would be married in two months.

“Yours, &c.

“A BUSHMAN.”

I shall be thought joking, perhaps, when I say that an accredited match-maker—some staid and influential lady, who would convoy detachments of female immigrants to the rural districts, and interest herself as to their proper establishment in life—would be one of the most useful government officers in the colony; and I believe I have heard that the great apostle of emigration, Mrs. Chisholm, did formerly take some steps in this direction.

Here is an extract from a statement of wages of immigrants in 1849, compiled by the agent from the reports of the police districts:—

SYDNEY DISTRICT.

Farm labourers, 18*l*.; Shepherds, 18*l*.; Cooks, female, 19*l*.; Housemaids, 15*l*.; Nursemaids, 15*l*.; General house servants, 17*l*.

BATHURST DISTRICT.

Males.

Carpenters, Smiths, Wheelwrights, Masons, and Bricklayers, 40*l*.; Farm labourers and Shepherds, 22*l*.

Females about the same as at Sydney.

RAYMOND TERRACE DISTRICT.

Carpenters, &c., 47*l*.; Farm labourers, 18*l*.

BRISBANE DISTRICT.

Males.

Carpenters, &c., 60*l*.; Farm labourers, 20*l*.; Shepherds, 19*l*.

Females.

Cooks, 18*l*.; Housemaids, 15*l*.; Laundress, 16*l*.; General house servants, 20*l*.

Food and lodging provided by the employers.*

This scale is considerably lower than that usually held up for the encouragement of emigration by the home agents. As a

1853. Wages have risen 25 per cent.

householder, I can answer for it that, during the whole of my residence in the colony, I paid domestic servants much higher, viz. coachman, 30*l.*, cook, 22*l.* to 26*l.*, nurse, 26*l.*, and so on. The ordinary scale of rations for out-door servants and labourers is, per week, 10 lbs. of meat, 10lbs. of bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of tea, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar. How do these liberal wages and diet contrast with the following inklings of domestic indigence in the Old Country!

The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, on the subject of the state of the poor in London, visits the apartment—the den, rather—of a woman employed in making soldiers' trowsers at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a pair, out of which she paid for thread, for lodging, fire, light, food, and clothing, being able, if in good health, to make two pair in a day of fifteen or sixteen hours. "I may, perhaps," said she, "chance to get a bit of meat once a week, but that's a God-send!" A wretched tenant of a garret in Drury Lane says:—"As for sugar, I broke myself off it long ago. I could not afford it. A cup of tea, a piece of bread, and an onion, is generally all I have for my dinner. Sometimes I hav'n't even an onion, and then I sops my bread." Among sundry like cases, the same authority gives one which came under his notice in one of the southern counties. A family of seven children and their mother depended upon the man's wages as a labourer. The weekly expenditure, assisted by a few potatoes and an occasional cabbage from a strip of garden, he puts down as follows:—rent, 1*s.*; tea, 6*d.*; bacon, 5*d.*; bread, 5*s.*; soda, soap, &c. 5*d.*; fuel, 8*d.*—total, 8*s.* Weekly wages 8*s.*! Not much left for clothing and other *luxuries*! An old worn-out Spitalfields weaver calls to his boy—"Billy, just show the gentleman what beautiful fabrics we are in the habit of producing, and then he shall say whether we ought to be in the filthy state we are. That's for the ladies, to adorn them and make them handsome!" It was, says the writer, an exquisite piece of maroon-coloured velvet, that, amid all the squalor of the place, seemed marvellously beautiful; one shilling and three-pence a yard was all the skilful weaver got for this splendid material. "There are seven of us in this room," complained the old man, "four on us here in this bed, and the other four on them over there. My brother Tom makes up the other one. There's a nice state, in a Christian land! . . . As for animal food, why, it's a stranger to us. Once a week, may be, we gets a taste of it,

but that's a hard struggle ; and many a family don't get it once a month : a *jint* we never sees."

These may be called extreme cases ; but the fortunate man who enjoys what may be called full wages at home, is only half fed and clothed, if he have a numerous family. . In England and Ireland the permission to work hard from Monday morning to Saturday night, is a great boon ; in Australia, the artisan and labourer has *leisure* as well as work. Contrast, I repeat, such facts as the above with the preceding statement of Australian wages and rations, and the well-known Australian profusion of human food ; add to them the statistical truth that about one-eleventh in England and one-fourth in Ireland of the entire population are receiving parochial relief, and exhortations to emigrate would appear supererogatory indeed ! Philanthropic societies and individuals will do well to direct the course of emigration and instruct the emigrants ;—but Competition is the Emigrant Queen !—she will send forth her legions to subdue the world !

That the emigrant, of whatever class, should well weigh the matter before he decides, is merely supposing him a rational being ; but I would offer one sentence of advice, perhaps more original, to the poorer order of intended emigrants. Be most circumspect in your inquiries before you commute your Homes for ever. Lay not too implicitly the unction to your soul, that the benevolent association, or the philanthropic individual, that promotes your expatriation, and the generous open-hearted-and-armed colony which invites you, are actuated *wholly* by a desire for your welfare and benefit. Recollect, that it is the interest of the first to "shovel you out," and that the second, which welcomes you in order that your presence may bring down the price of labour, is not a whit more disinterested in its object than the well-known placard—"Rubbish may be shot here." The advocates of emigration, in short, are not, *eo facto*, the emigrant's best friends.

The foregoing remark applies chiefly to the poorer, the assisted and the free emigrant. But in the upper and middle orders, the educated classes—(those who inherit the right to maintain themselves by the labour of the intellect, and whom manual toil would ill befit)—all the professions are overstocked. The present generation may possibly, by strenuous

jostling in the crowd of competitors, contrive to support themselves and their families without stooping to some less refined occupation; but if the children are to be reared like the parent, what hope can he reasonably have for them, when increased numbers press upon the already overtasked field of educated employment? There will be more lawyers than litigants, more medicos than moribunds, more clericos than churches or church-goers! Many will go downwards, struggling with greater or less vigour, but still go downwards in the stream of life; while a few will, of course, rise to the surface by strong volition and intrinsic worth. The very highest classes will scarcely be exempt from the universal pressure; for one important and hitherto fertile source of employment for the younger scions of the nobility and gentry of England may fail them ere long. Our colonies are clamorous for a larger share of self-government, and for freer institutions; and those that do not clamour will perhaps have these forced upon them by Home agitation. The dependencies which obtain such institutions—and what one gets another may—will refuse to be saddled with officials from the Mother Country; they will select them from among the “sons of the soil.” Yet, if colonial patronage is to be colonial property,—if the sprigs of England’s aristocracy and squirearchy should be debarred from official employ in the colonies,—they may still colonize and settle in them; and do so advantageously; and so cheap in Australia are the mere necessaries of life, that a gentleman emigrating with capital—small or large—can well afford to live inoperative for a period sufficient to enable him to look well about him, and in so doing to gain some insight into, if not to go through a regular apprenticeship in the pursuit he may resolve to adopt.

It has often occurred to me that the law of primogeniture in the upper classes has been instrumental in no small degree in making Englishmen the best—the only—colonists in the world. The landed, and the bulk of the funded, property of a family very generally go to the eldest son. What better for one or two of the cadets to do with their two, four, six, or even ten thousand pounds—if they belong to no solvent profession—than to colonize? Better that, than to be a very fast man for a season or two, aping and toadying those richer than himself, and thus losing money, time, his own and

others' esteem!—better that, than to be put to a thousand shifts and humiliating expedients to feed the little hungry mouths around his hearth. There is nothing very alarming in the idea of removing to some comparatively untaxed portion of the same empire, where, under the ægis of the same institutions, an Englishman may find all the protection that is needful, and all the freedom that is good for him.

A very superficial although personal acquaintance with the *five* great divisions of the globe gives me, perhaps, no right to uphold Australia as the best of all fields for European settlement; yet that impression has taken strong hold of my mind. Its distant geographical position, and the consequent expense of time and money on the voyage, are undoubtedly serious drawbacks. On the other hand, Australia, in its unequalled extent of coast, presents localities for colonization at a hundred different points; the land, though not rich, is productive; the climate is excellent. There are no insalubrious swamps, noxious reptiles but few; no lions or tigers—no Pawneeloups or Maories or Kaffirs; no cholera, yellow fever, endemic or epidemic diseases, no assessed taxes, no hydrophobia, no volcanoes, no earthquakes—such as lately convulsed New Zealand, where a friend of mine, after a long and rough passage, found the earth rocking like the sea off Cape Horn instead of the *terra firma* he felt he had a right to set foot on!—no revolutions nor rebellions, nor landlord butcheries, nor beggary;—scarcely a bushranger now to be found for love or money. There is no frost or snow worth mentioning, and the land, therefore, being never shut up, the demand for labour is nearly equal all the year round. Sooner or later, it may be predicted, there will be a great influx into these peaceful colonies of persons having a predilection for a quiet life;—not merely from Great Britain, but from those continental nations where political commotions continually disturb the social state, and endanger life and property. Indeed the immigration of foreigners has already commenced pretty actively, more especially in the colony of South Australia—the increased culture of the vine, and the augmenting importance of wine-facture in this country, having already brought out considerable numbers of settlers from Germany and France.

In a large majority of the points admitted as requisite to

OUR ANTIPODES.

invite and sustain a population redundant elsewhere, Australia in general appears then to be equal, if not superior, to any other country. If Europe be a vast crush-room, Australia is a splendid saloon, well aired and lighted, and with elbow room for millions! She is literally, as Dr. Lang quotes, "a land of wheat and barley and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates, a land of olive oil and honey, a land where thou shalt eat bread without scarceness. Thou shalt not lack anything in it." *

The fact Convictism, and the act Transportation, are so intimately associated with the history of this colony, and are so frequently forced on the attention of the resident and the traveller in Australia, that to reject the subject altogether would be something like performing the play of Hamlet with the part of the Dane left out. Pretending, however, to no higher art than that of a mere sketcher—a "rambler," I do not presume to enter with my reader upon a subject so infinitely above my aim and my ability, much further than may be attained by the glimpses of its practice past and present as they occur casually in the course of this my Diary. The Whatelys, Adderlys, and others, have demolished the system speculatively, philosophically, and theoretically. It has actually been *in extremis* more than once lately; yet has arisen from its ashes in full force again, because no scheme of secondary punishment has been struck out, or is likely to be invented, by individual or collective wisdom, to supply its place. "What is to be done with our criminals?" is still the cry. It is a fair puzzle. Are we to starve, flog, hang, draw and quarter them, with one school of disciplinarians, or

* Among the various emigration schemes, that invented by the benevolent Mrs. Chisholm, under the Title of "The Family Colonization Loan Society," will probably most deserve the gratitude of the colonies. The soul of it seems to consist in the careful selection of persons, male and female, suited to colonial requirements, and the association of them in family groups, before they quit England.

Neither this branch of emigration, however, nor Mr. Sydney Herbert's "Needle-women" plan (founded on the abnormal excess of females in Great Britain and their abnormal deficiency in Australia); nor the "Irish Orphan," nor the "Ragged School" schemes, *cum multis aliis*, can be said, as yet, to have had a fair trial.

Any one can buy a horse: it is not so easy to buy a good horse. It is easy to get emigrants—difficult to select good emigrants. The colonies do not want scamps and sluggards among the male, nor what the *Times* terms "sluts and slatterns, flirts and fine ladies, dawdlers and do-nothings, the awkward, the ill-tempered, and intractable," among the female immigrants.

to pet, educate, make model-prisoners of them, with the opposite school?—or are we to provide some “soft intermediate degree” of castigation—something between the truculent and the emollient—between Carlyle and Maconochie? The amended Criminal Law forbids the rope. Philanthropists and moralists scout exilism “beyond the seas;” the system, they argue, is radically impure and unfair. Statists and jurists have propounded no satisfactory substitute. “What, then, is to be done with our criminals!”

The power of deporting offenders from her shores to those of her distant dependencies, there to undergo correction, to reform, to become colonists and the ancestors of worthy citizens, seems to include one of the most valuable privileges enjoyed by any nation. But the moralist shrinks from the idea of founding new communities in crime and disgrace; while the disciplinarian doubts whether the example afforded by instances of prisoners having risen to wealth in the countries of their banishment may not encourage rather than daunt offenders. The old system of Assignment gave too much liberty to them; the present plan of Probation converts, it is urged, a community of men into a gang of demons. The labour accomplished by coerced labour is little better than none; the cost of supervision enormous. Such are one or two of the arguments of objectors. Yet the experiment was a noble one; and the existence of so wealthy, so happy, and so important a colony as New South Wales, proves that in some points it has been a successful one. I am unwilling to believe that the legislative ingenuity and executive vigour of England can frame and enforce no means for cleansing from abuses—abuses, perhaps, merely those of administration—a system which it seems impossible to replace. There is one cardinal fault in the economy of the present system—that of compulsory celibacy, a practical violation of the natural affections and impulses, which converts our fellow-men into monsters of ferocity and brutality. But under *any* shape transportation cannot be *beneficially* carried out—if it can be carried out at all—in a colony unwilling to receive convicts. That difficulty solved, others may surely be surmounted. The disputants upon this subject, so important to the welfare of the colony, seem to me to consist of four classes. 1st.—Those who, looking at the question in its

highest aspect, would repel the outcasts of another land, because their influx would bring a taint upon their own. 2d, (and this includes a numerous body)—Those with whom the convicts or exiles would compete in the labour-market—thereby reducing the rate of wages. 3d.—Those who advocate the reception of convicts at all hazards—whose cry is, let us have labour good or bad, but, at any rate, labour. 4th.—Those who are for half measures. These would not have “the convict element” largely infused into the constituency. They would keep them, therefore, away from the large towns; they would wish them sent to the distant districts, where unskilled labour is most wanted; they would rather accept these men at the hands of the Colonial Minister, with such concurrent advantages as the cordial cooperation of the colonists with the views of the Imperial Government would entitle them to expect, than receive them, indirectly and without such advantages, in the shape of emancipated or expired prisoners from the existing penal colony of Van Diemen’s Land, or from a threatened new convict plantation somewhere north of Sydney.

The contending parties on this question are not superhuman, and, therefore, one may swear self-interest does not go for nothing in the matter. The squatters and other great employers of unskilled labour pray for renewal of convictism for the good of their trade, without reference to the benefit of the Commonwealth—as the glazier prays for hail-storms, civic riots, and the revival of Tom-and-Jerryism, for his own private ends! The immigrants and native free labourers contemplate an influx of exiles, much as the Yorkshire day labourer at harvest-time does the arrival of a band of hungry Irishmen, with their brawny arms and bran-new sickles, ready to work on half the wages and to live on half the food required by sturdy John. The freed convict-Colonists advocate the discontinuance of the system; because its resumption would revive with tenfold virulence the old feelings of rancour between the Free and the Freed, which are now gradually dying away. I noticed, moreover, another section of the employers of labour, who, in their outward and overt declarations of hostility towards further convictism, and their well-known inward and covert inclinations and practices, reminded me of a horse shying at a truss of hay on the public road, but eating it not the less greedily in his rack!

On all sides of the question there is an immense deal of vapouring. A large proportion of the Australians do not care a button for it one way or the other. There are not a few "parties" who would employ the Arch-fiend himself, if he would engage at low wages,—and the imminence of whose ruin, owing to the past and present dearth of labourers, almost justifies the adoption of desperate measures to save themselves. As for Mrs. Mother Country, she is of course extremely disinterested, yet is naturally anxious to transplant her naughty children in a place where, she being quit of them, they may reform, and what is more—remain!

So extraordinary have been the contrarieties of sentiment among the people, and the vacillation of opinion in their organ, the Legislative Council, on the problem—convicts or no convicts; especially between the years 1846 and 1850, that a Home Government resident 1,600 miles distant might be excused doubting whether the Colonists knew their own minds on the subject. Unfortunately, the Imperial authorities in their conduct of the question gave a loophole for the accusation of breach of bargain, whereof the malcontents took large advantage in the final debate of October 1850, the upshot of which carries with it a lesson for the conducting of State questions between the Mother Country and her dependencies; for I am inclined to concur with the opinion of the oldest and best orator in the Colonial Council, that "the double system of exilism and emigration would now be in full operation, and that the colonists would at present be deriving the benefits which would have sprung from it, perfectly satisfied with the practical operation of the measure," had the compact been rigidly stuck to by the former. Wounded dignity was unquestionably the mainspring of this determined resistance of Imperial overtures. "What is so implacable," says Bulwer, "as the rage of vanity? Take from a man his fortune, his house, his reputation, but flatter his vanity in each and he will forgive you. Heap upon him benefits, fill him with blessings, but irritate his self-love, and you have made the best man an *ingrat*." A colony appreciates concessions however small, consideration however trifling, at the hands of the Parent Country, much as an individual in comparatively humble circumstances values the courtesy and kindness of the rich and the great;—both, if they possess com-

mendable spirit, will resent imperious treatment. One must have lived in colonies to know how sensitive they are on the subject of their appreciation by the Old Country. Nothing touched Australia more nearly than the apathy shown, until lately, by the Houses of Parliament in matters merely colonial; and indeed she did not flinch without cause. The very word "Colonies" was the immediate signal for a "count out." There was "no house" for the consideration of such dull subjects as the political and financial relations of the parent country and her dependencies! Sir William Molesworth's plan of highly spicing his speeches was indeed sometimes successful in procuring and retaining to himself a tolerable audience on colonial matters; few succeeded so well. Mr. Scott, in an able speech upon the "squattling question" and the peculiarities of bush life in Australia, is said to have had eight pairs of ears only to listen to it.

The colonial prints take a morbid delight in republishing from the Home Journals extracts proving this indifference. When the question of a single or a double chamber for the local government of the Australian colonies was debated in the Lords, a noble Peer, who was expected to take the profoundest interest and most active part in the question, preferred seeing his horse lose at Ascot. English statesmen were, as the *Morning Chronicle* expressed it, "more anxious about the success of a two-year-old than about the fate of the southern continent." Yet Noble Lords and Hon. Members would hardly neglect their duties in their respective "places" for a day at Epsom, a *fête* at Chiswick, or for a white-bétise at Greenwich or Blackwall, if they knew how closely their truantries are watched by their colonial constituents. Heartless, cruel, unjust, impolitic, are the epithets which the colonial press and the *spretæ injuria Sydneæ* bestow on the contemptuous nonchalance of England and the English towards their transmarine brethren and children;—and certainly, until quite lately, they were not undeserved. *Per contra*, the colony flaps its wings and crows for joy and pride, when it finds itself distinguished by a complimentary passage in the speech of a Noble Lord or Honourable Gentleman, still more when it is the subject of a flattering leader in a London newspaper; better than all, when, as once happened, Australia formed one of the leading topics in the Sovereign's

opening speech from the throne,—“an incident,” remarks the *Sydney Morning Herald*, “we believe, without a parallel in the history of British colonies; plainly showing that, in the estimation of the advisers of the Crown, Australia had acquired an importance which ought to be recognised in the face of the empire, and had the highest possible claims on the attention of the Imperial Legislature.”

The transportation question awakened the only movement at all resembling a popular *émeute* that it was my fortune to witness in New South Wales. The usually drowsy, well-fed and politically apathetic Sydney broke into a perfect fever of excitement at the arrival of the fatal *Hashemy* with a cargo of bondsmen unaccompanied by the stipulated proportion of freemen; and the demagogues and mob orators took care to whip up the syllabub and keep it frothing. The *Hashemy*, I find, arrived with 212 convicts on board, on the 8th June, 1849. On the 12th and 18th public protest meetings were held in the open air, close to the gates of the present Government House, and on the very site of the old Government House, where Governor Macquarie, whose policy it was to create an upper class from among a population nearly exclusively convict, entertained at his table guests from this order. Under the splendid old Scotch firs planted by Captain Phillip, the first importer of convicts to these shores,—on the very spot where the first convict camp was pitched,—their descendants, their compeers, and a few of the free class who had grown rich upon the system, now assembled to launch and listen to anathemas against it.

The convict vessel arrived, as has been noted, on the 8th June. The protest meetings occurred on the 11th and 18th. There is a practical satire on human inconsistency in the following *facts*, reported by the principal Superintendent of Convicts to the Governor. He begs to report, that on the 14th inst., after the completion of the muster of the prisoners on board the *Hashemy*, “the men were permitted to make engagements with persons, who were allowed to go on board for the purpose by an order from me; and it seems worthy of remark, that, although at the time of the *Hashemy's* arrival there were four emigrant ships in the harbour, containing about 1,000 souls, all these men, with the exception of fifty-nine, who were removed to Moreton Bay and Clarence River, where

labour was urgently required, were hired to respectable householders and sheep farmers within six days of their being ready to engage, at wages varying from 12*l.* to 16*l.* a-year, and some mechanics at 28*l.* per annum, the boys receiving from 8*l.* to 11*l.* per annum. Besides which, there are now applications at my office, from private individuals and others in different parts of the colony, for a larger number of this class of labourers than can be supplied by the arrival of several convict ships." *

The Governor, taking a dispassionate view of affairs as they stood, sat down and sketched them very faithfully in a despatch to the Colonial office—which despatch, finding its way into the blue-books, and describing, in due course, a parabola round the globe, fell like a bomb-shell among the combustibly disposed public. The explosion took place early in August, 1850. The despatch was looked at, talked of, and written about, by the agitating party as if it had been an “infernal machine,” deliberately put together for the destruction of the colony. On the 12th of August, (there being no grouse shooting in New South Wales), the meetings of the Circular Quay—the Champ de Mars of Sydney—were renewed. The same 800 or 1,000 idlers and others attended—men, hobble-dehoys, currency cubs, pickpockets, gossips, nursery-maids with their followers, and children. Nearly the same speakers as before addressed the assembly. It was, perhaps, somewhat better attended than the meetings of the year before. The weather was charming—I was there myself—whereas in 1849 this congregation, *sub Jove*, found Jupiter Pluvius in the ascendant; and there is no greater disperser of mobs, no surer cooler of patriotism, than a good hearty shower of rain. The Governor was liberally bespattered with abuse; “the unthinking mob” (so styled by one of the pristine idols of the Cabbage-tree rabble, now pulled down) were taught to hoot him and his daughter as they rode out; and the “Anti” journals joined with them in coarse personalities. Fortunately for His Excellency, however, he possesses a pachydermatous nature, which appears to me one of the most valuable attributes in a ruler, and without which, I fancy, no great public man ever existed. I believe it is not too much to say that his predecessor—honourable, high-

* Official Report of the Principal Superintendent of Convicts, June 25th, 1849.

minded, talented, and zealous as he was for the public-good—was stung to *death* by the “slings and arrows” of a long course of malignant opposition. As well attempt to subdue a rhinoceros by dint of the “sumpiter,”* as hope to conquer his successor by personal invective!

The continual blistering of the public mind kept up by the haranguers and writers against existing things had got it into a state of irritation favourable for an outbreak; and the lowest orders seized upon the occasion of a grand fancy ball given by the Mayor at the theatre a few days after the meetings in 1850, to indulge their hostile feelings towards their superiors in station. The darkness of night, the helplessness of persons in carriages, and the insufficiency of the police, were encouraging circumstances for some of the most cowardly street ruffians. A stone or two were thrown at the Governor's party, and fell among the ladies as they entered the theatre. The chief officer of police was knocked off his horse, and some attempts were made to force the ranks—faced inwards to form a lane—of the guard of honour at the entrance. When the officer, however, gave the word to “face about,” the rabble obeyed the order as promptly as the soldiers, and no more trouble was given to the red-coats. Worse things, however, happened afterwards; for, taking advantage of the slow pace of the carriages coming up in a string to set down the guests, a body of blackguards amused themselves by forcing open the doors of the vehicles, and assailing those occupying them with every kind of brutal comment and disgusting words and actions. The weakness, in this instance, of the civil power contrasted with the impunity of that very uncivil power, the Sydney mob, will, if I mistake not, be productive of much future mischief. Broken heads and bread and water—which would have been the mead of these disorders had ever so small a party of the London police been on the spot—might have afforded the ringleaders a lesson and a warning which it still remains for them to receive, and which they will surely some day receive to their greater cost:—witness the manner in which the citizen army decimated the citizen mob in New York a year or two ago, when the latter wanted to maltreat a popular English actor who had made himself somehow unpopular for the nonce.

* Tube for blowing little darts, used in warfare by the Borneans.

In Sydney there are no cuirassed and casqued cavalry—almost brickbat-proof—whose gigantic black horses will disperse a mob—especially a well dressed one in wet weather—by a whisk of their long muddy tails at the touch of the “spur insidiously applied.” An infantry force in aid of the civil power has no means of trifling with a troublesome assemblage of persons outnumbering itself. It possesses only its serried array, its deadly bullet, and still more deadly bayonet. It is well, therefore, for a mischievously disposed populace to know, that of late years there have been two very important changes made in the mode of action of foot soldiers in cases of collision with the people;—the one is that the volley is delivered at the word “Present,” which therefore it would be the height of imprudence to await in the belief of its innocuous import;—the other consists of the prohibition of the old practice of firing over the heads of rioters, a practice to which many an innocent although perhaps meddlesome old woman has fallen a victim, while the ringleaders escaped scot free. “Fire low!” is now the order.

The cabbage-tree mob, as I have said before, are always ready for a “spree;” and some of their pastimes are of so rough an order as to deserve to be repaid with bloody coxcombs. The Sydney populace, nevertheless, as a body, are by no means inclined to tumult. Regarding politics, they are peculiarly apathetic; the abstract rights of man troubling their heads but very little. It requires active whipping and spurring by some half dozen agitators and pillory-orators to kindle them into even a temporary glow of mock patriotism; for when men are individually and collectively comfortable, it is difficult to inspire them with that sort of public virtue whose real names are discontent, disquiet, and dissolution of social bonds,—and whose end is revolution and ruin. The Anglo Saxon is generally a placable beast when his belly is well filled! a child might play with him after his dinner. God be praised, there is no such thing as hunger in this colony!

New South Wales may indeed be occasionally fretful, discontented, even restive in contesting for what she considers her rights. My Sydney grocer, in canvassing my vote for the city council, may include in his printed circular, “the following sentiments of the man who solicits your suffrage,”

borrowed from Brother Jonathan,—“That by the immutable laws of nature and the principles of the English constitution, *we* are entitled to life, liberty, and property, and *we* have never ceded to any sovereign power whatsoever a right to dispose of the same without *our* consent!” but he may be a good subject and sell good tea and sugar for all that. A fiery old statesman may boil over in the Legislative Chamber, and make the cedar rafters ring to his declaration that “we must assert our rights by force of arms!” An empty platform spouter may bluster about “dragging the British standard in the dust of the Sydney streets!” but these are only periodical ebullitions; there is more of dyspepsia than disloyalty in their origin.

One thing I may assert without any reservation, that in no instance in these colonies did I ever hear the name of our gracious Queen spoken of or received without the most cordial demonstrations of homage and affection.

CHAPTER XX.

[1850-51.]

EXCURSION TO THE COLONIES OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND AND VICTORIA—VOYAGE—
 MARIA ISLAND—MORTIFYING RECEPTION—MR. SMITH O'BRIEN—OUT-REASONED
 AND OUT-MANŒUVRED—CHRISTMAS TIDE IN FAR LANDS—A MAN OVERBOARD
 —HOBART TOWN—GARDENS AND VILLAS—ICE—*THE* METROPOLITAN COOK—
 MASTERS OF ARTS—CONVICTS—THEIR LABOUR—A COUNTRY WITHOUT AN HISTO-
 RIAN—FIRST SETTLEMENT—A BATTUE FOR BLACKS—THEIR REMNANT—HISTO-
 RICAL NOTES—FAMOUS BUSH-RANGERS—MICHAEL HOWE—FEATS AND DEATH
 —CENSUS—PROSPECT IN STORM BAY—ROADS—A REFORMED PRISONER—DRIVE
 TO NEW NORFOLK—THE HOBART TOWN HUNT—THE SETTLEMENT—SMITH
 O'BRIEN'S RESIDENCE—HUMAN MENAGERIES.

IN the Australian summer of 1850-51, the chances of the service threw in my way an agreeable opportunity of visiting Van Diemen's Land, as well as Port Phillip—a province of New South Wales on the point of being erected into a colony under the title of Victoria. Major-General Wynyard, commanding the forces in the Australasian colonies, having resolved on a tour of inspection to the former island, I had the honour to accompany him on that duty.

The elements did not favour H.M.S. *Havannah*, which frigate conveyed us to our destination, for she commenced her voyage with a terrific thunder-storm, in which the electric fluid flirted most desperately with the conductor on the main-mast; and during the rest of the voyage she had calms and adverse winds to contest with, so that no less than eleven days were expended in performing the 600 miles between Sydney and Hobart Town. But if the southerly breeze resisted our progress, its fresh breath proved a charming relief to us, after the heat of Sydney. A day or two before we left that (at this season) sudoriferous city, the thermometer stood at 97° and 98°, yet at sea we enjoyed the bracing effects of a temperature from 50° to 48° between decks;—*enjoyed*, I can hardly say, for to most of us this degree of cold seemed well-nigh

inclement. On the 23d December, harassed by continued foul winds, Captain Erskine closed in with the land to seek an anchorage, and we soon found ourselves surrounded on the chart by names commemorative of the old French surveyors and discoverers. Leaving behind us Freycinet's Peninsula, and beating to and fro between the storm-lashed Isle des Phoques and Cape Bougainville on the mainland of Van Diemen's Land, we at length gained a snug berth off the settlement of Darlington on Maria Island, about a mile and a half from the shore, and half that distance from L'Isle du Nord.

December 24th.—The wind continuing both foul and fresh, *Havannah* remained at anchor during the morning; and landing after breakfast, we seized by the forelock this unlooked-for opportunity of visiting the island and its chief town. Singular enough! in one of the latest numbers of the *Illustrated London News* on board was found a short account of Maria Island, with a woodcut of the settlement, which had become interesting as the prison of Mr. Smith O'Brien. The island is about twenty miles long, and is separated from the mainland by a channel varying from four to eight miles in breadth. It is elevated and covered with wood. Maria Island derives its feminine appellation from Miss Van Diemen, whose charms appear to have so deeply impressed the heart of her compatriot the great navigator, Abel Tasman, that in his oceanic wanderings, not finding it convenient "to carve her name on every tree," he recorded it still more immortally on different headlands and islands newly discovered,—inscribing it, in its full maiden length, on the northernmost bluff of New Zealand, Cape Maria Van Diemen. Whether he assisted the fair lady to change it eventually, I cannot depose.

In 1825 this island was made a penal settlement for convicts whose crimes were not of an aggravated nature,—a purpose for which it is admirably adapted by its isolated position and its ready communication, by telegraph or otherwise, with Hobart Town. The establishment was broken up in 1832, and the land was rented to settlers; but it was resumed when the Probation System was introduced, and has since again been vacated as a Government station. The soil is fertile. About 400 acres have been cleared round Darlington; and

the crops in both field and garden have been most plentiful. Many rivulets and lagoons of excellent water are to be found on the island,—an advantage by no means generally conspicuous in Van Diemen's Land. There is plenty of fish, eels and oysters, quail and wild fowl, as well as wallabi,—a small kind of kangaroo. The climate is about the finest in the world,—a fact admitted by Smith O'Brien himself, who, among all his Jeremiads from Maria Island, could not resist doing justice to the picturesque beauty and the salubrity of his place of exile.

Aware that Darlington had been a Probation Station containing some four hundred prisoners, and unapprised of its abandonment; and, moreover, giving our ship and ourselves credit for being a sight worth seeing and seldom seen by the supposed inhabitants, good and bad, bond and free; we were not a little surprised—perhaps the captain was a little nettled—at perceiving in the settlement no commotion arising from the advent of *H.M.S. Havannah*. The tall flag-staff was buntingless, the windmill sailless, the pretty cottages and gardens seemed tenantless, “not a drum was heard” in the military barracks, and the huge convict buildings seemed to be minus convicts. At length, through a telescope, was observed one canary-coloured biped, in the grey and yellow livery of the doubly and trebly-convicted felon. There had perhaps been an outbreak of the prisoners, for the military force in Tasmania had lately been reduced to the very lowest possible amount! The magistrates, superintendents, overseers, officers, and soldiers had all been massacred; and the revolted convicts having afterwards fought about the spoil,—there stood the sole survivor! Our suspense did not last long, for presently a whale-boat came slowly off, and there appeared on the quarter-deck a hawk-eyed and nosed personage, about six feet and a-half high, who seemed as if he had long lived in indifferent society, for his eyes had a habit of sweeping around his person, aside and behind, as though he was in momentary expectation of assault. This was an overseer left in charge of the abandoned station, with a few prisoners to assist him. He proved an obliging and intelligent *cicerone*, showing our party over the different buildings of the establishment, and guiding us in a delightful walk over part of the island. The position of Darlington is truly charming—

airy, yet sheltered, with a splendid view of the open ocean, of the straits, and of the fine blue hills and wooded bluffs of the mainland. A clear stream of fresh water meanders among the houses, and loses itself in a snug little boat harbour.

Pity that, as in Norfolk Island, a paradise should have been converted into a pandemonium; and yet again it seems a pity that so extensive and expensive an establishment—hospital, stores, chapel, school, military and convict barracks, houses of the magistrate, surgeon, superintendent, &c.—should be abandoned to ruin. It would be more satisfactory to see them all swept out of sight—obliterated from the soil—and this lovely isle allotted to a population worthy of its numerous advantages. There was one feature of this defunct convict station that I viewed with disgust—a single dormitory for four hundred men! The bed places were built of wood in three tiers, the upper cribs being reached by two or three brackets fastened to the stanchions. Each pigeon-hole is six feet and a half long, by two feet in width, and separated from its neighbours by double open battens. The prisoner lies with his feet to the wall and his head towards the centre of the apartment—like a bottle in its bin. This nocturnal aggregation of brutalized males is a feature of penal discipline that I was astonished to find had been so lately in operation.

The accommodations allotted to Mr. William Smith O'Brien, the state prisoner, were of course pointed out to us. They consisted of two small rooms, with a little garden in the rear, wherein he might take his exercise. Few field-officers of the army obtain better quarters, and many worse. He was waited upon by a constable, who cooked his convict ration of beef, bread, and potatoes, and, I suppose, made his "post and rail" tea sweetened with brown sugar. The prisoner was as poor a philosopher as a patriot; he had not courage to reap what he had sown; he refused, as is well known, to accept the ticket of leave offered him by Government; and yet winced under the consequent and necessary hardships incurred by this refusal. A medical gentleman, whose duty it is to visit periodically all the convict stations, related to me a curious interview he had with this political delinquent. On announcing his desire to see Mr. O'Brien, he was politely received by that person, and conversed for some time with him. The prisoner complained of his rations, of the coarse tea and sugar, said

his health suffered from the bad food, and from confinement to the small strip of garden. The doctor, who is not a man readily put off his guard, admitted that it was not impossible that the long continuance of an existence of privation and humiliation might indeed affect injuriously both mind and body; and added that he should be happy to do anything in his power to alleviate his sufferings. O'Brien was glad to hear such sentiments from his visitor, and expressed a hope that he would apply to the Governor to sanction some relaxation of discipline. The doctor, pointing to two prisoners in the yard, said—"If the health of those men was, in my opinion, injured by their imprisonment and punishment, I should represent their cases, because they cannot help themselves. You, Sir, on the contrary, have your health and comfort in your own hands;—one word, and you may live as you please on this island." The prisoner replied that he must be consistent, that the eyes of the world were upon him, that the acceptance of his ticket-of-leave would amount to an admission of the justice of his sentence. "But you speak, Sir," added he, "as if I had committed a crime! What crime have I committed?" "A monstrous one," replied the good Medico—"you have broken the laws of your country, and stirred up your ignorant fellow-countrymen to break them also." He moreover assured the prisoner that Europe was in no disquiet as to his fate. The latter, however, remained obdurate on the subject of his ticket—preferring to retain his grievance with the accompanying possibility of escape. The miserable attempt which he shortly afterwards made will not add to his character for ingenuity or fortitude. A cutter appearing in the bay, Smith O'Brien, duly warned of its approach, contrived to procure a small boat, and was in the act of pushing off, when a single constable came up and stove the boat with a blow of an axe, while a whale-boat pulled away and captured the cutter.

The "Inspector General of the Confederate Clubs of Munster," and the descendant of Brian Boru, behaved on this occasion like a petulant child; and having thrown himself down on the ground, suffered himself to be carried back to his cell by three or four men. The fact of a ticket-of-leave having been accorded to this troublesome gentleman not long after this effort at evasion, is proof enough of

clemency on the part of Government; yet while he was enjoying himself in almost perfect liberty—in liberty as perfect as that within the reach of any professional man, whose duties bind him to one district—a letter, addressed to “My dear Potter,” was running the round of the English papers, wherein he descants on “the inhumanity of the Governor of the colony,” and on “the inhuman regulations of the Controller-General of Convicts”—concluding by the doleful prophecy, “I see no definite termination of the calamities of my lot, except that which you and other friends took so much pains to avert—the deliverance which will be effected by death.”*

It was really melancholy to see the beautiful gardens around the houses of the departed officers of the penal station, wasting their sweetness on the desert air, and reverting to the original wilderness. On this day, however, the luxuriant flowers did not bloom in vain; for the sailors, pillaging the gardens of the deserted villa's, carried off to the ship whole arm-fulls of their produce to decorate the tables for their Christmas dinner on the morrow. And indeed never, I suppose, did the 'tween-decks of a man-of-war resemble half so much—

“A bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,”

as did, on this festive occasion, that of H.M.S. *Havannah*, off a ruined convict station on a wild island of Tasmania.

Having passed a very pleasant and a very beautiful day on Maria Island, we repaired on board at 6 P.M., up anchored, sailed, dined, and slept, rocked by old Neptune, our marine cradle making bows to every point of the compass as she rode on the swell left by the departed southern gale, during a breathless night.

Christmas Day.—Our hopes of participating at Hobart Town in the joyful rites of the day were frustrated; for the light north-east airs that arose in the forenoon, carried us no further than Cape Pillar and Tasman Island—the former the extreme salient angle, the latter the uttermost outwork of Van Diemen's Land towards the boundless ocean of the south. I have passed this great festival of the Christian world in many diverse scenes and under diverse circum-

* It will be recollected that the original sentence was “Death.”

stances ;—amid the old-fashioned hospitality and the ice and snow of *old* South Wales ; in the Antipodal sultriness of New South Wales ; I have joined in the service of the day on the brink of the Falls of Niagara—the drum-head being the reading desk, in the centre of a square of infantry—the thunder of the great cataract hymning in sublime diapason the omnipotence of God. I have eaten my Christmas dinner at the *presbytère* of a French Roman Catholic establishment—not the less jovially because the mess was composed of a *grand vicaire* and a score of *prêtres* and *frères* ;—I have passed the evening of this anniversary with a knot of Mussulman chiefs, gravely smoking our hookahs and sipping sherbet, while a group of Nautch girls danced and sang before us ; have stood with uncovered head at the foot of one of New Zealand's volcanos—the fern our carpet, the sky our canopy—listening with a congregation of baptized Maoris to a tattooed teacher expounding in their own tongue the law of Christ on the anniversary of His birth. How seldom since boyhood have I celebrated it in the happy circle of my own quiet home ! It was certainly never pre-revealed to me that I should spend one of the few Christmas days accorded to man, at sea off the southernmost point of Van Diemen's Land !

The crew of the frigate, as I have said, decorated their feast of roast beef and plum-pudding on this occasion with the ravished sweets of Maria Island. It was a singular and pleasant sight, passing down the various messes, to see the hungry, happy and hearty faces grinning through the steam of their holiday viands, and through garlands of gay coloured flowers and shrubs, lighted up with wax candles. The captain's table was not without its *épergne*, the ladies without bouquets, (for Mrs. and Miss Wynyard were of the party,) nor the gentlemen without a flower at their button-holes on this South Sea Christmas evening.

Cape Pillar and Tasman Island, close to which we passed, have a singular appearance, their southern extremities terminating in abrupt basaltic walls, whose tall upright columns bear a resemblance to the pipes of a huge cathedral organ.

December 26th.—At early dawn we were rounding Cape Raoul, a twin of Cape Pillar ; and the sea breeze setting in soon carried us up the river Derwent, or rather the mag-

nificent arm of the sea and harbour into which that stream empties itself, and on the extreme north-western corner of which stands the city of Hobart Town.

With studding-sails set alow and aloft the *Havannah*—like a swan swimming before the wind—glided past the *Iron Pot* lighthouse and between high and wooded shores, the splendid harbour gradually narrowing from seven or eight miles to one or two, until, at about eighteen miles from the Heads, she rounded a bluff promontory on the port side, and in an instant dashed into the midst of a little fleet of merchant vessels, in the snug inlet called Sullivan's Cove. The chain cable rattled out of the hawsehole in a volume of rusty dust, and the old ship swinging to her anchor brought up with her cabin windows looking, at no great distance, into those of Government-house. There was but one momentary interruption to her stately approach as observed from the shore; her feathers fluttered for an instant and were almost as quickly smoothed again. In relieving the man at the lead line, one of them fell overboard; the ship was thrown up into the wind so as to check her speed almost before the splash was heard; the young fellow held on to the line and was dragged for some distance under water; but he was soon noosed by his ready messmates, and spluttering out "all right," was jerked on to the quarter-deck like a two-pound trout, none the worse for his ducking. "Did you think of the sharks, Bo?" asked a joker as he helped him down the hatchway to be "overhauled" by the doctor. "Hadn't time," gasped the other.

The harbour of Hobart Town is as commodious and safe as it is picturesque. The well-worn expression that all the navies in the world might ride in it would not be extravagantly applied to it. I am loth to yield my predilection for Sydney harbour, which is quite unique in my eyes; but nautical men seem, I think, to prefer the Derwent. There is more space for beating, and no shoal like the "Sow and Pigs" lying across its jaws. The land in which the port is framed is three times higher than that of Port Jackson, the soil better, the timber finer, and the grand back-ground to the town afforded by Mount Wellington—cloud-capped in summer, snow-capped in winter—gives the palm of picturesque beauty beyond dispute, to Hobart Town and its harbour over its sister port and city. The land-tints disappointed me entirely—

nothing but browns and yellows—no verdure—everything burnt up, except where an occasional patch of unripe grain lay like a green kerchief spread to dry on the scorched slopes. The water frontage of the city does not afford 'a tenth part of the deep-water wharfage possessed by Sydney. The site of the town is healthy, well adapted for drainage, perhaps somewhat too near the storm-brewing gullies of the mountain, from whence occasional gusts sweep down the streets with a suddenness and severity very trying to phthisical subjects.

The population may be about 20,000, convicts included, or considerably more than one-fourth of the whole population of the colony. The streets are wide and well laid out, nearly as dusty, and the footpaths as ill paved as those of Sydney, which latter defect, with so much convict power at hand, is disgraceful enough. Some of the suburbs are very pretty, the style of architecture of the villas, their shady seclusion, and the trimness of their approaches and pleasure-grounds far surpassing those of the New South Wales capital. But more pleasing to my eyes, because more uncommon than the ordinary domiciliary snugness and *smugness* of the villas of the richer English, is a large outskirts of the town consisting of some hundreds of cottages for the humbler classes pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, all or nearly all being separate dwellings, with a patch of neat garden attached, and with rose and vine-clad porches reminding one of the South of England cotters' homes.

The extraordinary luxuriance of the common red geranium at this season makes every spot look gay; at the distance of miles the sight is attracted and dazzled by the wide patches of scarlet dotted over the landscape. The hedges of sweet-brier, both in the town-gardens and country-enclosures, covered with its delicate rose, absolutely monopolize the air as a vehicle for its peculiar perfume: the closely-clipped mint-borders supplying the place of box, sometimes, however, overpower the sweet-brier, and every other floral scent. English flowers and fruits appear to benefit by transportation to Van Diemen's Land; and well-remembered shrubs and plants, to which the heat of Australia is fatal, thrive in the utmost luxuriance under this more southern climate. For five years I had lost sight of a rough but respected old friend—the holly, or at most I had contemplated with chastened affection one wretched little specimen in the Sydney Botanic Garden—labelled for

the enlightenment of the Cornstalks. But in a Hobart Town garden I suddenly found myself in the presence of a full-grown holly, twenty feet high and spangled with red berries, into whose embrace I incontinently rushed, to the astonishment of a large party of the Brave and the Fair, as well as to that of my most prominent feature! The fuchsia, the old original *Fuchsia gracilia*, attains here an extraordinary growth. Edging the beds of a fine garden near where I lived, there were hundreds of yards of fuchsia in bloom; and in the middle of the town I saw one day a young just-married military couple, smiling, in all the plenitude of honey-lunacy, through a cottage-window wholly surrounded by this pretty plant, which not only covered the entire front of the modest residence, but reached above its eaves. And this incident forces on my mind a grievous consideration, however out of place here, namely, the virulent matrimonial epidemic raging lately among the junior branches of the army in this colony. "*Deus pascit corvos*," the motto of a family of my acquaintance, conveys a soothing assurance to those determined on a rash but pleasant step;—but who will feed half-a-dozen ravenous brats is a question that only occurs when too late! At this moment the regimental mess at Hobart Town is a desert peopled by one or two resolute old bachelors and younger ones clever at slipping out of nooses, or possessing that desultory devotion to the sex which is necessary to keep the soldier single and efficient. Punch's laconic advice, "to parties about to marry"—"Don't"—ought to be inserted in the standing orders and mess rules of every regiment in H. M.'s service.

Here, too, to get back to my botany, I renewed my acquaintance with the walnut and the filbert, just now ripe, the Spanish and horse chestnut, the lime-tree with its bee-beloved blossom, and the dear old hawthorn of my native land. As for cherry and apple-trees, and the various domesticated berry-bushes of the English garden, my regard for them was expressed in a less sentimental manner.

From the grounds of the hospitable friend who made his house my home during the fortnight I stayed at Hobart Town, the landscape was extremely beautiful and much more European than Australian in its character. Looking over villas and gardens and wooded undulations, with glimpses of the town through vistas of high trees, down upon the bright

waters of the wide and hill-encircled harbour, I recalled to mind various kindred prospects in older countries,—none more like than a certain peep from a *campagne* near Lausanne over the village of Ouchi upon the broad expanse of “clear, placid Leman.” Behind the house, Mount Wellington, step by step, rises to the height of four thousand feet and upwards, throwing its grand shadow, as the sun declines, right across the city and harbour. Bristling with fine trees and brushwood, this range, which can never be cultivated, will always supply the town with fuel and timber for building.

If no other public act of the present Governor may gain him immortality,—which I am far from supposing,—the plan and establishment of an ice-house near the summit of the mountain will serve that purpose. It is the only one at the Antipodes. During the winter the “diadem of snow” which crowns the top is pilfered to a trifling degree, and the material well jammed into the ice-house. In the hot weather a daily supply is brought into town on a pack-horse—(it ought to be done by a self-acting tram-way)—early in the morning, and its sale and manufacture is permitted by general consent to be monopolized by the chief confectioner of the place, who sells it in the rough or in the smooth, reasonably enough, to those who can afford ice creams, hard butter, and cool champagne. This now respectable tradesman and citizen, once a prisoner of the Crown, enjoys, moreover, another important and lucrative monopoly. He is *the* cook as well as pastrycook of the Hobarton aristocracy,—the only cook in the place. I sat at not a few “good men’s feasts” during my short stay here, and am not wrong, I think, in saying that from the Government-house table downwards, all were covered with productions of the same *artiste*. I recognised everywhere the soups, the *patés*; I ventured upon this *entremét*, avoided that, with the certainty of prior knowledge; and plunged without the shade of a doubt into the recesses of a certain ubiquitous *vol-au-vent*, perfectly satisfied that a vein of truffles would be found, which had not crossed 16,000 miles of ocean to be left uneaten, although their merits seemed to be unknown to some. *The* cook, it is needless to say, is making, if he has not already made, a considerable fortune.

It were well if those professions which administer merely to the body had alone fallen into the hands of persons bearing

upon them the convict taint ;—the reverse is, however, the case. What would an English mother think of admitting to her drawing-room or school-room, and entrusting the education of her daughter in music, dancing, or painting, to men who are or have been felons? Yet at present this is almost a necessity in Van Diemen's Land. Few or no accomplished freemen are likely to come to a penal colony in the hope of making a livelihood by imparting the more elegant branches of education. They are wrong, however, for if their expectations were moderate such men might realize handsome incomes. A lady told me that she had been compelled to employ, for the purpose of teaching, or taking the portrait of her daughter—I forget which—a person convicted of manslaughter, and suspected of murder by poisoning. One of her sons usually remained in the room when this agreeable guest was present ; but, on a certain occasion when the ladies happened to be alone with him, the mother was alarmed by seeing him rise and approach the window where she sat, with an open knife in his hand. She started from her chair with such visible affright, that, making her a polite bow and with a grim smile, he begged to assure her that “ he merely wanted to cut his pencil—not her throat ! ”

I had the honour of being a fellow-traveller and dining several times at a public table with a transported professor of one of those lighter sciences usually inflicted upon young ladies, whether or not they have any natural talent for them. What was the immediate cause of his exile from home my neighbour and informant could not tell me, “ but I believe it was the *gentleman's crime*—forgery,” said he. Be it as it may, this “ gentleman ” was in excellent and full practice, although in this hemisphere, it was said, he had repaid the indulgence of the Government and the confidence of one of his most respectable patrons, as well as one of the kindest friends the convict class ever possessed, by debauching the child entrusted to his tuition.

In the streets of Hobart Town the stranger sees less of the penal features of the place than might be expected. Possibly every other person he meets on the wharves and thoroughfares may have been transported ; for the population of the island has been thus centesimally divided :—free immigrants and born in the colony, 46 per cent ; bond and

emerged into freedom, 51 per cent.; military, Aborigines, &c. 3 per cent. But there is of course no outward distinction of the classes except in the prisoners under probation, who are clothed in the degraded grey, or grey and yellow, according to their crimes and character. And these men, being either confined within walls, or in distant stockades, or being marched early in the morning to their place of work and back again at sunset, fall but little under the observation of the public. Now and then may be seen, indeed, the painful spectacle of a band of silent, soured, and scowling ruffians—some harnessed to, others pushing at, and another driving a hand cart, with clanking chains, toiling and sweating in their thick and dusty woollens along the streets—each marked with his number and the name of his station in large letters on his back and on his cap. Here a gang may be seen labouring with shovel and pick on the roadside, or sitting apart breaking up the metal; but there is no earnestness or cheerfulness in this compulsory labour; and accordingly, however active and ruthless these fellows may have shown themselves in the commission of violence against their fellow-men, they are most merciful to the macadam, only throwing a little temporary energy into their action when the appearance of a carriage or a horseman suggests the possible advent of some person whose duty or pleasure it may be to keep them up to their work. As for the convict sub-overseer, who, one of themselves, is appointed without pay to coerce the rest—no very active control can be expected from him.

To the colony the amount of solid benefit performed by these slow, but sure and costless operatives, on the roads, bridges, and other public works, must have been, and still be, immense; even where, as is sometimes the case, the settlers of a district have to provide tools and subsistence for the gangs employed in the improvement of their locality. It is only this powerful application of penal slave-labour, and the vast Government expenditure accompanying it, that have given to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land a rapidity of progress and a precocity in importance that leave the march of other colonies comparatively very far behind. But to the Mother Country the cost of creating nations by the thews and sinews of her expelled, but by her still maintained, criminals, must be enormous. The result of their labour com-

pared with the outlay would be pitiful indeed, but for the concurrent advantages—namely, the annual riddance of a huge per-centage of rogues from her shores and from their old haunts, their punishment and possible reformation, and the creation of new dependencies of the Crown, and, therein, new markets for England's exports. The clearing of an acre of land by a chain gang, under bad surveillance, may cost, and indeed has often cost the Home Government ten times as much as would have been paid to free labourers on the spot; but the privilege of shooting so much moral rubbish upon other and distant premises is cheaply bought at such a rate. It is cheaper at any rate than a revolution; and it is but an old newspaper story that the free convicts of Paris bore no unimportant part in former as well as the late overthrow of the Government of France. Van Diemen's Land, however, like New South Wales, (if one may judge from the exertions made by a tolerably influential section of the inhabitants,) is striving to shake off the system, which, incubus though it be, warmed her into life.

Looking at the question from the station of a spectator, I must say it seems to me rather an unreasonable expectation on the part of those truant Englishmen who, well knowing the penal structure of Van Diemen's Land, voluntarily settled there, that at the mere signification of their pleasure the Imperial Government should be compelled to raze in a moment the great insular penitentiary erected at such prodigious cost, and to hand over its site to the adventurers whose tastes and consciences have so suddenly become squeamish about convict-contact. Their grandsons or great-grandsons might, perhaps, prefer the petition without incurring a charge of presumption; but the present incumbents have no such claim—unless, indeed, they have received an imperial pledge to that effect. Like the "Needy Knife-grinder," however,

"I do not want to meddle
With politics, Sir,"

the colonists know their own business best, and it is none of mine: but it appears to me that their aspirations are somewhat premature. The ground-floor of their social edifice has been built of mud; let it at least have time to harden before they attempt to superimpose a structure of marble!

December 30th.—It is curious to find oneself in a country with a capital containing 20,000 inhabitants, a harbour full of shipping, and teeming with evidences of wealth and comfort, and yet without a history; that is, without a manual, a hand-book, or indeed any publication suited to the reference of a travelling stranger. Mr. Murray must make a long arm and supply this deficiency. In vain I perambulated the libraries and stationers—in vain searched the book-shelves of the few residents I was acquainted with. It was with some difficulty that I obtained even the loan of an old almanack—Ross's almanack—eleven years old. One day, indeed, I espied in the window of a shop the title, "History of 'Tasmania,'" on the back of what appeared to be a well got up two-volume octavo work;—it was only the husk, however, the empty cover, no more, of a work that had not yet seen the light. Subsequently I encountered the author in a steam-boat, and was by him kindly permitted to look over one of his well-written and diligently-collated volumes.

Before pressing my reader to accompany me further into the island, I will, if he pleases, make him a partner in such information as I could glean regarding earlier events in the history of the colony; whereof, however, I do not propose troubling him with more than a meagre summary.

It appears that in 1803, fifteen years after the first settlement of New South Wales, to which place some 6,000 or 7,000 persons had been transported, and which had suffered under the horrors of famine, insurrection, and other troubles, it was found desirable to relieve Sydney of a portion of the pressure, and to disperse the more turbulent of the prisoners. Van Diemen's Land, from its salubrious climate, insulated position, and its paucity of natives, being considered highly eligible for the erection of a penal establishment, an officer of the navy with a body of troops and convicts was despatched there to that intent, and in August of that year landed and camped his party on the eastern bank of the river Derwent, at a spot called by him Rest-down, since abbreviated to Risdon, where there is now a ferry across the stream.

Early in 1804, an expedition, which had left England in 1802 for the purpose of forming a penal settlement at Port Phillip on the southern coast of New Holland, not finding water there, removed to this island, and felicitously enough

fixed upon Sullivan's Cove for their location; where the first Lieut.-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, Colonel Collins, landed with a few officers, civil and military, non-commissioned officers and privates of the royal marines, and 367 male prisoners; and where a settlement was founded and called Hobart Town, after the then Secretary for the colonies. In the same year the river Tamar, which on the northern coast of the island discharges itself into Bass's Straits, was surveyed, and a small party of the 102d regiment from Sydney, under Colonel Patterson, formed a convict station near its mouth. Launceston, situated about forty miles inland on the Tamar, is the next large town to the capital, containing at present about 7,000 inhabitants. Thus Van Diemen's Land is a child of Botany Bay, born when the latter was still in her teens. The babe of grace continued to thrive, although very nearly starved to death in its earlier days while still at nurse under the elder colony—kangaroo flesh being then greedily bought up at 1s. 6d. per pound, and sea-weed (laver, I suppose) becoming a fashionable vegetable for want of better food. After about three years, however, cattle and sheep were introduced into the island in considerable numbers, and were found to flourish exceedingly wherever the most moderate degree of care was bestowed upon them.

The ports being closed against any but king's ships, the colony received but few recruits except by successive drafts of doubly-distilled rogues from New South Wales. After a few years, however, the interdict against commerce was removed; many military officers serving there settled down on grants of land; a considerable band of emigrants was brought by the Government from Norfolk Island, when that place was selected for a penal settlement; freed prisoners increased and multiplied, and spread themselves over the interior; but no direct emigration from the British isles occurred before 1821, when a census being taken, the white population was found to amount to 7,000 souls.

In 1824 a supreme court of judicature was established from Home—judges having thitherto been sent from Sydney to hold occasional sessions at Hobart Town. In the same year, having attained her majority, she petitioned for release from the filial ties connecting her with Sydney; and in 1825 she was by imperial fiat erected into an independent colony.

The progress of the island has been surprisingly rapid; although, like New South Wales, its prosperity as a colony has been chequered by occasional reverses, referable perhaps to similar causes—namely, excessive speculation, rash trading on fictitious capital, extravagance in living, (the common failing of *parvenus* to wealth,) bad seasons, and, in its early days, fearful depredations by white bushrangers and the Aborigines. Money must have been plentiful in 1835, when a piece of land at Hobart Town sold for 3,600*l.* per acre!

The blacks, never considerable in numbers, and ferocious in their conduct more on account of outrages received by them from the brutal convict population, than by nature, were gradually got rid of—chiefly no doubt by indiscriminate slaughter in fights about their women with bushrangers and others, and by the determined steps taken by the local government for their capture and compulsory location in some secluded spot, where their small remnant might be prevented from collision with the Christian usurpers of their country. At one time a sort of *battue* on a grand scale was undertaken by the Lieut.-Governor, not for the destruction and extirpation of the unfeathered black-game, as has been sometimes unjustly supposed—but for the purpose of driving them into a corner of the island and so making prisoners of them. Not only red-coats and police, but gentry and commonalty, enrolled militia-wise, were brought into the field on this occasion. A grand movable cordon was formed or attempted to be formed across the whole breadth of the land, and was designed to sweep the native tribes before it into the “coigne of vantage” prescribed by the inventor of the plot. It was fishing for minnows with salmon nets; for the cunning blackey’s soon slipped through the meshes, and intense confusion and perhaps some little fright arose when it was discovered that the intended quarry had got into the rear of the line of beaters, and was making free with the supplies! This grand extrusion plan failed, then;—but 30 or 40,000*l.* of public money was disseminated through the provinces, and a good many civic Major Sturgeons got a smattering of “marching and countermarching” that they will never forget, and that may be of service in the next Tasmanian war. The poor Aborigines were not the less, in course of time, all killed, driven away, or secured. Those who fell into the

hands of Government were humanely treated, fed, clothed, provided with medical aid, and located in a sequestered spot where they might sit down and await—and where they are now comfortably and most of them corpulently awaiting, their certain destiny—extinction. The present native settlement is at Oyster Cove in D'Entrecasteaux's Channel. In 1835, the numbers were 210. In 1842, but 54. In 1848, according to statistics published by the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, the numerical strength of the natives had fallen to thirty-eight—viz. twelve married couples, and three males and eleven females unmarried. Thanks to idleness and full rations, many of them, unlike the wild blacks, have grown immensely fat—although not fair, nor, as I have just shown, quite forty! Among the black ravagers of the rural settlers the most ferocious was a native of Australia surnamed Mosquito, who had been driven from New South Wales on account of some outrages committed there. In due time, however, he was caught and hanged.

Bush-ranging commenced in 1813, but was suppressed pretty vigorously. In 1824 this practice had again attained a fearful height. The insecurity of life and property, the murders, burnings of houses, stacks and crops, the robbery and destruction of live-stock, must have seriously impeded the advance of the colony. The military officers and men took an active part in hunting down the most desperate ring-leaders, and some of them became famous as gallant and successful thief-takers. Martial law made short work with those who were captured.

Every country has its great man—hero, poet, or philosopher. Van Diemen's Land has, appropriately enough, its great bush-ranger and desperado to boast of. Michael Howe, without dispute, and without disparagement to other public characters who, on more reputable grounds may deserve a memoir, is the historical great man of this island. His biography, as drawn up by Mr. Syme, is ill calculated for insertion here, for it extends over six eventful years of a life only too long, and twenty-four pages of letterpress.

With a well armed and desperate gang at his back, he became the terror of the country. Proclamations, offers of pardon and passages to England, rewards of money, strenuous exertions by the troops, the police and the loyal inhabitants,

treachery among themselves, the bullet and the gibbet, and the lapse of time, however, gradually thinned the ranks of his villanous retainers, and Michael Howe was at length left without a comrade. His existence became now like that of a wild beast. Solitary and savage, clothed in kangaroo skins, and overgrown with hair like another Orson, he obtained food and ammunition, his only requirements, by robbing distant shepherds' huts. In spite of the high rewards few relished the idea of risking an encounter, either single or double-handed, with such an antagonist. Finally, lured by a promise of supplies, (for he was half starved,) he was tempted to a spot where a transported mutineer of the *Nore*, and a soldier, selected for his strength and courage, lay in ambush for him. A furious, though unequal combat, with clubbed muskets, took place—the pieces having been fired without effect—and his skull having been beaten in by his two powerful assailants, this famous brigand “fell and expired without a word or a groan:”—and with Michael Howe fell the practice of bush-ranging itself in Van Diemen's Land.

In 1840, when transportation to New South Wales was discontinued, Van Diemen's Land, with its distant satellite, Norfolk Island, became the only place in these seas to which British felons might be removed under sentence. The beauty of the climate—perhaps the finest in the world,—the adaptation of the country to sheep and cattle farming, its fair share of arable land, its favourable position for trading with the neighbouring colonies of South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and even New Zealand, together with the advantages accruing from convict labour, have gradually drawn a considerable population of free persons to Tasmania.

In 1822, as I have shown, the census gave a population of 7,000 souls. In 1842, it had increased to 59,000; and on the 31st of December, 1847, it had reached a total of 70,164. The increase has been, and will be, comparatively slower than in other countries, until the great disproportion of the sexes has been remedied; but this can hardly take place, at least as far as the prisoner class is concerned unless fair delinquents intrude upon the province of the rougher sex, and take out diplomas in highway robbery, housebreaking, and other hitherto masculine branches of crime, as certain American ladies, I understand, have done in those of professional

science. In the census of 1847, of the aggregate population (70,164,) 47,828, or 68 per cent. were males; 22,336, or 32 per cent. females. Amongst the Free immigrants and the Native-born the sexes are pretty equal. Of those who have become free by servitude, the males exceed the females in the ratio of three to one. Among the actual convict-class the disparity is very great; "for of the ticket-of-leave holders the males are five to one; of the prisoners in Government employ eight to one; and of pass-holders in service also eight to one. In other words, the males are 29½ per cent. and the females only five per cent.; making a difference between the sexes of 24½ per cent. in this class of the population." * "On the 31st December, 1848, the convict population was 25,459, of whom 40 per cent. held tickets-of-leave, 48 per cent. were pass-holders, and 12 per cent. were under probation or sentence." Thus 88 per cent. were afloat in comparative freedom among the unconvicted people. The proportion of deaths among the prisoner-class was in this year less than one per cent.

The total imports of the island in 1848 exceeded the exports by 17½ per cent.; but, as the "Observations" from which these extracts are culled point out,—“looking at the disparity in value between the total imports and exports of the year, no apprehension need be entertained of any monetary derangement occurring, so long as so effectual a counterpoise is afforded by British expenditure. The disbursements in 1848 for Commissariat, Convict, Military, and Ordnance services in the colony, amounted to nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

In 1822 there were only 350 horses in the colony, 33,000 horned cattle, and 170,000 sheep. In 1848, there were 17,169 horse, 85,485 horned cattle, and 1,752,000 sheep. The commissariat contract prices in that year were, wheat 4s. 2d. per bushel of 60lbs.; flour 10l. 8s. 8d. per ton; fresh meat 2½d. per lb.; vegetables 5s. 7d. per 100 lbs.

Tasmania is a more musical *alias* adopted by the island. It has been given in titular distinction to the first bishop, my excellent and accomplished friend Dr. Dixon, and will doubtless be its exclusive designation when it shall have become a free nation.

* Papers and Proceedings of The Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, January, 1850.

December 30th.—Rode this day to Mount Nelson, a signal station some five miles down the harbour. The tract of hill and dale it passes through is wild enough, and the prospect from the summit where the signalizing apparatus stands cannot be excelled in extent and beauty. Storm Bay, with its isles, isthmuses, and peninsulas, its splendid frame of half-wooded, half-cleared uplands, embossed with bold promontories; the city, the harbour, the glittering river, are all below and around the spectator in a perfect panorama. Aloof and aloft from the lower world the cloud-capped Mount Wellington may truly be said to “preside o’er the scene;” and Mount Nelson, ranking next in elevation, may very fairly be called upon to officiate as *vice* at this grand banquet of the picturesque. The common practice of bestowing upon pre-adamite hills the names of living, modern, and often vulgar personages, ruffles extremely my sense of the fitness of things;—these two mountains, grand though they be, borrow dignity from their titles!

The rides and drives for promenading purposes round Hobart Town are various and agreeable. The road through the Government domain and farm, past Cornelian Bay, the Botanical Gardens, the old hulk *Anson*, 74, now degraded to a female prison, and by the Bishop’s pretty residence to Risdon Ferry, presents one good direction for a canter, or for “riding” on wheels for those who prefer dowering to horse exercise; and returning homewards you get perhaps the best possible view of Mount Wellington, with his staff of minor hills,—Knocklofty, &c.—around him; the pretty village of Newton, with its handsome Orphan School situated in a park; and numerous neat villas snuggling away behind high hawthorn hedges and orchards, under his broad shadow. The drive to New Norfolk, of which more anon, rubs the rust off one’s Home recollections in the most pleasant manner. Brown’s River, too, about eight or nine miles down the harbour, where there is some good land thrown into cultivation, affords an object for equestrianism. This road, which was created and is constantly nourished by convict labour, follows the outline of the bay,—sometimes running along the beach, at others creeping round the steep face or sweeping round the level back of some headland, diving through a hill, or striding over a gully;—for a slice borrowed from the superfluity of a moun-

tain and bestowed upon the hungry maw of a ravine, is a trifling work when half a dozen hundred hands can be thrown upon it by a word from the Governor. On my way to Brown's River I passed two gangs of these British Helots. The men of one lot were labouring at a cutting; the others were marching, to the music of their chains, towards the town. The poor creatures touched their caps humbly as our party rode by.

Some of the agricultural and garden lands on this road were as fine as I ever saw,—the colour of the mould being precisely that of black rappee. There were *such* fine crops of potatoes and onions in the alluvial hollows, and *such* fat sheep on the hill sides, as made one involuntarily think of Irish stew. The Brown's River potato is as well known in Australia as it is in Tasmania. Among many pretty and sterling looking country homesteads looking over the bay, one was pointed out to me, somewhat superior to the rest, as the property of an emancipated prisoner, now worth about 1,200*l.* a-year, who, it was said, had received fifty lashes for some breach of penal discipline committed while labouring in chains on the very plot of land which he afterwards purchased and lived upon "like a gentleman!" What were the feelings, I wonder, of the iron gang I had just met, and what were those of the low-paid *free* overseer in charge of them, respectively, as they passed day after day the handsome domain of the former felon,—who, had he never fallen from honesty to dishonour, had never, in all probability, risen from poverty to wealth!

December 31, 1850.—This morning soon after sunrise—and a heavenly morning it was—I drove, with three companions, in a hired carriage to New Norfolk, a village and district, the former of which is about twenty-three miles from Hobart Town. The road, a perfect specimen of Macadamization, runs the whole distance along the right bank of the Derwent, whose bed is compressed by high lands into a narrow channel, leaving no great room for cultivation, except in a few flatter spots. The hills, indeed, on the left shore are still almost entirely covered with the primeval forest. The population seems to cling to the highway side. There were many solid looking farms and comfortable residences, with occasional deserted clusters of huts, the temporary stockades of the

road-gangs; and pretty fuchsia and rose-clad cottages, with gardens full of flowers and fruit, the yellow Cape broom and scarlet geranium almost smothering the little tenements. The wheat and oat crops looked sickly, the barley in better health. The season had been unusually and ruinously dry, not only here, but in the neighbouring colonies. The "dead-wood" fence is one almost peculiar to Van Diemen's Land; and is nothing more than the trees of the clearing piled into a sort of wooden wall. In New South Wales the stumps are generally left standing till they rot, the top timber is split into rails, and the refuse burnt. Here scarcely any stumps remain on the face of the field, a praiseworthy point in Tasmanian agriculture. Another and lighter fence is something like the snake-fence of Canada, but, in a hunting point of view, not so formidable.

One of our companions entertained us with spirited accounts of the sport enjoyed with a pack of English hounds, kept by a gentleman of New Norfolk, who has regular fixtures for hunting round Hobart Town in the winter season. The game is the bush kangaroo, a small but fleet animal; and the pack, which I had an opportunity of inspecting, are a rough and ready little lot of beagles, quick and fierce and well adapted for a hilly and wooded country. A blank day is never known. The runs are not very severe as far as duration goes; but there is no time, it appears, for "coffee-housing" when the game is once unkennelled. "You must throw away your cigar, and set to work," said my informant, fancying himself in his saddle, "or you will be nowhere after the first five minutes." When the kangaroo can get his head down hill, the pace becomes very severe. The present Lieut.-Governor is not seldom the first in the field during a quick burst, and is said to have no objection to four or five feet of stiff timber.

One of the most charming peculiarities of Tasmanian cultivated scenery is the sweetbrier hedges. To-day we were driving nearly the whole distance between them; in a great many places ten and twelve feet high and the same in width, spangled and scenting the air with 50,000 little delicate roses. I noticed one or two thickets of this plant in the corners of enclosures, which must have been forty or fifty feet in diameter, and twelve feet in height. Here and

there appeared gardens and orchards "pinked all over," like Gargantua's *haut de chausses*, with glowing fruits, and surrounded with hedges of hawthorn the like of which I never saw before, even in England. In New Holland the plant is unknown, except as a delicate and rare exotic. Dick Christian himself could make nothing of such a rasping fence; "Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues," with his fifteen stone and three hundred guinea horse, would be pounded by a bullfincher so tall and strong; nothing, in short, and nobody except a British schoolboy bent on robbing the orchard within it, would ever contemplate the possibility of getting through. The leaf is particularly large and shining, and would be invaluable in England for the home manufacturing of tea! There were hop plantations too—the most beautiful of crops in my mind; infinitely more beautiful than the vineyard, and almost as suggestive of Bacchanalian images. The produce of one patch of this festive plant lying slopingly towards the river, I was told, had been lately sold for 100*l.* an acre.

Near the margin of sedges on the banks of the Derwent, we saw several of that species of water-bird called the Native-hen—quite new to me as a sportsman; a rail, nearly as large as a cock pheasant; and wild ducks swam in clouds on the wide estuaries.

The little township of New Norfolk is delightfully situated on the highest navigable part of the Derwent; the tide flowing up to the handsome wooden bridge which, erected by private enterprise, here spans the stream—about as wide at this point as the Thames at Windsor. The settlement derives its name from the compulsory pilgrims of Norfolk Island, who, when Government decided upon converting that "gem of the sea" into a penal settlement, were located in farms upon this pleasant spot—a fair compensation, one would suppose, for that harbourless and inaccessible, though lovely island. Standing on the bridge I sketched the Government Cottage, and then, facing about, without any other change of position, the pretty Home-like landscape up the river, including a feature interesting at least to Irish readers, namely, the present residence of Mr. Smith O'Brien. I could have introduced this gentleman as a figure in the foreground, for he passed twice under my pencil, and he is by no means a bad-looking fellow

for his years ; but I preferred a couple of cows as more innocently bucolic in a rural landscape.

I am happy to give my personal testimony to the excellent bodily health, on the last day of the year 1850, of this political delinquent, who, having at length accepted his ticket-of-leave—or licence to bestow himself where he pleases within the district of New Norfolk—enjoys, as I have said before, very much the same amount of liberty as the soldier, the parochial minister, the office-man, nay even the Governor himself ; for, like the prisoner, neither His Excellency nor the other functionaries can quit their posts without the special sanction of higher authority. To say that he is without hope—that sheet anchor of human existence, is a piece of imbecility. Were I in his position I should cherish the strongest hopes of some day receiving the pardon of my Sovereign, and of becoming one of the most faithful and loyal of her subjects. Why does he not send for his family to join him ? He complains that “ it would be the greatest injustice to his children to bring them to a country, the present condition of which he will not trust himself to describe.” There are many and excellent schools in the island, perhaps more than in any country in the world of equal population—not less than a hundred private establishments, without counting the various Government schools. There is moreover a paid inspector of schools to “ whip in” the minor pedagogues, and to see that they do their duty—as the drum-major does with the minor drummers on certain occasions of military discipline. This is an appointment which might be beneficially introduced in older countries. On the whole, for a man under a commuted sentence of death, and whose head, had he lived and so acted a hundred years back, would have rolled on the scaffold ; on the whole, I cannot think this gentleman has valid cause for complaint. With an allowance from Home sufficient for every material comfort, a splendid climate, beautiful scenery, and no want of society—for he is kindly received and very well spoken of by many of his neighbours—he is clearly better off than he would be in the occupation of furnished apartments in the Tower ; and I cannot but hope that by this time he has revoked his opinion that “ death alone can effect a deliverance from the calamities of his lot.”

Elwin's hotel, the little rural inn where Mr. O'Brien at

present lodges, is prettily situated on the left bank of the Derwent, amid fruit, flower and hop gardens, with a neighbourhood of well-cultivated farms, backed by wooded hills. It may be likened to a villa on the upper Thames, with a climate of eternal summer and autumn.

The Tasmanians are very proud of their public buildings, and the stranger is pressed to visit churches, chapels, court-houses, schools, hospitals, and prisons, as a matter of course. It certainly appeared to me that the prevailing style of architecture in this colony is superior to that of its neighbours. I was invited to inspect some of the public edifices of New Norfolk, but not having much taste that way, my visits were confined to the really handsome and well-conducted Lunatic Asylum, where some hundreds of patients, male and female, free and bond, are accommodated. I could relate some curious details of its inmates, but they would be, almost without exception, painful. Some persons have a natural bent towards mad-houses, penitentiaries, and other human menageries—a morbid craving for the excitement caused by such sights, without one worthy motive; whether a boyish visit to the Lancaster Lunatic Asylum established a panic on such like subjects, or whether the distaste is innate, I know not; but I well know that when the shame of remaining ignorant of these things has conquered my aversion to look closely into them, it has always been a blessed moment, when I emerged into the open and healthy world again from one of those catacombs of the quick. There is another favourite species of exhibition, for which I entertain a special aversion—namely, what is called a show house, where one has to pay a pound to a fat housekeeper for dragging him through a mile of bedrooms and dressing-rooms—and hearing rigmarole common-places about my lord and my lady. There are only two classes to which such establishments can be really interesting, namely, their owners and their—guests.

All the externals of Van Diemen's Land are so agreeable to the senses that the mere pleasure or health-seeking tourist, resolved on not looking beneath the surface of things, might range through the beautiful island without the faintest suspicion that it is in fact nothing more or less than a huge gaol, in which, contrary to ordinary prison practice, other tenants besides prisoners are permitted to dwell. However, whatever

my inclination might be, it was my duty, I thought, not to hoodwink myself into the belief that a penal colony was a paradise; accordingly, during the short period of my stay in the country I embraced every opportunity of seeing its peculiar establishments; and accompanying an officer, whose business it was to make periodical inspections of the several institutions, I visited convict penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, hospitals, probation stations, and though last, not the least displeasing, the female convict factory at the Cascades.

The twenty-three miles to Norfolk and back to the capital forms a very pleasant jaunt. Such was the goodness of the roads and of our hack horses, that we found no difficulty in getting back to dinner at Hobart Town.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FEMALE FACTORY—A LITTER OF BABIES—REGIMEN FOR THE REFRACTORY—PUSS IN PRISON—PRISON EMPLOYMENTS—NEW YEAR'S BALL—DANCING, INFANTINE AND ADULT—GAILETY AND HOSPITALITY—TASMAN'S PENINSULA—EAGLE HAWK NECK—TASMAN'S ARCH—HUMAN RAILWAY—A PREDICAMENT—PORT ARTHUR—A DONJON IN A GALA DRESS—COMPULSORY LABOUR—SOLITARY CONFINEMENT—OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS—FINE TIMBER—STATE PRISONERS—THE COAL MINES—A CLEVER ESCAPE—MALE PENITENTIARY—LUXURIOUS ROGUES—JOURNEY TO LAUNCESTON—THE ROAD AND THE RAIL—TOPOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.

Jan. 1, 1851.—THERE was, it must be admitted, nothing remarkably festive, for the first day of the new year, in visiting a female penitentiary and lying-in establishment! Such was, nevertheless, my morning's employment. The Cascades factory is seated at the foot of Mount Wellington, wedged in a gully between high hills—a bad situation, except as regards the supply of water, which is plentiful. The buildings are enclosed within a high wall, with barred gates and vigilant turnkeys; it is, in short, a gaol in every respect according to the respective deserts of the inmates. We were received at the entrance by the matron, a dignified lady who looked quite capable of maintaining strict discipline whether in a public or in a merely domestic establishment. From her hands we received, in due military form, "the morning state" of her garrison—which, as it appeared, amounted to 730 women and 130 infants. In turn we visited the several courts, solitary cells, the hospital, refectories, dormitories, and lavatories. In one yard was formed up for our inspection, in hollow square, seventy or eighty women—open to be hired as servants. "These," as we were informed, "were the better conducted, and the pregnant women." In another court were a strong division of more troublesome and notorious characters, who were under restraint and not permitted to go into service. The uniform, a very unbecoming one to the person, however becoming to the station of the wearer, is a

white mob cap and a dress of grey duffle. As we passed down the ranks the poor creatures saluted us with a running fire of curtseys, and a dead silence was everywhere observed. In a large exercise yard, with an open shed in the centre affording shelter from the sun, we found some sixty women, with as many babies from two years to two days old—women and children all silent! One would have thought them all deaf and dumb;—never was I before in so numerous a nursery;—I hope I never may again! The children were mostly healthy and pretty. As for their mothers—there must, I suppose, be a good deal in dress as an element of beauty—for I scarcely saw a tolerably pretty woman in seven hundred. Some of the females, I found, were the hired nurses of the establishment—not the mothers of the children. Of these latter many, it appears, merely enter the factory to deposit their “kid forlorn,” and, when sufficiently recovered, return to service in the town or country within the district to which their ticket or pass extends, and not a few re-enter its walls as soon as it is possible for them to require again obstetric assistance. It is nothing to say that many of these poor brats will never know their own fathers;—their mothers, perhaps, know them no better: and many of the wretched little ones, in the hands of the nurses, will never know either parent. The public consoles itself with the dry fact, that they will all come into the labour market. A large ward was allotted to the mid-day sleep of the poor little babes. It was rather a pretty sight for a father (of none of them) to contemplate. There were a score or so of wooden cribs, in each of which lay two, three, or four innocents, stowed away head and tail, like *sardines à l’huile*; while others were curling about like a litter of kittens in a basket of straw. All were wonderfully good—chiefly, I suspect, because there was no anxious mamma nor fussy nurse constantly soliciting them to be so.

The visiting-surgeon of the establishment, whom I accompanied, had found it necessary to prescribe half-rations and gentle medical treatment (a grain or so of ipecacuanha, I suppose,) to a certain turbulent few of the prisoners; and as it was whispered to him that his fair but fierce patients meditated a remonstrance when it came to their turn to be visited; and as there was little doubt this appeal would have taken a

Billingsgate form, the prudent Medico postponed hearing it, which, I confess, was to me a great relief. This was on his part a merciful as well as a discreet step, because the half-rations of the insurgents would assuredly have been further reduced to bread-and-water discussed in silence and solitude—things that no woman loveth. Forty-eight hours of this kind of single-blessedness, with the above meagre diet, and a prescription slightly productive of nausea, occasions, it is said, a prodigiously soothing effect upon ladies afflicted with gross health and fiery temperaments. Going along the avenues of solitary cells, there was a great unlocking of massive doors, and a questioning of "Have you any complaints?" I only looked into two or three. One woman was carding, another combing wool. A third cell, on being opened, I found to be completely darkened;—it seemed empty, so I passed within the door to examine its construction. It looked like the den of a wolf, and I almost started back when from the extreme end of the floor I found a pair of bright, flashing eyes fixed on mine. Their owner arose and took a step or two forward; it was a small, slight, and quite young girl—very beautiful in feature and complexion,—but it was the fierce beauty of the wild cat! I am a steady married man, of a certain age,—but at no period of my life would I, for a trifle, have shared for half-an-hour the cell of that sleek little savage; for when she purred loudest I should have been most afraid of her claws! As the heavy door slammed in her face, and the strong bolts shot into the grooves, the turnkey informed me that this was one of the most refractory and unmanageable characters in the prison. That said beauty is a sad distorter of man's perceptions! Justice ought to be doubly blindfolded when dealing with her. I fear me that the pang of pity that shot across my heart when that pretty prisoner was shut again from the light of day, might have found no place there had she been as ugly as the sins that had brought her into trouble. I had no more stomach for solitary cells this day.

One of the great yards of the Factory was devoted to laundress-work. Squads of women were up to their elbows in suds,—carrying on the cruel process of wringing,—or displaying their thick ankles as they spread the linen over the drying lines. The townsfolk may have their washing done here at 1s. 6d. per dozen, the money going towards the

expenses of the institution. I was pained to see so many very youthful creatures in this yard—delinquents in their earliest teens; debauched ere the pith had hardened in their little bones. We had next a glimpse of a room full of sempstresses, most of them employed on fine work. It was not impossible, the matron stated, that some of the elaborate shirt-fronts we should see at the Government-house ball this evening had been worked in this, and washed and “got up” in the last ward. A rougher fabric done by the less-skilled prisoners is a coarse kind of woollen tweed, only used for prison-dresses.

However painful to a devoted servant of “the sex” must necessarily be the details of an establishment such as this, there was some consolation at least in carrying away the conviction that everything that the care and ingenuity of man could contrive for the perfecting of the system has here been exhausted. The cleanliness of the prison was almost dazzling, and the order and discipline appeared faultless; and I had much pleasure in recording the same in the Matron’s Visitors’ Book. “See Naples and die,” is the Italian motto. “See a Female Factory once, and don’t do so again,” is mine! *

The grand New-year’s ball at Government-house afforded a refreshing counterpoise to my morning’s employment. The vice-regal residence itself has little to recommend it as an edifice, and its site would be much better occupied by buildings connected with the harbour and wharfs, which are close at hand. A weather-boarded ball-room of singularly fine proportions has lately been erected by the present Lieut.-Governor, Sir William Denison; in which the six or seven hundred guests present this night were by no means crowded. The entrance to the ball-room from the body of the house is through an arched lobby and down a few steps which form a kind of daïs overlooking the saloon. On the top of this stood the Christmas tree, whose main body was formed of a single fern-tree, its wide and graceful fronds spreading above a whole cornucopia of midsummer flowers, looking strange, doubtless, in the eyes of such of the company as were not

* Newspaper notice, January, 1851:—

10 January.—“FEMALE PASSHOLDERS.—Number of Female Passholders awaiting hire: Hobart Town Brickfields Dépôt, 276; Cascades Factory, 176; New Town Farm, 71; Launceston Factory, 38; Ross Hiring Dépôt, 49.—Total 610.”

inured to antipodal inconsistencies. For an hour or two the dancing was kept up exclusively by children; and among them were many beautiful specimens of rising Anglo-Saxons—for the rearing of whom the climate of Tasmania is evidently very favourable. The same must be said of it with reference to human plants of a more advanced growth; for I saw in five minutes this night more fair faces tinged with the English rose, than I had seen in New South Wales in as many years. Doubtless some connoisseurs in female loveliness give the apple of preference to the cheek where the lily predominates; 'tis a pity that in very hot climates, Bengal for instance, a streak of yellow sometimes mars the purity of its white! I dare say my reader has observed the scarcely disguised impatience with which adult votaries of Terpsichore look on at infantine dancing; perhaps he has felt it himself—perhaps the writer has done so in his time; yet the dancing of children is, in sooth, a pleasant and a pretty sight; and I have never felt this more strongly than on occasions when the floor has suddenly been taken possession of by grown-up dancers in immediate succession to these little ones. Compare the performances of both, and you will not need a better proof that grace is natural and not acquired; nay more, that it may be lost by overtraining and artificiality. I was following with my eyes the crowd of little bright joyous things, and thinking there was grace in all their movements—grace equally in the perfect dancing of some, and in the bounding disregard of art in others—in their boldness or bashfulness—demureness or riot;—there was grace, I thought, in the small curly, velvet tunick-ed boy of seven or eight pulling the muslin skirt of a pretty lass of ten, with the urgent plea—"I say, will you dance with me? *do* now," and in the precocious coquetry of the two-tailed fairy as she disengaged herself with a pirouette from the hands of her too juvenile suitor, and flung from her laughing blue eyes such an irresistible invitation to a smart young middy of the *Havannah* as brought him instantly to her side. Away they flew round the room in each other's arms and in the polka, that child's dance *par excellence*; and I was regarding with compassion the piteous spectacle of the poor little mortified fellow, who, biting his finger and slowly shaking his wee round figure, at length ran and buried his face in the lap of a lady; my attention, I say,

was thus engrossed, when,—poof! into the midst of the lilliputian throng rushed a human avalanche, in the shape of a full-grown—a very full-grown—couple of polkists! The cavalier though not old was fattish, and had a small round spot of baldness on the crown of his head, the lady wore an exorbitant *crenoline*; the poetry of the scene vanished in a moment! other Patagonians followed; and the children's dance quickly merged into the grown-up ball;—and a very good ball it was. Nor was it the only one I attended at Hobart Town. The season, together with the arrival of a frigate and the first visit of a General Commanding the Forces, combined to create an unusual amount of gaiety; and, if the mornings of my short sojourn here were pretty well occupied with seeing sights, so were the evenings in attending the dinners and soirées of the hospitable Hobartians.

January 10th. Hobart Town.—If the reader will consult the map of Van Diemen's Land he will find that Tasman's Peninsula is a kind of ear-ring hanging at the left ear or south-east extremity of the island, and forming the eastern horn of Storm Bay, the estuary of the Derwent. The pendent is divided into two parts;—the uppermost, or most northern, —known as Forestier's Peninsula,—attached to the mainland by a very narrow isthmus called East Bay Neck; the lower half, or Tasman's Peninsula, joined to Forestier's Peninsula by a similar isthmus called Eagle Hawk Neck. Tasman's Peninsula, being surrounded by the sea on every point except at this narrow, natural causeway, is singularly well adapted for the restriction and coercion of prisoners.

The Lieut.-Governor having obligingly put at the disposal of my companions and myself the small steamer *Kangaroo*, we got under weigh at five A.M. this morning from Sullivan's Cove, and were soon paddling down the Derwent. We passed swiftly by the Iron Pot, round which the surf was appropriately boiling; Betsy's Island on the left, the property of a lady as the name imports, and where there is said to be "great store" of rabbits; and Slopen Island on our right, where the quail are preserved for the Governor and his friends, and where he who can hold his gun straight may kill forty or fifty couple of these little flying fatlings. Rounding Long Point, the north-east extremity of Tasman's Peninsula, we entered Norfolk Bay about half-past ten o'clock; on our left

we had the pretty wooded Garden Island lying in the jaws of the Bay; to our right, on a high arm of the peninsula, a black patch of cleared land, with some tall Lancashire-like chimneys, showed where the coal-mines are worked by prisoners, under the management of a company who rent them from the Government and have the advantage of penal labour. We passed Saltwater River, where a band of lunatic convicts are employed in agriculture under proper surveillance; then Impression Bay, where some 600 invalids are stationed, and are given such work as suits their strength, while about 100 hale prisoners do the hardest of the labour; next, the Cascades, a probation station for about three hundred men,—all of which stations are situated on the shore of a hilly and wooded country; and finally, about mid-day, our little craft running up the narrow inlet of Eagle Hawk Bay, was moored off the long wooden wharf of the military post of that name. This post, by reason of its somewhat unique feature,—a line of canine sentries,—is one of the lions of Van's Diemen's land. On either shore of the inlet running up to the station there is a chain of huts, each containing a constable and his dog, to prevent the escape of runaways by swimming this arm of the sea,—a desperate measure, since the fugitive fortunate enough to evade the tipstaff and the mastiff would have to battle the watch with an outlying picquet of sharks abounding in these waters. It was related to me that, on one occasion, four prisoners, good swimmers, led by a notorious black named Jacky, attempted to cross from a headland called Sympathy Point to Woody Island, and thence to Forestier's Peninsula. The Englishmen—perhaps because their fair skins acted like whitebait for the sharks—were one and all seized and devoured by these tigers of the deep; the native made good his landing, but was afterwards retaken.

No sooner came we in sight of the low, sandy, scrub-grown isthmus which cuts across the head of the inlet, than our ears were saluted by the baying of the deep-mouthed dogs, and as we walked up the pier towards the guard-room at the end of it, they all joined in a grand chorus, including three or four videttes stationed on little platforms laid on piles in the water. Two loaded sentries are posted on the narrowest part of the neck, the one on the ocean side of it—in Pirate's Cove, the other on the inlet side of it. The dogs, each chained to a post

with a barrel for a kennel and a lamp to illumine his night watch, connect their two biped fellow-sentinels, and complete the cordon. My sketch, which I took seated on a sand hummock looking towards Tasman's Peninsula, will save me further description. The dogs by no means relished having their pictures taken—throwing themselves into a thousand minacious postures, with which Landseer would have been charmed. They were generally of a large rough breed, mongrels of the most promiscuous derivation, but powerful and ferocious. One of the family, who was permitted to range at large, amused himself sometimes; and kept his teeth and temper in practice by rushing into the shallows and fighting with the sharks; and he not unfrequently succeeded in dragging them ashore. There are fourteen dogs "on the chain" at present.

The Eagle Hawk Neck and its vicinity are exceedingly picturesque; and the young subaltern in command and his pretty wife appear to be quite satisfied with their sequestered quarters and their canine society;—I doubt even whether the half-dozen of champagne that I had dropped at their door added a whit to their cheerfulness. The fair lady, whom a few years ago I had known as a child, undertook to guide our party on a visit to two natural curiosities on the coast of Pirate's Cove—Tasman's Arch and the Blow-hole. The latter, so called from the loud sough of the waves as they dash with hollow roar into a horizontal tunnel pierced through the cliff and opening inland into a gravelly pit, is more curious than grand; but Tasman's Arch is one of the finest fantasies of nature I ever met with. It is said to have been first discovered by a hunter who, in full pursuit of a kangaroo, narrowly escaped the fate of Quintus Curtius without his glory;—and, indeed, so difficult to find is the spot, and so suddenly does the seeker stumble upon it, that he is not a little startled on pushing his way through some light bushes, to find his foot on the brink of a yawning chasm or well, fifty or sixty feet across, its eastern side, at about 30 feet from the surface-ground, forming a majestic arch of rock some 200 feet deep, the entrance to a subterrene passage, through which the surf from the open sea comes thundering into this wild abyss. In high tides and tempestuous weather the spray is shot up high into the air as through a gigantic tube. Seating ourselves on the sward near



In Stone by W. L. Walton

From a Sketch by G. P. Murphy

EAGLE HAWK ROCK.

Printed by H. H. H. & W. L. Walton

the mouth of the punch-bowl, we partook of a modest repast of bread and wine, and, being refreshed, we retraced our steps through forest, and fern, and sand, and rock, our walk having extended over ten or twelve miles under a burning sun—to the Neck.

At 6 P.M. we re-embarked, pursued by the ululations of the dogs, in the little *Kangaroo*, and piped to dinner as she paddled down Eagle Hawk Bay. Passing Woody Island and Sympathy Point—the scene of the fatal swim before mentioned—we came to an anchorage for the night just after dusk, off a small station—nameless as far as I know—at the head of Norfolk Bay, where, there being no accommodation, we slept on board. A commissary officer, who resides here in all the solitude permitted him by a wife and six children, came off and kindly undertook to arrange for our passage to Port Arthur in the morning, by railway. “By railway!” exclaims the reader, “a railway at the Antipodes.” Yes, by railway; not propelled by steam however, but by human thews and sinews, and in the sweat of the human brow!

January 11th.—At 7 A.M. we landed on a rough pier of timber, upon which the rail or rather the wooden tram-way abuts; and in the middle of the dreary little settlement, which consists of the Commissary’s quarters and a few huts, we found a couple of low trucks on four wheels with two benches in each, and, standing near these not elegant vehicles, eight convicts dressed in the grey and yellow garb; another, in grey unvariegated, being in attendance as head man of the gang. These were to be our teams. Dividing ourselves into two parties, Dr. and Mrs. —, and I, got into one, and two tolerably weighty gentlemen into the other. Upon this, the prisoners seized certain bars crossing the front and back of the carriages, and, after pushing them with great toil up a considerable plane, reached the top of a long descent, when getting up their steam, down they rattled at tremendous speed—tremendous, at least, to lady-like nerves—the chains round their ankles chinking and clanking as they trotted along; and as soon as the carriages in their headlong race down the hill exceeded the possible speed of that slowest of all animals, man, at a word from their leader the runners jumped upon the sides of the trucks in rather unpleasant proximity with the passengers, and away we all went, bondsmen and free-

men, jolting and swaying in a manner that smacked somewhat too much of "the d—l take the hindmost"—although a man sitting behind contrived, more or less, to lock a wheel with a wooden crow-bar when the descent became so rapid as to call for remonstrance. Accidents have not unfrequently occurred when travellers by this rail have encouraged, or not forbidden the men to abandon the trucks to their own momentum down the hills; for there are several sharpish turns in the line, and the tram-way is of the rudest construction. Occasionally, perhaps, these capsize have not been purely accidental when travellers obnoxious to the motive powers have fallen into their hands. One of the highest public officers of the colony—a gentleman popular with all classes, and whose personal qualities it would be impossible to estimate lightly!—met, as I was told, with a tremendous upset on this railway. Rolling, without much damage, into the ditch, he was picked up, "*teres atque rotundus*," by the "canary birds," who placed him upon his legs and amid a thousand expressions of contrition, set to work to brush the dirt off his clothes; and so officious were they, that, on his first reference to his pockets neither watch nor purse were to be found.

Half-way we halted at a police-station,—not to take in water for the engines, but to grease the wheels and to breathe the men,—and then proceeded with renewed vigour. The distance from our starting-point in Norfolk Bay to Long Bay, an arm of Port Arthur, by the railway, may be five or six miles. It is sometimes performed in half-an-hour; but to-day, having a nervous passenger, the men did not put forth their best speed. The tram-way, alongside of which there is a bridle-road, lays through a forest-tract of the most splendid timber wholly wild and uncleared, the largest trees being the blue-gum for which the island is famous,—so called, I suppose, because the leaf has much of the colour of the bloom on the Orleans-plum. Our mode of travelling through this fine forest was not precisely such as to add to our enjoyment of the scene;—indeed, it jarred most distressingly on my feelings; for our poor beasts of burthen at the end of the traject seemed terribly jaded, and I saw one of them continually trying to shift the irons from a galled spot on his ankle. Returning by this same route in the afternoon, we were



On Spruce by W. L. Waller.

From a Sketch by Colt. Murdy.

Printed in Hullward's & Wilson.

requested by the head man to halt a few minutes for the men to get something to eat. The overseer told us that these men had breakfasted at four in the morning, at Norfolk Bay, had run up the trucks with half a ton of rations to Long Bay, and had returned to Norfolk Bay for our party by half-past six. They had had nothing to eat since breakfast—exactly twelve hours.

To rid myself at once of this unpleasant subject,—a railway worked by white slave-power—I will here finish my notes of the return-trip, although it is somewhat out of its turn :—After our visit to Port Arthur,—of which more presently—on relanding at the Long Bay terminus, where there stands a miserable shieling, we found there the Governor and his party, sheltering themselves from a heavy shower of rain. Carriages being required for them, one truck only remained for our party. The three gentlemen, all being well wet through, walked on at a brisk pace, and myself was left in charge of the lady; some delay occurred at starting; the first mile was up a steep ascent, and we had with some difficulty accomplished it owing to the slippery state of the road, and were trotting briskly along a flat, when a distant “coocy” from the rear was heard, and looking back I saw a fifth prisoner in grey-and-yellow running up—a tall ugly fellow that I had not seen before. Our team immediately pulled up, and then the idea flashed across my mind, dismissed almost as soon as entertained, that some treachery was intended. Here was a lady and one unarmed man in the midst of the wild Bush, and completely in the power of five perhaps as desperate ruffians as ever cheated the hangman! for the gentlemen who had preceded us were long beyond sight and hearing, and we were full two miles from the station we had quitted. It afterwards proved that the questionable predicament in which we had been left had crossed their minds very much as it had done mine. The truth is, however, that we ran less risk of robbery or violence in this unpeopled wilderness, with our lives in the hands of this villanous gang, than might have been the case within the sound of Bow bells. In Tasman’s Peninsula detection and punishment follow crime as sure as night follows day.

The men employed on this tram-way, which is more used for the transport of stores and provisions than for passengers,

are under sentence of hard labour, and those who are young and active enough to go the pace prefer it to other task-work—chiefly, I suspect, because many passengers, in flagrant breach of the convict-rules, bestow some small reward on the wretched dragsmen, whereby they are enabled to procure tobacco—the grand desideratum of all prisoners, and other trifling luxuries the value of which a man never fully knows until they are unattainable.

But to resume our visit to Port Arthur.—At eight o'clock we reached the terminus at the head of Long Bay, an inlet of Port Arthur running up into the forest between high shores. The distance by water to the settlement of Port Arthur is about four miles. We found at the terminus a large whale-boat awaiting us, manned by prisoners, the strokesman being one of the finest negroes I ever saw. We soon opened the port, and, sweeping round a rocky headland on our right, the penal township lay before us. Port Arthur is the headquarters, both military and convict, of the peninsula. There are at present about 350 prisoners, and the garrison consists of a captain and seventy grenadiers of the 99th. His subaltern, as has been seen, is detached to Eagle Hawk Neck. The other stations on the peninsula before mentioned are at present controlled entirely by the civil power, an arrangement more consonant with British custom and more just to the army, than the former system of scattering small detachments under non-commissioned officers among the various minor stations and stockades—thereby compelling the soldier to do the duty of the constable.

I had made up my mind to find in Port Arthur all the gloomy attributes of a huge donjon. I expected, and I believe wished to see the features of nature and the institutions of man frowning in grim and dreary concert on the spot expressly selected for the punishment of Britain's blackest malefactors—one half of whom, perhaps, ere the criminal law of England was amended (or diluted), would have paid the penalties of their misdeeds on the scaffold. There is, however, in fact, nothing of the Bastille in the aspect of the town of Port Arthur—nothing of the desert waste where the felons of other nations are condemned to linger out their hopeless lives. A magnificent harbour lay before us, with a spacious open channel to the ocean. In a retired cove of this bay, with a

tolerable space, of level land around it and a fine wooded range in its rear, lies, sloping down to the beach, the settlement. The first object that attracts the eye is a handsome stone church with a tall cheerful-looking steeple embosomed in fine trees, and a beautiful public garden below it. On the opposite extremity of the town is the residence of the Commandant, an excellent house, also well sheltered with ornamental trees and surrounded with a blooming flower garden and orchard, and a lawn sloping to the sea. It possesses a grand stone balustraded entrance, a sculptured stone gateway and such like features—sufficiently proving that it was never intended for the quarters of a military officer! No, no,—the officers' quarters stand humbly just without the gates of the premises I have described, and I recognised them at once by the rigid restriction of the style to bare habitableness. Fortunately for the Brevet-Major at present in command here—and especially so as he happens to be a married man—the post of Civil Commandant has, for economical reasons, been done away with, and he is, therefore, permitted to reside in the better house.

The architect entrusted with the design and erection of the public buildings of the settlement must have been of a cheery and playful mind; for hospitals, barracks, gaols, cooking houses, stores—every edifice, in short, except the old original convict dépôt, which is an ugly wooden stockade, are of a fine light coloured stone, with a profusion of little turrets, castellated copings, sham machicolations and pie-crust battlements, reminding one more of an Isle of Wight village than of a convict probation station. With a fine blue sky overhead, and the blue sea below, the dark green hills around and a climate quite perfect, Port Arthur has certainly nothing very repulsive in its aspect. The French prisoners of war had a somewhat more melancholy location on Dartmoor; the miners of snowy and sandy Siberia have a destiny somewhat more desolate; the poor charcoal burner on the gloomy and spirit-haunted Hartz, and the wretched turf-cutter on the Bog of Allen, toiling in solitary misery for a scanty subsistence, would imagine they had dropped into Paradise, could they be suddenly transported—by any but judicial means!—into this beautiful corner of the universe.

The gallant Commandant gave us an excellent breakfast;

after which we proceeded to visit some of the lions, living and inanimate, of the place. We saw the cooking and baking for the prisoners; and better bread and meat and more savoury broth was never served up at an English yeoman's table; half as good never to that of the English labourer on Sundays, nor to the Irish cottier twice a-year. We walked through the prisoners' refectory at their dinner-hour. They were sitting quietly at their tables, while one of each dozen divided the food into shares. The savour of the viands was really appetizing. I was told—whether in joke or in earnest may be doubted—that, if I waited until the meal was over, I should see a waiter going round with pipes and tobacco for such of the guests who desired a whiff of the Virginian weed.

It is said that persons subjected to the mental and bodily discipline consequent upon imprisonment combined with hard labour, require more nourishment than any other class of consumers. I have no hesitation in saying—and I examined them narrowly—that the prisoners of Hobart Town and Tasman's Peninsula, as a body, presented an appearance of stronger physical health than the soldiers stationed there. It is true that the former are debarred indulgence in those excesses whereby the soldier may damage his constitution; but when I see a lot of burly fellows, not only muscular of limb and body but absolutely *running to jowl*, common sense tells me that neither the mind nor the body are much over-taxed. Indeed, I have no doubt that, however vigilant and severe the superintendence, it is impossible to compel a man to work without pay sufficiently hard to fatigue his frame—much less to injure his health—by any rigour of discipline short of that of the negro slave-driver. The treadmill appears to be the only species of laboratory where the operative *must* work, and work hard, or inflict self-punishment. He may, indeed, doggedly resolve to mount no higher on the rotatory stair, but then his shins must suffer for it! All the machinery for this punishment exists on a large scale at Port Arthur; but I was told that it had been discontinued, because the wheel required too many hands, or rather, too many feet, to make it pay. I cannot help thinking, nevertheless, that it might have been advantageously employed in reducing some of the “too solid flesh” on the ribs of the Peninsula prisoners,

—product of the good beef and bread, oatmeal and potatoes, of Tasmania.

And this brings me to the Hospital,—a fine building, almost untenanted. Of the 340 convicts on the morning state of this day only five were in hospital; out of seventy soldiers, three. In a large ward, almost alone, lay an Irish state prisoner, O'Donohue,—one of the three gentlemen of that class who, having broken their tickets-of-leave by paying a clandestine visit to their late chief, Mr. S. O'Brien, were apprehended and sentenced, not only to forfeit their tickets, but to imprisonment with hard labour in probation gangs on the Peninsula. Patrick O'Donohue was lying on his iron pallet in the common ward, and in the ordinary blue flannel hospital dress; he was reading, and, as he seemed to be in bodily suffering, a feeling of commiseration was stealing over me, when it was quickly dissolved by a whisper from the surgeon that his malady arose from two or three broken ribs, the consequence of a fight with another prisoner. When on ticket-of-leave, he employed himself in the editorship of a newspaper called the *Exile*. My fate seemed to constrain me to follow in Van Diemen's Land the fortunes of Mr. Smith O'Brien. At Maria Island there was his shadow; at New Norfolk his substance. At Port Arthur I was dragged away to inspect the premises that had been allotted to him after he had attempted his escape from the island. The house is a decent little tenement, very superior to the building intended for the officers' quarters. We next visited an admirable edifice nearly finished at vast expense for the prosecution of the solitary and silent system. There are long galleries of "separate apartments," as they are delicately termed; courtyards where the prisoners are brought out one by one to take their exercise under the eye of a constable; and a chapel so fitted up that each man will—like a prebend or a horse, have a stall for himself, and so constructed that he can see no one but the parson and the constables. The prisoners not in solitary confinement are marched to church, and have large pews or rather pens for their accommodation.

The penal system must by this time approach perfection as near as human wisdom can bring it—for Heaven knows that statesmen, local rulers, philanthropists and disciplinarians, whether of the severe or soothing sort—have left nothing

unsaid, undone, or untried, to make transportation conducive to the three great ends, punishment, amendment, and prevention. I think, however, that, in a comparison between the old system and the new, designating them broadly as the assignment and the probation systems—the suffrages of the colonists, whether in Australia or Tasmania, if collected, would give a majority to the abandoned plan. The present or probation scheme has for its main features the blending correction with instruction moral and religious, a careful classification of the prisoners, rigorously enforced hard labour, and solitary confinement under unblinking surveillance, for the hardened and refractory; with the lash, Norfolk Island and the gibbet for the utterly irreclaimable. On the other hand, milder treatment for mitigated criminals, and for the well-conducted the certain prospect of the pass, the ticket, and the still larger boon of conditional pardon, after periods of servitude graduated according to the sentences and conduct under sentence. The instruction of previously ignorant men in the first elements of education, in useful trades, and in religious exercises, gives them at least a reasonable chance of returning to society better and more useful members of the human family than they were at the time of their banishment from it. According to the present scheme, the prisoner at no period is compelled to work without payment, except while his own bad conduct past or present restricts him to the Government establishments. On the first relaxation of his bonds he comes into the labour-market on pretty nearly equal terms with the free labourer.

I think my reader will admit that however heart-rending the punishment of banishment must be, (although ninety out of a hundred delinquents who suffer it lament only the opportunities of villany whereof it deprives them;) and however strict the supervision, severe the coercion, and arduous the labour imposed on the inmates; (and burning bricks, splitting wood, cutting stone, felling and carrying spars, quarrying and coal mining, or even trotting away at the rate of six or seven miles an hour with a cargo of “swells,” without wages—are no light pastime;) it will be admitted, I say, that there is nothing penally repulsive in the external aspect of Port Arthur, such as I have described it.

I have anticipated my account of our tram-way return to

Norfolk Bay; where, well drenched with rain, we regained our little steamer and forthwith set off for the Cascades Settlement, which we reached at 4 P.M. At this place about 400 convicts are stationed, most of them being employed in felling timber, of which there is an endless supply of the largest size and finest quality near at hand. Alongside the wharf a fine brig, the *Vigilant*, was loading with spars and planks for England—including some splendid specimens of blue gum for the Admiralty. The longest plank on board was 94 feet in length, 4 inches thick, and 16 inches wide. There were three or four spars upwards of 70 feet long by 2 feet thick. Some lying under water ready for use were, I was told, upwards of 100 feet long. I saw also in the hold of the brig some immense logs of "light wood," *à non lucendo*, darker than mahogany; and knots of the beautiful Huon pine, finer than bird's-eye maple for ornamental furniture. One delicate slice of a giant tree weighed a matter of eight tons. But these are mere splinters to the plank of blue gum which, I hear, has been sent Home for the Great Exhibition. This was 145 feet long, 20 inches broad, and 6 inches deep. The first limb of the tree from which it was sawn sprung at 186 feet from the ground, and its extreme height was no less than 275 feet. At a convenient distance for an afternoon's ride from Hobart Town, is to be seen a living gum-tree which is 60 feet round at 15 feet from its base, and 270 feet high, although it has lost its top. It is fenced in and treated with proper respect. A vessel's keel 100 feet long was lately laid down in one piece by a Hobart Town builder.

Among the convicts on board the *Vigilant*, at this moment lounging about unemployed, a fine manly looking individual was pointed out to me as the state prisoner Terence Bellew M'Manus, who, with Patrick O'Donohue and O'Doherty—Kevin Izod O'Doherty! (babes so named are baptized rebels to Anglo-Saxon rule!) have been "classed" for hard labour by colonial sentence for having violated the conditions of their tickets. One of these gentlemen I left in hospital at Port Arthur, the other is devoting his energies, innocuously to others and profitably to himself, in "splitting shingles" on one of the Peninsula stations; and Mr. M'Manus, at the Cascades, seemed to be taking just as much muscular exercise

and wholesome food as would be likely to produce the vigorous health he evidently enjoys, and which enabled him to undergo the fatigues of the mysterious escape which, a month later, he made to California. Of the other two or three Irish political prisoners I saw nothing, but I heard that one of them was hoeing potatoes, a national pastime, hard by; and that another had got married by the Governor's consent. None of these gentlemen, I will answer for it, are in the position ascribed to them by a local and malcontent newspaper—"treated like trebly convicted felons, and condemned to wear the yellow garb of the degraded, because they visited the table of Mr. W. S. O'Brien!" On the point of costume I can be both positive and correct with regard to Mr. M'Manus. He wore a full suit of grey dittos with a leathern forage cap; and on his back, well able to bear the burthen, appeared in large white letters, the words, "Cascades, No. 260." None of these criminals have been compelled to don the canary's plumage; although, for being foolish enough to run their heads into the lion's mouth, they really do deserve to "wear the motley." I have heard that these gentlemen have conducted themselves in an exemplary manner under the colonial aggravation of their punishment. I was well pleased to learn that a great portion of it had been remitted; and shall unfeignedly rejoice at any further mitigation that imperial clemency or their own good behaviour may bring them.

Towards another prisoner, of a totally different class, located at the "Cascades," my feelings were very far from being so placable. Amongst a party of three or four men in the grey dress and leather cap to whom was allotted the task of carrying and stowing firewood for the engines of the *Kangaroo*, I remarked a tall and powerful figure standing on the pier and for more than half-an-hour, with the measured accuracy of clockwork, handing the split logs from a heap ashore to another convict who placed them on board. This was Robert Pate, the cowardly and, I am constrained to believe, the lunatic assailant of a woman and a Queen. Degradation, flogging at the cart's tail, would have been the suitable punishment; and I believe its infliction for such a "misdemeanour!" was by a late enactment made peremptory. I am not aware whether humane consideration for the feelings of his family, or for the infirm state of his own mind, saved

this man from the enforcement of the cat and the cart's tail. I was sorry, I must say, to see him in such fine health. With perfect bodily sanity I believe a man can never be very unhappy; or rather if a man be truly unhappy in mind, he can hardly possess perfect physical health. The perpetrator of such an outrage I would willingly have seen miserable—his soul sinking under the poignancy of remorse and under the recollection of his dastardly action; his body macerated by the hardships of his punishment. Robert Pate is, as I understand from those who have him under constant observation, perfectly sane in mind at this moment. The faculty must forgive me if I express my conviction that he is still mad;—nor could a better asylum nor a better chance of eventual cure than the salubrious climate and diet of Tasman's Peninsula, and the present well-watched system of probation, be possibly afforded to this wretched offender.

Some of our party, while the steamer was wooding, visited a spot called the Fern-tree Valley, about two miles from the station, which they described as singularly beautiful. They walked through arcades and cloisters, arched over and darkened by the foliage of this graceful plant, and brought me back a single frond as a specimen, nearly fourteen feet in length. The stem of this species, although as large round as a bandbox, is of a cellular texture, something between cork and sponge. Lumps of it, I observed, were in use among the shipping as fenders. It is filled with a beautiful brown fibre, as fine as spun glass. The sassafras grows in plenty near the same spot.

At 8 P.M. the steamer touched at the "Coal-mines" for a supply of that mineral. The Peninsula coal is an anthracite; all that I saw burning in the city was of that nature; but I am told that there exists very superior bituminous coal in the country, as yet unworked. Getting coal is considered the most irksome and arduous branch of convict labour. The station here, like most others in Van Diemen's Land, was, until lately, kept in subjection by a military guard. A married officer was in command for some time, and, such was the character of the *populus virorum* around him, that the females of his family could not move out without an escort of armed soldiers. Pan-Demons' Land would be almost too mild a name for a region where such a state of things existed!

Steaming all night, the *Kangaroo* reached Hobart Town at three o'clock in the morning. It must be admitted that, pleasant as had been our trip to Tasman's Peninsula, this little vessel, for many reasons, was but ill suited to night accommodation. To the impossibility of sleeping, however, I owe the following narrative, from the officer of the watch, of a clever escape of a party of convicts conducted, I am sorry to say, at the expense of my excellent friend, the Bishop of the diocese. His lordship possessed, in 1848, as he does now, a small yacht, which he employed for the public service, at least as much as for his own pleasure. With the intention of a somewhat protracted trip, he had ordered stores and provisions to be put on board; and she was lying at the town wharf ready for the Right Reverend owner's embarkation on the following day. Close along-side of her was moored the *Kangaroo* steamer, whose steward, a convict, formerly a Causand smuggler and, as may be guessed, a sharpish fellow, admiring her breadth of beam, her clear run and other qualities, conceived the idea of making her subservient, although only measuring ten tons, to a trip to California. The necessary stores—thanks to the forethought of the Bishop—were, as has been said, already on board; there was beef and biscuit in plenty, of fresh water but a small supply; but that might be added to. Mr. Hill, the steward, was quite willing to be her commander; all that was wanted was a crew. Three good hands, anxious to exchange the land of irons for that of gold and volunteers for the dangerous experiment, were readily found among the prisoners. The land breeze and the elements at large, as they often do, favoured an unrighteous cause. An hour before midnight the little craft slipped away from the midst of a dozen companions at the wharf head, and was safe out of port long before daylight. An experienced caterer as well as navigator, the steward quickly calculated that the stock already laid in was insufficient for a two or three months' voyage. He therefore touched at one of the islands in Bass's Straits, whence, having reinforced his lockers, he made a fresh departure; and, in short, the Bishop's yacht was, in due course of time, recognised at San Francisco by some persons trading there from Hobart Town. Nothing more was heard of her enterprising borrowers, who probably disposed of her before they betook themselves to the diggings.

I believe, however, that Mr. Hill sent a polite message to his Lordship, apologising for the robbery, but urging the stern necessity of the case.

January 12th.—This afternoon, (my last in the capital of Van Diemen's Land,) having dined early, I devoted to visiting the Male Penitentiary, at an hour—seven P.M.—when the tenants were on a Sunday sure to be at home. The edifice is built of solid stone, with a formidable wall surrounding it, and is situated within the city. My friend and myself were most civilly received by the governor of the gaol, who straightway conducted us to the mess-room, where the prisoners were attending an evening lecture by the catechist of the prison. This officer, standing in a high reading-desk, and selecting a subject from Scripture, (the life of our Saviour was that under present consideration,) mingled his discourse with questions addressed generally to his hearers; nor did he fail to meet a prompt and intelligent reply, sometimes from two or more respondents. All were quiet and apparently attentive; but the answers came from but few. A hymn was sung also in good time and tune, but the performers were, likewise, a select few. The worst class of men, in their piebald dress, were separated from those in pepper-and-salt, (who are for hire by private individuals;) and these again were separated from a more juvenile class, the Parkhurst lads. There are usually from 700 to 1,000 men in this prison. A fine range of solitary cells has just been erected. The greatest care is observed in the classification of the offenders, in order to prevent the contamination of the bad by the worse. The labour, too, is apportioned by a scale elaborately kept, whereby the age, physical powers, and health of each person, as computed by the medical attendant, are taken into account.

At the conclusion of the lecture the prisoners marched through a line of constables to their sleeping-rooms; which are built to accommodate about thirty men in two tiers of berths,—a better arrangement than the old dormitories of 3 or 400 persons, but still I think not sufficiently subdivided. There are lamps burning all night in each room; and a watchman with list slippers, having charge of a certain set of rooms, creeps about the landing-places, maintaining order and decency under heavy penalties. The wretched gaol birds

had all gone to roost in their respective nests when I looked into some of the rooms.* Under former and more lax systems, as I was informed, the short period between turning in and falling asleep was employed, and perhaps lengthened, by the most villanous, disgusting, and blasphemous conversation. No dormitory of nuns—placid votaries of celibacy and religion—could have been more silent and tranquil than the night cells of these branded outcasts;—and how is this managed? I really hardly knew whether to burst into a fit of laughter or to view with admiration and approval the scene which was enacting in each sleeping-room. A large tin oil lamp supplied the chamber with light; and seated on the top of a step-ladder under the lamp was a man, one of the prisoners, book in hand, reading aloud—reading, in short, those very luxurious rogues, whose heads on their pillows were turned towards the lector, to sleep! The good substantial raiment, the plentiful meals, the flue-warmed rooms, the medical help, gratuitously supplied to the convicted thief, contrast in themselves but too glaringly with the hard-earned livelihood of the honest labourer;—but what would John Hodge think, if, in addition to the above advantages supplied to him by an indulgent landlord, he were to be furnished with an attendant—the parish clerk, for instance—for the purpose of droning him off to sleep? Poor hard-worked Hodge would not need such an auxiliary to Somnus; he would snore (as some of the prisoners did on this occasion) before the reader had time to put on his spectacles! The prison readers are of course selected from among the best educated men; the lecture continues from eight to nine o'clock, and is credited to the performers as so much hard labour; on Sundays serious books are allotted for these nocturnal lectures; on week days subjects of general information and amusement afford a lighter lullaby, probably less rapid in its operation. During the hour or two I passed in this penitentiary, such was the perfect order and silence observed, that I did not hear a word spoken except by the officers and attendants. It may fairly be styled a model prison.

January 13th.—A Mr. Page, proprietor of a daily stage-coach, running between Hobart Town and Launceston, advertises in the public prints the handsome offer of “A bed, a glass of old Tom, a cup of coffee, and an outside place—

THE ROAD AND THE RAIL.

120 miles for 5s." However great the temptation held out by this announcement, my friend Dr. S—— and myself, going on the principle that new brooms sweep clean, resolved to patronise an opposition coach lately set up—and in so doing we did wrong, for it proved to be slower than the "old original." The opposition advertisement betokened a less liberal spirit, as well as a more distrustful appreciation of the character of Tasmanian travellers—perhaps a deeper knowledge of the world, or of that portion of it to which it mainly referred. It ran thus:—"Inside 1*l.*; outside, cash, 5*s.*; credit, 15*s.*, and that *only to responsible parties!*"

The plan adopted for the return to New South Wales of my companion and myself was to go by the stage to Launceston, the northern port of Van Diemen's Land—thereby enjoying a flying view of the interior of the island; and at Launceston to take the *Shamrock* steamer;—which plies once a month, *via* Port Phillip, to Sydney, and back. There is no direct steam communication as yet between Sydney and Hobart Town. Our kind friends at the last-named city had procured for us invitations from families residing at convenient distances on the road side—thereby enabling us to see, in a pleasant manner, a little of Tasmanian country life, and to break the length of the journey. The great road from the capital to Launceston is the main artery of the island, passing through the best part of it from south to north. The stage-coach travelling in Van Diemen's Land is the theme of praise of all strangers; and, indeed, this particular drive, and the manner in which it is performed, are matters really enjoyable to a traveller who remembers the palmy days of coaching in the Old Country, and who has witnessed with regret the decline and fall of that pleasant mode of transit through a fine country. I believe most of my contemporaries will concur with me in the opinion, that few things were more agreeable than a seat on the box of a really well-appointed coach, beside a driver fond of his profession, for forty or fifty miles, at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, through some of the rural districts of England in the harvest season. There was something highly enjoyable, too, I thought, in the ringing of the horn and the rattling of the wheels as you dashed over the stones of a country town, turning the corners at a swinging trot, stared at by the townsfolk, and then driving under an

and away into an old-fashioned inn, where you were made comfortable for the night, or sent forward after a hearty meal with a fresh team and renewed spirits. Yes, I confess, this suited my old-fashioned tastes better than the modern rail. Whisk! you go through a forest of chimneys, steeples, gables, garret-windows, and tom-cat-frequented roof-gutters—and across a street which looks, by night, like a flash of lightning passing under you;—the town is traversed ere you have time to recollect and recognise it as your native town;—you approach a pretty village on a hill near it, and you have barely leisure to congratulate yourself that you will catch a glimpse of Uncle Anthony's house, and the Rev. Dr. Birch's seminary—your earliest school—when, presto! the train whips into a tunnel like a rabbit with a terrier at its scut, and your uncle's cellar and the doctor's playground are left fifty feet over your head! Three minutes more, and you are in the next county.

The journey through Van Diemen's Land reminded me faintly, and but faintly, of bygone days; the road itself is perfect; the London and Bath, or Brighton roads, in their best days, were not better; and the scenery is picturesque, although some parts of the country are extremely sterile. The pace too is equal to the fastest "Age," "Defiance," or "Regulator," that ever "kept good time" on an English turnpike road. The horses are of a better stamp and more of the old English cut than any bred in the other Australasian colonies. Much time is lost at the several stages, and yet the distance of 120 miles is done in twelve hours. Generally at a hand-gallop, we passed through a great variety of country,—wide-spread tracts of cultivation neatly enclosed, but with only middling crops of grain, standing or in process of being mowed; neat and cozy homesteads, proving the competence of the farmer; gardens and orchards and hop-grounds; hedges of sweet-brier embalming the air, and of course plenty of wild woodland, besides hopeless-looking plains, apparently deserted by animated and vegetative nature. The carriage was crowded with passengers—half-a-dozen more than allowed by licence—hanging on like bees, sitting edgeways, on each other's knees and on the luggage; the guard now clinging by a lamp-iron, now on the step with his arm in at the window, now enjoying half-rations of sitting room on the foot-

board of the box. Even in England the days of Gentleman Jehus are gone by,—the days of the Stevensons, and the Cottons, and the Brackenburys. In this colony there are no gentlemen stage-drivers, as may well be supposed. Our coachman, however, I am bound to say, was a pleasant fellow enough when drawn out: “but I like to keep myself to myself,” said he, “when I don’t know my company;” and in Van Diemen’s Land such a resolve was unquestionably a prudent one. His costume was pretty correct, even to the nosegay, and he had the gout, which was in excellent keeping; but the harness was dirty, and the horses ill put together and driven with as much noise as a team of six or seven hairy-heeled diligence horses in Normandy. Moreover, “coachee” handled a regular Smithfield pig-whip, instead of the neat taper holly stick by “Crowther,” with its thin thong fine enough towards the point for a trout line. But he made his nags move, and kept them moving! In 1835 the stage took two days to do this journey, and the charge was 5*l.* inside, 4*l.* outside; now it is twelve hours, 1*l.* in and 5*s.* outside.

At twelve miles from the city we crossed the Derwent by a causeway and bridge, nearly a mile in length—a considerable work. A cluster of ruined huts indicates where the muscle came from, and a great slice out of a rocky hill where the material was found for the formation of this fine piece of convict workmanship. The first town we came to was Brighton, and soon after, strange to say, we reached Bagdad. Beyond that Persian city our route took us over Constitution Hill, and having crossed the Jordan, we very appropriately came to Jericho,—a straggling village. Jerusalem we left some miles on our right; and the river Styx, which, however, we did not cross, has by some means found its way into this Van Demonian Palestine. Many of the local names are very characteristic of the “civil condition” of the country as it was when they were given. Thus, Murderer’s Plains, Gallows Hill, and Hell Gate, are the playful titles of three well-known spots, whose sponsors were doubtless bush-rangers at the best.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNEY TO LAUNCESTON, CONTINUED—MONA VALE—IRRIGATION—SHEEP FARMING—OUTSIDERS—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—LAUNCESTON SOCIETY, ETC.—LONG-FORD RACES—TASMANIAN HORSES—PARTY PROCESSION—WORDS AND DEEDS—GEORGE TOWN—FELLOW-PASSENGERS—BED AND BOARD IN ONE—A LAND ACCUMULATION—A PRINCIPALITY IN EMBRYO—CIRCULAR HEAD—THE VAN DIEMEN'S LAND COMPANY—PASSAGE TO PORT PHILLIP—ITS ORIGIN—A WHITE SAVAGE—FLOREAT VICTORIA—A STATE CABIN—A LAND-BUYER'S "SWAG"—A CHEMIST, A DRAPER, A HOSTESS—SEPARATION—SUCCESSFUL SHEEP-FARMING—ANTI-FELON CONFEDERATION—THERMOMETER 110°—FRESH COMPANY—A NASTY SEA—TWO-FOLD BAY—A BUSH CAVALIER—RUDIMENTS OF SQUATTING—SYDNEY'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

AT about midday, and at sixty miles from Hobart Town, which we, the slower coach, performed in seven hours, including stoppages for changing horses and breakfast,—we arrived at the entrance-gate of Mr. K——, a wealthy colonist, who had kindly offered to receive us for a night. The house and pleasure-grounds are situated about a mile from the high road in a country by no means pretty, but well adapted for sheep-farming—being by nature lightly, indeed too lightly, timbered;—an adaptation a stranger might at present reasonably doubt, for the natural pasture-land over which we passed in the proprietor's carriage was as hard and as bare as a brick—more resembling a Sahara than a sheep-walk.

Mr. K——has however carried irrigation to a greater perfection than any other person perhaps in the Australian colonies; of which he presently gave us proof by diverging from the direct road to the house, and bringing us to a wide tract of refreshing verdure lying in a gentle hollow,—where 500 acres are laid down in English grasses, divided by English quick hedges into convenient enclosures, along each of which are water-ducts with dam-gates, by which he is enabled to throw the whole or part under water in the driest season. This valuable plot of ground, which will probably feed as many sheep as 15,000 acres of the native pastures, was

originally a swamp, and was received under ostensible protest but with a secret appreciation of its real value by the proprietor, as part of a free grant from Government. Indeed, if I remember correctly, the worthy old gentleman, who has a hearty liking for a joke, chuckles complacently and openly over the fact that some additional land was thrown in by the authorities as a make-weight for the boggy allotment that has helped to make his fortune. Had it fallen into any other hands it would, in all probability, have never fed anything more profitable than a snipe or a wild-duck. The swamp was by him thoroughly drained and cleared; the brook that supplied it was dammed back so as to form a reservoir, and the precious element was thus rendered available when and where wanted, instead of wandering and wasting itself, a "chartered libertine," in the useless morass. After travelling, as we had done, through sixty miles of dust and drought,—for I never saw any part of New South Wales so thoroughly burnt up as Van Diemen's Land this summer,—it was delightful to see running water rippling along the courses, and to find one's feet sinking up to the ankles in the deep and damp clover as we crossed the fields. The frogs were loud in their expression of enjoyment; even the water-cresses seemed silently to luxuriate in the cool and moist corners of the ditches.

Mr. K.—did not forget to display to us his perhaps unique method of sheep-washing—by the agency of hot water. Two large iron boilers, filled by pipes from a higher level, keep the water at a temperature of 105° , and supply a couple of wooden baths cooled down to 98° . Here the sheep are well rubbed and scrubbed by one set of men, and by others are hauled over a wooden grating into a cold reservoir, whence, after receiving a shower from a set of spouts, they are allowed to escape up an inclined plane of clean pebbles into a grassy paddock, to dry their own coats—and *our* future pea-jackets and flannel petticoats. The hot water is not found, as might be supposed, to affect hurtfully the yolk of the wool. The extra care and expense bestowed upon the flocks, and the getting up of the fleeces have, I understand, been found highly remunerative,—some portions of the wool having sold in England for nearly twice as much as the staple ordinarily prepared.

Sheep-raising is conducted in Van Diemen's Land under more advantageous circumstances than in the colonies on the mainland of New Holland. There are now neither blacks, bush-rangers, nor native dogs to harry and despoil the flocks; the Australian practice, therefore, of folding and watching them by night, and the consequent necessity for driving them and harassing them with collies, soiling their fleeces and crowding them in unhealthy pens, is dispensed with, or "dispensed without"—to use the stronger expression of my fellow-passenger who gave me this information. The "dispensing without" two of every three of the hirelings for the care of the flocks is no slight saving—a saving which perhaps might just turn the scale in which the question of sheep as a profitable investment for capital—if one is to believe the squatters—is yet balancing.

There is nothing remarkably picturesque in the site of Mona Vale, the residence of Mr. K——; but the house itself is excellent; there are pleasant gardens and green-houses full of fruit and flowers, a tolerable growth of English trees, and, moreover,—rare feature in Australian home scenery,—a clear and rapid stream running across the lawn and forming beyond it a tolerably large pool, edged with English willows of great growth. Indeed, water at this place appears to have been drilled into perfect obedience to the behests of this ingenious and determined improver. Bath-houses in and out of doors, gardens, and stables, and offices, and even the bedrooms up stairs are all provided, at a turn of the finger, with a copious supply of the limpid element. Just beyond the lawn, a favourite and beautiful thorough-bred English mare, with a foal at her foot, and amicably attended by a huge emu, was luxuriating in a deep clover meadow. The proprietor of Mona Vale is a Manxman by birth, and, I suppose, must be the richest Manxman now in existence. His property on this spot is, I am told, about 50,000 acres; and his 20,000 sheep, managed as they are, must be as good as 3,000% a-year to him. A patriarchal profusion and a good old-fashioned hospitality reign at Mona Vale—almost to a proverb. The table was laid for nearly twice as many guests as were present; and, indeed, these appeared and disappeared without apparent previous notice or ceremony.

January 14th.—After a pleasant stroll about the grounds

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and partaking of a most substantial midday meal. I was accompanied on in his phaeton to the high road, to meet the coach. There was a gentleman in a cabbage-tree hat and an advanced stage of inebriety occupying my engaged seat on the box; but he was soon stowed somewhere among the luggage after making a faint and inarticulate request to be allowed to act bodkin between the coachman and myself. "Crack went the whip, round went the wheels:" the coach was two hours late, and we had sixty miles before us. The driver for this half of the journey was quite a young man, intelligent and respectable; he had travelled; he had been to California; had lost nothing by going thither, and had gained nothing but experience. He preferred Van Diemen's to any other land, especially on account of its climate—was married and lived at Launceston. The vehicle was quite as overloaded as it had been yesterday. I recommended that the fare should be raised, as the demand for travelling accommodation was evidently greater than the supply on this road, and every one in Van Diemen's Land seemed to have plenty of money. Yet the rage for cheap things—which is the ruin of *all* things—is as strong here as it is in England. "Raise the fare, Sir?" said the poor coachman; "why, the public will very soon expect us to pay them for travelling with us!"

Just behind me, and next to my friend—whose well-proportioned soul-case is not of very compressible materials—sat an entire family occupying the place of one outsider—a kind of human pyramid, differing, however, from that form inasmuch as the base was not the widest part. A slight young man composed the lower layer: the second was a fine rosy-faced, bulbous young woman sitting on his knees; and the apex was a bouncing babe of two years old seated upon hers. *Common* humanity forbade such a compilation for a twelve hours' journey on a summer's-day;—*mine* made me head-nurse for the nonce, and accordingly I carried the child for several stages. A few miles beyond Mona Vale, we crossed the Macquarie River by a fine stone bridge of fourteen or fifteen arches, and passed through the rather pretty town of Ross. Our course then traversed a level and apparently fruitful tract, watered, on our left, by the above-named river and by the South Esk on our right—grand ranges of mountains rising beyond them, Ben Lomond on the one hand,

the Western Tiers on the other. Sometimes almost brought to a walk by the new-laid macadam, the deep sand or the now dry mud of the alluvial flats, at others racing over miles of inimitably smooth road, we drove through Campbelltown and Cleveland,—small straggling townships. Then, crossing the South Esk by a solid stone bridge, we found ourselves in a richly cultured district with fruitful farms almost adjoining each other and betokening the neighbourhood of a considerable market for agricultural produce. The grain crops here were very luxuriant—so much so as to ensure, I should suppose, 500 per cent. profit to the fortunate farmers in a season (like the present) of general drought and failure throughout Australia.

At about seventeen miles from Launceston, we reached the by-road to the estate of a gentleman who had obligingly invited us for a night; but a report that the steamer would positively sail the next morning compelled us, very reluctantly, to break our engagement. Mr. W——, with whom we were not personally acquainted, was waiting for us at his gate. The coachman pulled up. My friend the Doctor was wrapped in a martial cloak, with a scarlet lining. Mr. W—— “presumed he was the Colonel,” and darted distrustful glances at the white-hatted, pea-coated tenant of the box-seat with the baby on his lap, who saluted him politely. The poor little brat was asleep; I had forgotten it altogether; it had become a sort of a second nature to me. We had imparted our regrets to our intended host, made our adieu, and the coach had driven onwards some miles before I recollected, with a loud laugh, and suddenly placed in connexion the puzzled look of Mr. W——, with the Doctor who looked like a colonel and Colonel who looked like something between a doctor and a dry-nurse, the poor slumbering innocent, and the somewhat relieved expression of countenance exhibited by that hospitable gentleman when he found that the whole of this establishment, nursing included, together with a big soldier servant and a good amount of baggage, was not to be transferred from the coach to his light dog-cart and from the dog-cart to his family circle! We on our side regretted the loss of our visit to this much respected colonist; the more, because we had heard at Hobart Town that there was no place in the country that would have given us a better

idea of the establishment of a substantial gentleman's property, none that could have shown us at a glance a better part of the colony, or a property more successfully adapted to farming and breeding.

"Get on, Tom," said the guard (he wore a red coat) to the coachman,—“you must get on a bit,” said he, in a manner that reminded me of old stage times; but it was all in vain;—the poor little horses, some of them hardly fourteen hands high, were no match for the crowded coach—they were fairly done up. Night had set in two hours before we reached Launceston, and so we had not only to take for granted the beauty of the country around that town, but the additional danger of darkness was added to a steeply descending and twisting road, a top-heavy coach, wretchedly weak wheel-horses, and nothing but a “lively faith” to supply the mundane safeguards of drag-chain, breeching, bearing-reins, and blinkers, of which there was not a semblance in this ill-conditioned turn-out. On the steepest pitch of the hill, the coach at last succeeded in running over the horses, and had not the young driver behaved with coolness and skill, we must have rolled bodily into the valley of the Esk. The fore-wheels were within a few inches of the coping of the road; and I felt as if I were “going to Alabama, (or elsewhere,) with my *babby* on my knee,” when he contrived to turn the pole aside so as to enable him to pull up the horses and to stop the carriage;—in consequence of which fortunate escape from extreme peril, at 10 P.M. I had the satisfaction of delivering over my infantine charge safe and sound asleep at the entrance of the Cornwall Hotel, Launceston, where my travelling companion and myself had engaged rooms.

The town of Launceston, ranking next in importance to Hobart Town, is seated on the confluence of the rivers North and South Esk, where their mingled tribute forms the Tamar. The two former streams are not navigable; the latter affords passage for vessels under 400 tons from its mouth, in Bass's Straits, up to the wharfs of the town, a distance of about forty miles. Its course, however, is tortuous and baffling, and would be unsafe but for a line of buoys. Although every way inferior as a harbour to Hobart Town, and with hardly a fourth of its population, the port of Launceston, being more favourably situated for commerce with the

neighbouring colonies, and having an infinitely larger share of
 produce and near at hand, discharges a greater amount
 of exports than the other. In 1848 the value of the exports
 from the port of Hobart Town was 55,000*l.*, that of Launceston
 69,000*l.* I have heard the population of Launceston
 variously computed at 4,000 and 7,000 souls; and by
 striking a balance between the two numbers, the truth would
 most probably be arrived at. There is little to admire in the
 town itself, though doubtless it is full of charms in the eyes
 of its inhabitants. The climate of this part of the island
 has the character of being delightful. It shows itself in the
 healthy appearance of the people, especially in the young. I
 saw in this town and its vicinity a very good average of
 pretty girls, with fine teeth and high colour. Further on in
 life the heat and the glare of the sun injures the natural
 beauty of the English complexion, bringing it pretty nearly
 to the Anglo-American level. The temperature is sometimes
 very variable, ranging over thirty degrees between morning
 and evening.

Having occasion to buy some opossum rugs for my projected
 voyage Home round the Horn, and the fur of this animal
 being thicker and darker here than in New South Wales,
 I was referred to one "Johnny All-sorts,"—a personage
 as well known as the parish pump. This useful individual
 I found a great admirer of the climate. He cited an instance
 of a friend of his who settled originally at Port Phillip,
 but who, "enjoying" bad health there, removed to Launceston.
 "He was as thin as a plank, or as you are, Sir, when he came,
 but in a few months he became as lusty as myself." Johnny
 was a puncheon personified, and any one less spherical,
 it was evident, was, according to his views, in danger of
 atrophy. His store was a picture of the *Omnium Gatherum*
 such as is seen in all newly-settled places before the trades
 assume sufficient importance to subdivide themselves. A
 bet, as I was told, had been offered and taken, that no one
 article could be named by the taker which would not be found
 in Johnny All-sorts' repertorium. "A pulpit," was rather
 unfairly named; yet a pulpit, somewhat soiled and neglected
 by disuse, but an undoubted pulpit was immediately
 forthcoming. All it wanted was a strenuous divine to knock
 the dust out of it.

Launceston has always been a favourite quarter for the officers of H.M.'s regiments; chiefly on account of an agreeable provincial society in the vicinity, more given, perhaps, to the country house hospitality of the old country than is the case in any other of our Australian dependencies. The town society of Launceston is civic, in the severest sense of the term. The retail grocer and draper apologises on meeting a newly arrived officer for not having yet paid his respects to him; and the latter, if lately arrived from England, does not at first comprehend that this is a proffer of acquaintance, and not merely an application for the custom of the new comer. It is not to be denied that, to some military gentlemen, the visiting card of their tailor might be more welcome than his "small account," but no apology surely is necessary for delay in tendering one or the other! The tradespeople of Launceston speak more cheerily of "the times" than those engaged in agricultural or grazing pursuits. Like the Sydneyites, the settlers in Van Diemen's Land apparently mistook temporary and extraordinary prosperity for certain and permanent wealth. While the younger colonies of South Australia and Port Phillip were stocking their earliest pastures—pastures boundless in space—from the Van Diemen's Land flocks and herds, the Tasmanian farmers made large fortunes by the sale of their mere surplus—the sheep and oxen for which there was no available feeding room in the island: but the tables were soon turned; for so rapidly did the stock increase in the more northern colonies that the superabundance changed hands, and the interchange of live stock between the ports of Launceston and Melbourne, the capital of Port Phillip, has, of late years, been greatly in favour of the latter.

January 15th, Launceston.—The sailing of the *Shamrock* was deferred on account of blowy weather; and perhaps because the captain's wife and family lived at Launceston, and the captain himself was uxorious. What was to be done for a whole day at Launceston? There was no "man to be hanged" as it happened. My Lord Tom Noddy—even Tiger Tim himself—would have been puzzled! Fortunately, however, we fell in with Mr. —, the resident agent of the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company, who was to be our fellow-passenger as far as Circular Head, the local headquarters of that Association, and who recommended and

offered to accompany us in a trip to Longford races, as affording a good opportunity of seeing one of the finest agricultural districts of the colony, and a glimpse of Tasmanian rural life. An open carriage with a smart pair of horses was quickly procured; and we enjoyed a truly delightful and England-like drive of fourteen or fifteen miles through a smiling champaign country such as I have nowhere else seen in Australasia. The forests of Van Diemen's Land resemble pretty closely those of New South Wales, the gum-tree being hardly less universal in its reign; but the blue gum, the pride of the Tasmanian Sylva, does not flourish in the northern half of the island. The face of the country through which we passed is agreeably undulating, and the cleared lands, unlike those of every other new colony, are quite unblemished by stumps—one of the good effects of convict-labour. It was a cold blowy day, alternate sunshine and gloom. Ben Lomond wore a neutral-tinted cap of clouds, from which he threw us an occasional shower dyed in the rainbow; while lighter vapours hung in mid air, and were drifted across the landscape, flinging down their fugitive shadows upon upland and plain and wide tracts of golden grain crops ready for the sickle. Unlike Australia, the enclosures are as often marked by hedges as by rail-fences, and here and there a single large tree, or a group of them, had been spared to adorn a field. The South Esk, a deep and slow stream, which we crossed by a ferry-boat, meanders along and fertilizes this favoured district. The tall hedges of gorse in full bloom looked and smelt like Home. We met a flock of sheep driven by a shepherd with a real pastoral crook—the crozier of his diocesan authority, and two tailless dogs that dodged through gaps in the fences, or scrambled at full speed over the backs of the close-serried flock in order to lead them in the way they should go. Now and then we overtook good substantial spring-carts filled with burly yeomen, their sonsy helpmates and no end of rosy children—the hind-part of the vehicle looking like a basket of peonies in full bloom, while beneath it trotted a trusty mastiff. In our turn we were passed by a smarter dog-cart or two driven by young farmers, or by fast-trotting hacks bestridden by rustic beaux in tops and cords, straw hats and hunting-whips. A traveller addicted to absence of mind, and imaginary absence of body, might

well have fancied himself in Derbyshire. The Longford race-course lies near the village of that name, a brick-built village—brick from the church-tower to the pigsty. The clergyman's house—fortunately veiled round with shrubbery—looks out upon the hippodrome. It was a regular rustic meeting. A wooden platform for the judge, with a small pen for the ceremony of weighing, half a dozen booths decorated with motley bunting; half a dozen hack carriages, as many dog-carts, about fifty horsemen, and twice as many pedestrians, constituted the company of this Tasmanian Doncaster. The running was absurdly bad, but there were some very nice horses on the course, and a few of a good old-fashioned stamp—such as is now not common anywhere, and is unknown in New South Wales.

The Van Diemonians, as they unpleasingly call themselves or permit themselves to be called, are justly proud of their horse-flesh. They have opened a market with India, which is likely to prove beneficial to buyer and seller. Among a series of equine anecdotes related to me by the stage-coachman on our late journey—anecdotes which, emanating *ex cathedra* (from the box), I invariably receive with respectful faith—there was one relating to a horse of the team running into Launceston, which I will repeat as testifying to the staunchness of the Tasmanian breed. “Do you see that little ’oss, Sir? the off leader, Sir?” said my informant; “that little ’oss, Sir, is the best bit of stuff I ever sat behind? That little ’oss ain’t to be beaten by anything that stands on four legs. You can’t go too fast or too far for that little ’oss. He’s been on this road these eight years—off and on. I’ll tell you a curious story about that little ’oss, Sir.” The story told how “the gent that owned him then” drove him one afternoon in his gig from Launceston to a friend’s house seventeen miles distant, and after dinner back again to the town; how that same night he was stolen from the stable by a notorious bush-ranger—one who had need of speed and knew the powers of this horse,—and how before twelve o’clock the next day he was sold by auction—“that little ’oss was”—at Hobart Town by his borrower, looking “as fresh as a new pin,” having carried this Tasmanian Dick Turpin one hundred and twenty-one miles in the interim.

January 16th.—The waiter of the hotel announced to us

that morning that Launceston was in a state of unusual excitement, on account of a grand meeting and a grand breakfast to be holden and given in honour of the Delegates of the Tasmanian Anti-Transportation Society; and further that the Cornwall Hotel was to be the scene of this demonstration. My friend and myself, although too obtuse to discover any token of popular ebullition in the dull little town, were thankful to have got timely warning that the aforesaid delegates were actually "under orders" to proceed to Melbourne in the *Shamrock*, for the purpose of conferring with their brother Antis of Port Phillip, and thence to Sydney to gather recruits for the League; and further, that they were to march in procession, bands playing and colours flying, after breakfast, from the Inn to the wharf. Forewarned we were forearmed; there was no time to lose; so packing up our baggage and paying our bill we hastened on board the steamer in the tamest and most undemonstrative manner;—for to have been involved in a party procession in Van Diemen's Land—however involuntary the enrolment—would have sounded ill at the Horse Guards, we thought, and would not have redounded much to our credit even in New South Wales. Ten minutes later the Delegates approached, escorted by a considerable crowd—the band playing "Love Not," and other equally appropriate airs; several sets of cheers were proposed by a gentleman on the paddle-box, and responded to by the multitude; and I am pleased and bound to state that "The Queen" was received with every testimony of loyalty and respect.

On the absorbing question of transportation there seemed to exist in Van Diemen's Land almost as great diversity of opinion as in New South Wales. The Antis have naturally the best of the argument, or, at least, they employ more strenuous language than their opponents. The advantage of verbal fulmination lies indeed on their side; for it is always easier to attack than to defend a system. For some weeks after I escaped from the steamer, my ears rang with the stale set phrases—"social contamination;" "the outpourings of British crime;" "imported corruption;" "the beautiful land of our adoption made a moral cesspool!" "moral pollution!" "moral scabies!!" "moral leprosy!!!" &c. More than once in Van Diemen's Land I heard very violent language used with respect

to the continuance of transportation; and, in one instance, especially, a discontented or bilious gentleman, whose station and education might have taught him better taste, worked himself up to such a state of rabid denunciation of Government measures, colonial and imperial, in which he was joined and assisted by a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, that I felt my position as a guest of the house, and as an imperial officer, extremely embarrassing; and was very glad to quit the shelter of so republican a roof. In this discussion the most absurd charges were brought against the Home and Colonial Government. I give one instance. 'To prove that expenses that ought to have been defrayed out of imperial funds had been unfairly charged against the colony, we were told that, a short time before, a convict, who was dying in the hospital, had been emancipated a day or two before his death in order that he might die a free man, and thus the cost of his burial might fall on the Colonial purse!' Here was a financial dodge with a vengeance! The simple truth was, that the term of the poor moribund's sentence expired before himself, and thus he and his friends (if he chanced to possess any) had the satisfaction of feeling that he died a free man. One fiery declaimer would have it that the time was drawing near when they would have to fight for their independence; or, at any rate, the Queen would have to send a large force to keep them in subjection; and the colony would have the benefit of a large military expenditure, instead of the present shamefully reduced garrisons. I assured this patriot that England would not strike a blow, except against a foreign foe, for the retention of Van Diemen's Land; and that the force at present in the colony could keep them in perfect order, if necessary.

I observed in this island, as elsewhere, a strange inconsistency between public protestation and private procedure on the convict question,—an inconsistency easily explained;—it was popular to denounce convictism, profitable to employ convict labour! I heard of a president of an anti-transportation meeting discussing the question in the abstract, and decanting with tears in his eyes upon the anxious feelings of a husband and a father, when called by duty or business to leave his family in the hands of a convict neighbourhood. He was drily questioned how it happened that, possessed of such

he had, on this occasion, left his wife and children in the power of thirty-six prisoners in his own employment! This insinuation was, of course, repelled with indignation, and refuted on the spot. Not a bit of it, the virtuous denouncer of convictism denied that he employed thirty-six convicts,—he only kept thirty!

But *Shamrock* is under weigh, cramful of passengers, some of them bound to Sidney like myself, others to Circular Head, several to Melbourne, and a few only on a jaunt to George Town the Brighton of North Tasmania. After forty miles of serpentine down the picturesque Tamar against a rough wind, our steamer dropped anchor in the little cove off that town, where we remained, weather-bound and wretched, the whole of the next day. My friend and myself sent ashore, and secured, as we thought, beds for the night; but we were dispossessed by the villanous Boniface in favour of a party of more permanent customers,—a family of Launceston shop-keepers.

George Town is a miserable spot, looking like the ghost of a departed marine bagnio, and seated on a dreary flat scarcely above the level of the sea. About a dozen and a half of houses, public and private, and a small church surround a rushy common, such as one sees in the fenny counties of England. In America or Asia it would be the head-quarters of ague; yet it is, in fact, particularly healthy. George Town owed its sudden rise to the necessity existing for a port of shipment for live stock from this island to Port Phillip, when the latter great squatting settlement was created by the former. It derived importance also from being a military and convict station. Both these sources of importance have now failed the poor little place. The ruins of the respective barracks are all that remain of the Government-men and their guards; and the township is strewn with the melancholy proofs of money, public and private, fruitlessly expended. From a somewhat restless and dissipated-looking fellow-passenger, who with bee-like diligence seemed to sip to the dregs the sweets of every place and pleasure that fell in his way, (for I had subsequent leisure to mark his mode of life,) and who remained ashore until a late hour at night and came on board sleepy and unsober, I elicited the fact that quoits, skittles, and a bagatelle-board were all that was to be had in the way of

"life" at George Town. This gentleman would have fared better in an earlier stage of its existence, for, in the old days of mismanaged convictism, this place, it is written, was a perfect hell upon earth. Rum, riot, and misrule,—a state of communism among the male and female prisoners,—and peculation, and concubinage with the convict women among the official people, such was "life" in George Town in its palmy days!

January 18th.—Got under weigh and proceeded along the northern coast of Van Diemen's Land towards Circular Head—distant 70 miles. But ere the vessel was permitted to take her final departure, a ceremony was gone through which smacked somewhat of the hateful passport system of continental Europe, and reminded one that the mouth of the Tamar is in fact one of the gates of a huge prison. A functionary came on board, and, in a manner I must say by no means offensive, possessed himself of every passenger's history, so far at least as to make it impossible, or next to impossible for a convict to evacuate the island as a passenger or one of the crew. Yet, on a late occasion the vigilance of this officer was at fault,—a female prisoner having made her escape, packed and labelled in a pretended case of stuffed birds, addressed to Port Phillip.

Like the stage-coaches of Tasmania the steamer, a nice vessel of perhaps 300 tons, and commanded by a deservedly popular man, was most uncomfortably overcrowded. We had about twenty-five cabin passengers, and a very motley assemblage we formed. There were civil and military and clerical, medical and legal and mechanical gentlemen, Jews and Gentiles, merchants and squatters. As for the "civil condition" (as the Census papers call it) of the guests at the cuddy-table, there was really every gradation of the bond and the free, short of prisoners under actual restraint; and one or two of them had "lag" so indelibly written on their hardened lineaments, that opulent as they might now be, it seemed monstrous that they should be permitted to jostle gentlemen of character on equal terms. I found myself shrinking from a commenced acquaintance with one fellow-passenger, when I heard that he had but lately got his freedom from the consequence of a crime which blasts a man's character for ever; and had, since his manumission, committed an act of the

grossly depravity and breach of faith. Yet this person, being clever in his profession, is never in want of employment. Every trip of the steamer imports a large detachment of the "freed" and "filtered" from Van Diemen's Land to New South Wales—a very sore subject with the anti-transportationist party at Sydney. There were two or three passengers named to me as the offspring of convicts, estimable people, on whom to visit the expiated sins of their parents—expiated as far as human laws were concerned—would have been cruel injustice. A remarkably handsome and ladylike person was pointed out as a daughter of "Margaret Catchpole," the well-known heroine of Mr. Cobbold's tale. There were some among the free who merited the adjunct of *easy* also—gentlemen of the bush, of the cabbage-tree hat and corduroys, of the beard, the belt, and the black pipe, with an exiguity of luggage amounting to the extremity of light marching order.

While I am writing these notes, a tall, picturesque-looking sprig of the squatocracy has just pitched his "swag"—a leathern valise, through the open skylight upon the cuddy-table, to the astonishment of my inkstand—and of myself had I been capable of astonishment—a feeling luckily almost rubbed off by fair wear and tear. Nor did this hardy bushman treat his person more tenderly than his wallet; for at night, having no cabin, he threw himself down on the oil-cloth table-cover, where, swathed in a blanket, he looked like a huge sturgeon on a fishmonger's slab. Six or eight others were no better accommodated; the floor was strewed with mysterious sleeping forms, and one wondered what manner of creatures would emerge with daylight from their several cocoons. Nowhere have I seen individuals of the wealthier classes travel so untrammelled with baggage as in these colonies. Sir Charles Napier himself would be charmed and satisfied with their simplicity of kit. But no—on recollection I have seen it outdone in another land. On board the *Great Western* steamer, bound from New York to Bristol, I shared a cabin with three other men. When I reviewed my ton-and-a-quarter of personals I could not but envy the independence of one of these gentlemen whose tiny portmanteau contained two shirt-fronts, a pair of boots and a bowie-knife.

Among the passengers in the *Shamrock* my notice was particularly attracted to a tall, stout, German-like man, about

FIFTY YEARS OF AGE, DRESSED IN A GRAY COAT AND BREECHES, WITHOUT waistcoat, gloves or other expletives of dress, and who stood generally with hands in pockets smoking his cigar and leaning against the funnel. When he did draw forth a great pair of freckled fists it was either to light another cigar or to refer to a note-book;—it was a note-book worth referring to! When thus employed he was frequently sleeping, or apparently sleeping on a bench before his cabin-door. This person was Mr. —, well known as the great land-owner and land-purchaser. Last year he purchased from Government 28,000Z. worth of land in the Port Phillip district, which, at the minimum price of Crown-lands, would give the like number of acres; and within his cabin-door, whereat he keeps a sort of mastiff-watch, although not an obvious one, lies a small portmanteau in which, as he told me himself, he has at this moment 20,000Z. (5,000Z. in gold,) which he is carrying to Melbourne for the purchase of another block or special survey of Crown-land. In Van Diemen's Land he has already purchased 50,000 acres, part from the Crown, part from private persons—a good deal of it cleared, fenced, and with more than one valuable homestead. This season, he informed me, he had sheared in New South Wales 90,000, and in Van Diemen's Land 40,000 sheep; and had sent to England 1,500 bales of wool, which at 20Z. a bale, gives 30,000Z. He has no taste for the luxuries; cares little even for the comforts of life, as far as himself is concerned. He is bestowing on his children a liberal education, his sons studying with a clergyman in England. They will soon be able to share his labours—the labour of amassing money and property. This amount of wealth, the end of which is not easy to foresee, sprung from a small beginning. When others, in the bad times, were ruined, he bought at his own price the live stock and land that they were compelled to sell. When prices rose he sold part, and stocked the plains of Port Phillip with the rest. Like the Gullys and Hudsons of the old country, he seems to possess an innate power of quick calculation which in matters of business is worth all the acquired powers in the world. Such men strike while the iron is hot; others ponder and waver until it cools.

His physical power and formidable person—for he must be six feet high, and about fifteen stone, are valuable allies

(as he indeed admitted) in the control of the unruly class of men he employs in parts of the country where the law has little or no force. In the shearing season he is compelled to collect, at his head stations, about fifty or sixty roving, roaring, rowdy blades—wild hands when idle, but good at a “clip;” on which occasions he takes care to be present himself, and does not forget to bring with him a cask of rum, (the teetotal Anti-transportation delegates shuddered!) which, when the business is finished, he abandons to the discretion of the workmen, instead of troubling himself with the daily doling of it out. If Mr. — is to make 30 or 40,000*l.* a-year by his wool, and is resolved to turn it, or half of it, into land, he must shortly become the proprietor of a principality which will cause the Arch-Dukes and Princes of central Europe, and the Rajahs and Nawaubs of central India to sink by comparison into insignificant squireens; and should his flocks continue to increase in the ordinary yearly ratio, he will soon possess as many woolly subjects as the kings of Congo, Loango, and Mandingo put together. In case the Government decline to part with more territory to this gentlemen—and I am aware the policy of so doing has been questioned—he will find private proprietors of land amenable to his gold;—indeed I have before me a paper showing that in the year 1846, at the sale by auction of a fine private property in Van Diemen’s Land, he bought 23,000 acres for less than 14,000*l.*, (a large portion of it fenced and improved,) 9,000*l.* below the Government minimum price for wild land. His enormous squatting establishments moreover will give him the right of preemption over considerable tracts. For myself, I consider Mr. — a real benefactor, a veritable patriot to his adopted country; for every ten or twelve pounds that he expends on Crown land will bring, or ought to bring, to Australia a free emigrant; and population is the highest boon that can be conferred upon a young colony. At the risk of undue accumulation of property, and the consequent undue influence resident in one individual, let the Government take his guineas and give their waste land, in full reliance on human nature and past experience, and in the certainty that what one generation amasses the next will dissipate, or at least divide. Mr. — is one of those characters that are seldom met with except in young and wild countries, and not often there. It is

in the crash of social and financial chaos that such men elbow their way to the front rank—the greater the general confusion and dismay the more certain their success; they are the *rari nantes*, who, with eyes firmly fixed on one object, after manifold buffetings come safe to land. In England there are instances of individuals—especially among the manufacturing classes—who, in the course of one life-time, have raised themselves and their families from moderate means to enormous wealth; but in Australia all the stages between adventurous beggary and inordinate possessions have, in some cases, been traversed in a quarter of man's usual term of existence.

At three P.M., having steamed ten hours, we reached Circular Head, the chief station, as I have said, of the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Company, and we cast anchor in a small cove sheltered by the natural feature suggestive of the name, (a huge basaltic bluff, nearly 500 feet high,) and united to the main by a low and narrow isthmus. As we drew near, it looked like an active volcano; for the summit was enveloped in blaze and smoke, the grass having been fired in order to produce a fresh crop. About a mile inland, on a somewhat exposed plateau of good soil, appears the farm of Stanley, with the house and gardens of the agent embowered in fine timber; and nearer the harbour is the village of the same name, containing perhaps a dozen houses, a greatly overgrown and disproportionate tavern, and a remarkably diminutive church. The Company possess 20,000 acres at head-quarters—their entire landed property in the island amounting to 350,000 acres. Emu Bay, one of their settlements, the Commissioner assured me, is a perfect little paradise,—“the climate all the year round like that of a greenhouse with the windows open.”

The captain of the *Shamrock* allowing us two hours, my friend and myself accompanied Mr. — to the Resident's house, a spacious building with most delightful gardens; and surrounded by a well-fenced deer park, where an immense herd of fallow-deer, the first I have met with in Australia, are turned out. It was a curious sight to see the beautiful denizens of our English parks, interspersed with a few Durham bulls of high breed, feeding under the shade of the *Banksia* and the *Eucalyptus*, up to their bellies in English grasses, while a group of tall Emus—birds that are always fond of the

company of large quadrupeds—stalked amicably amongst them. There are several hundred renters of land and labourers all free men, located in the territories of this Association. I fear that the laudable and promising experiment of peopling and cultivating this fine tract of country does not, at present, prove remunerative.

At seven p.m. got up steam again, and away across the straits (about 140 miles wide) in a north-west direction towards Port Phillip,—Port Phillip, hitherto a rich and prosperous province of New South Wales, but now on the point of legislative separation under the new title of the Colony of Victoria. The divorce, in fact, has passed the Houses of Parliament, and only needs to be received and promulgated by the Governor of the senior colony.

I will remind my reader that the territory of Port Phillip was originally taken possession of in the year 1804 by an expedition from Home, despatched with the object of forming there a penal settlement. Hastily selecting a sterile tract of land, where water was scarce and bad, and without any exploration of the adjacent fine country, the conductors of the undertaking as hastily abandoned the spot, and, re-shipping the troops and convicts, sailed for Van Diemen's Land, where they settled down at Hobart Town. Thus deserted, it was not until 1835 that this eligible territory was once more resumed by Englishmen. A party of squatters from Van Diemen's Land, wanting space for their increasing flocks, crossed the Straits, and quickly proved themselves more determined than the Imperial expedition in their occupation and appropriation of the soil. Mr. Batman and his companions purchased, or imagined, or pretended to imagine they had purchased about 600,000 acres—two or three English counties!—from an aboriginal *firm* residing in the bush—three blacks of the same family; "Jaga Jaga and Brothers," as they might be styled—the latter house signing and duly executing a regular cut-and-dried deed of conveyance, whereby "All Persons" were requested to "Know" that in consideration of a certain quantity of blankets, knives, tomahawks, scissors, looking-glasses, slops and flour—together with a yearly tribute of the like articles besides—the original proprietors did "give grant"—(but it makes one sick to go on! and I have previously troubled my indulgent reader with a

sketch of some such document as employed in New Zealand.) The Government, however, fully alive to the value of this fine province and port as a field for emigration, disabused Messrs Batman and others of their illusion, explaining to them in the most practical manner the theory of colonial waste lands, and their absolute investment in the Crown as trustees for the public. The Derwent Company became, therefore, squatters on the soil, taking out depasturing licences under the Government of New South Wales; and the claims of the Association "were finally disposed of by a compensation allowance to the extent of 7,000*l.*, to be given by way of remission in the purchase of land."* Whatever might have been the character of the transaction with the Aborigines, it is to such enterprising men as Batman and his companions that Britain owes many of her most valuable dependencies. The ape is not the only animal that avails itself of the cat's paw!

In 1836 the frontier of New South Wales was extended so as to embrace Port Phillip, and officers from Sydney were sent to take possession and erect a settlement. The progress of Port Phillip has been extremely rapid. In 1837, the year after its settlement as a dependency of New South Wales, the total revenue of the province was about 6,000*l.* In 1847 it amounted to 138,000*l.*; and in 1850, the last entire year of its financial connexion with the Sydney district, it reached the good round sum of 261,000*l.* "To show," says the *Sydney Morning Herald*, "how Port Phillip has gained upon Sydney in point of revenue, we subjoin the proportions in which the districts contributed respectively to each 100*l.* of the general revenue:—

In the period from 1837 to 1841—	
Port Phillip	8.17
Sydney	91.8
In the year 1850—	
Port Phillip	33.7
Sydney	66.13

Thus during the first five years Port Phillip contributed less than one-twelfth of the general revenue; and in the year 1850, exactly one-third."

There have been a good many candidates for the honour

* Westgarth's Australia Felix. }

of standing sponsor for this district. What it was called by the Jaga-Jaga fraternity no one much cares. Governor King gave it the name of Port Phillip in honour of his predecessor; Sir Thomas Mitchell dubbed it Australia Felix; Dr. Lang would have the bonny bairn called Phillipsland; when, fortunately for the fair province, Her Majesty was advised by her Privy Council to confer upon it the title of Victoria. "*Floreat Victoria*," should be the motto of the newly-endowed colony. "Advance, Australia!" is that of New South Wales.

January 19th.—With fine weather and smooth sea—just such weather and sea as are suitable to a steam vessel of small power, (a vessel quite inadequate to the commerce now existing and arising between the continent and Tasmania)—we approached and entered the Heads of Port Phillip; and at 3 P. M. we were dancing in the well known "ripple" caused by the gulf-stream confined in a channel perhaps a mile and a half wide, but diminished by reefs. Once within the portals, which are low and featureless as compared with those of Port Jackson and Hobart Town, we seemed again to lose sight of land—such is the extent of the inlet within whose jaws we had entered. Pressing onwards it was a considerable time before we sighted any part of its wide margin. At length here and there on the horizon appeared tops of trees stem-down—then low banks of sand quivering in the haze of evening—flat tracts of bush,—and, slightly elevated above them, occasional levels of clear yellow space, which I fondly believed to be grain crops, but which, I subsequently learnt, were no more than burnt-up pastures, grassless as the adjacent sand-banks. No mountains, no hills even appeared, no indications of the boundless plains and splendid pastures which have made the fortune of the district. The weather, to be sure, was unfavourable for the enjoyment of landscape, for the atmosphere was thick and lurid from the terrific bush-fires which had lately ravaged and were yet smouldering throughout the interior.

We passed a lighthouse on a rocky headland to our left, saw the surf breaking on the beach of Brighton to our right, were informed that the port embraces an extent of 875 miles of open water; and, after thirty-five miles of paddling since she entered the heads, the *Shamrock*, at seven P. M., dropped

anchor in Hobson's Bay, close off the little settlement of Williamstown at the mouth of the Yarra River, on which Melbourne stands, but still nine miles from that city. At the present state of the tide the wretched little stream was not navigable even by a vessel of such light draught as our steamer. There were small shore-boats hovering about, which carried off such of the passengers as possessed more legs than luggage to a point of the bay whence, it was stated, they would reach the capital by walking two or three miles across a doubtful, swampy country, by the doubtful light of a gloomy evening. My friend and myself, having long ago buried that restless impetuosity which impels young travellers to rush into unknown discomforts, resolved to abide such as were inseparable from our lot rather than "fly to others that we knew not of." Not without a grumble at the tide, nor without a hot glass of brandy-and-water, we therefore bestowed ourselves for the night upon the respective shelves of our joint state cabin. *State* cabin! what a prostitution of terms! what a cruelly ironical abuse of language! How is it that the word has so long and so universally, where English is spoken, been permitted to mock the wretch doomed to occupy that coffin above ground—the closest and cruellest incarceration, enlivened with the chance of being drowned or blown up;—"state"—marry come up! state of misery—state of nausea—of suffocation—state of stewing and compression like a Norfolk biffin in course of preparation—state of burial alive; of burial, too, with another living corpse that is pretty sure to snore, or swear, or be sick through the livelong night, (not that my friend did either!) while the patient occupying the upper berth is afraid to sneeze—if he happen to have a cold, as I had—lest he should knock his nose against the deck!

January 20th.—The view of Melbourne from the anchorage is by no means prepossessing. Although nine miles distant up the course of the Yarra, it does not appear more than four across the flat, scrubby land, which forms the left bank of that stream. The city lies very low; and in comparison with Sydney, Hobart Town, and even Launceston, impresses the stranger with the idea of heat and closeness. At five A.M., disengaging herself from among a fleet of some fifteen merchant vessels, the *Shamrock* entered the mouth of the

river, and in an hour and a half was alongside the "Queen's wharf." The stream is narrow and lazy, and near the town by no means pleasing to the senses; it runs through flat banks, covered with "fat weeds" and mangroves, or other low scrub; and in any other country but Australia I would have pinned my affidavit upon such a tract producing ague and fever in high perfection. Melbourne, nevertheless, is, I believe, quite as salubrious as any other part of New Holland.

On the vessel reaching the wharf the majority of the passengers disappeared as if by magic;—in five minutes none being left but the great land-accumulator and ourselves. The officer commanding the troops at Melbourne had obligingly sent some of his men to carry our baggage to the hotel. Mr. C—— was bound there also, and, as I saw him hanging about the auriferous portmanteau after the manner of an anxiously maternal cow with her calf in peril, I proffered a couple of larking "light-bobs" to "walk away" with the object of his solicitude—a proposition which the proprietor appeared to relish about as much as I intended he should. The steward and his assistants, being now at leisure, seized the rich valise by the ears, lugged it out of the cabin (it was as much as they could manage), and I saw no more of it nor of its worthy owner. I am aware, however, that he lost no time in carrying out his project; for, the very same day he waited upon his Honour the Superintendent, and tendered for a block of land to the extent of the sum he had brought with him. It was impossible to help admiring the simplicity and straightforwardness of the transaction—"Here's my money, give me my acres!"

Melbourne is a well-laid-out ugly town, containing about 20,000 inhabitants. The adjacent country, visible from the highest look-out, is but poorly sprinkled with trees, and is, at present, herbless to a degree that I never saw elsewhere, even in New South Wales. The town is but the outlet for the splendid back country of which, I regret to say, the short stay of the steamer—only forty-eight hours—permitted me to see nothing. There is about Melbourne an air of progress and prosperity apparent to the least observant stranger; an air of bustle and business during the working hours of the day, and of solid comfort and easy competence

when the labours of the day are over. The middle and poorer classes are so well off indeed, that they have no necessity for extreme exertion. Perhaps this may be carried a little too far; for it was in vain my servant tried to knock up a chemist at seven o'clock in the morning; and the Hebrew draper opposite the inn lost my custom for a blouse by keeping his shop hermetically closed until eight o'clock; at which hour, heralded by a clattering of shutters and a shop-boy with a broom and a watering-pot, this gentleman's court-plaister vest and diamond pin—rigorous morning costume of the Jewish and of the Yankee "commercial gentleman"—made their first appearance, accompanied by a bevy of pretty, well-dressed children of Israel, with large black eyes, hook noses and corkscrew curls.

We were very well put up at the Royal Hotel, which fronts a fine wide street, full of excellent shops. My bedroom looked upon a large stable-yard, into and out of which men with beards and cabbage-hats seemed to be continually driving tandems. Beyond the back-yard there was a glimpse of the river, whose opposite bank presented the dreary burnt flat before mentioned. An excellent dinner for four was served up to us; and on all points the establishment seemed to be well managed. The hostess, a handsome young woman, whose morning dress was of white muslin with a black silk polka-jacket braided in red, carolled about the house and her business in a manner quite cheering to the spirits; in a manner, too—and it struck me for the first time—not common in these colonies; and I don't know why. I have always thought the song or whistle of man or maiden a sort of indirect compliment to those they serve under; and I wonder why I so seldom heard in Australia, these tokens of a cheerful heart. "The milkmaid's song!" "The plough-boy whistling o'er the lea!"—in New Holland! As well might you expect to hear the robin or the blackbird warbling in a gum-tree! Can it be that the original character and temper of labour has been engrafted permanently on the soil;—that the sullen tone of the original convict serf has descended to the free servant of to-day? Or is it that the feudality of feeling existing between master and man has departed altogether out of the land?—is departing out of *all* lands? I have been inclined to think so ever since the last

groom and valet I had at home—a modernised fellow, who attended his club twice a-week—taught me to look upon myself, not as his master but as his *employer*. There was a good deal of significance, methought, in that substitution of title.

The good folks of Melbourne are all mad just now about separation,—separation from New South Wales. I saw to-day the words “Separation Inn,” chalked up over the door of a low shebeen-house, whose former sign had been erased; and one of the *five* newspapers of this little town contained an advertisement for the sale, at a music-shop, of a new air, “the Separation Polka,”—inapplicable title for a dance of which personal proximity in the dancers is a leading feature. “Separation,” as may be supposed, is a popular war-note with the Irish party—a pretty strong one in Melbourne. It is an instalment of that “Repeal” which has rung in their ears, and has been instilled into their hearts by priests and patriots ever since their birth,—the only instalment of it they are ever likely to obtain.

In Melbourne I fell in with several old soldiers, men of the ranks, I mean. Some of them called on me at the hotel, pretending business, but I saw that a gossip about “the ould corps” or the service in general was the real object of many of my visitors. They expressed themselves pleased with the place, and were in good employment either in the police, where the pay was a guinea a-week, or in private service, which gave them from 20% to 30% a-year with abundant rations. Amongst these men were two or three Chelsea out-pensioners, who had come out in charge of convicts to Van Diemen’s Land, and had been offered free grants of land to induce them to settle there. They preferred the climate of that island. “It was a deal cooler than Port Phillip,” said one; “but Lord love you, Sir, when I went to look at my bit of land, I found it a rough lot far from any settlement. I had not a shilling to lay out in improving the soil, and could seldom get a day’s work to help me on a bit; and if there were a few hands wanted by a neighbouring farmer it was sure to be given to some ticket-of-leave-man, in preference to the old sojer.” Another told me that he received “fine pay” in the Van Diemen’s Land police, but he had to serve under a convict chief constable, and that he could not stomach that.

"They are all links of one chain there," remarked this maligner of penal countries—"an honest man has no chance in it;" so he gave up his claim to a land-grant, and came away to a free colony.

A carpenter at work on a shop-front in the street, told me he got 7*s.* a-day, and that "rough hands" in his trade could earn 18 or 20*s.* a-week if they were sober. The former sum is exactly the pay, if I mistake not, of the Lieutenant of H.M. Regt. stationed here. He is a married man, wears a dress of scarlet and gold, subscribes to mess, band, school funds, &c., is obliged to support the character and appearance of a gentleman, and has probably purchased the commissions which yield him this daily stipend, and which he may lose in a moment by a bullet or a court-martial. "Chips," it must be confessed, has the more lucrative—not to call it better, trade! *

Sheep-farming is the great source of the wealth of Port Phillip. No sooner did the great grazing capabilities of the country become apparent, than all the known available land for "runs" was taken up; and the flocks and herds gradually increasing, the squatting establishments were in equal degrees forced back into the wilderness. As the same process is going on in New South Wales Proper, the flocks will ere long meet on the banks of the "Murray," the frontier river of the two colonies, (perhaps they may have already done so). Instead of a line of fortresses in hostile observation of each other, there will be a line of squatting stations along its banks. Sheep-washing and shearing on either hand will be the most active operations, and fineness of fleece and weight of tallow will be the fiercest subjects of rivalry between the two pastoral nations. The squatocracy of Port Phillip have the credit of carrying on their avocations with at least equal success as, and with less roughness of *ménage* and less self-denial than, those of the Sydney district. Some of them perhaps may be obnoxious to the charge of ostentation in their habits, on their periodical emergence from the bush into the cities of the coast.

Large fortunes have been made by persons, with some little capital at command, taking advantage of the "bad times" that have compelled others less cautious or less lucky to sell off at any sacrifice. In 1842, when the grand commercial crash took place, sheep were selling for 1*s.* 6*d.* and

* Since the Gold Discovery, Chips makes his £1 to £1 10*s.* a day.

even as low as 9d. a-head. A gentleman told me he had made a considerable purchase at the former rate, and had cleared off the whole expenses by the first year's wool. Such was the scarcity of coin at Melbourne at that juncture, that silver spoons were sold for one half of the value of their weight in metal.

At present the price of a good sheep-station, with the stock upon it, including the run and the premises, appears to be about 10s. a-head. After the transfer of the property, the purchaser becomes thenceforth answerable to Government for the payment of the licence and assessment. A station with 12,000 sheep, as I have been told, is thus sold for 6,000*l.*; the value of sheep at 5s. is 3,000*l.*; buildings and other improvements, 1,000*l.*; two thousand pounds remain as the premium of the transfer, and represent the difference between the real value of the land for the purpose of 'sheep-farming and the rent paid to Government. If then it be true that wool can be grown in the Port Phillip district at 6d. a pound, and will sell for 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d., squatting ought to be a thriving trade.* Renting sheep or cattle with or without the pastures is growing into common practice, especially in this province. A man without sufficient capital for, or not desiring to invest it in, the absolute purchase of a station, may thus take a lease of it for a term; and in so doing make a very good livelihood. The lessee pays so much per annum for 1,000 sheep (50*l.* to 80*l.* say). He gets the wool and the increase of the flocks, and, at the termination of the lease, he delivers back the station with the stock equal in condition, age, and numbers. Of course the price depends upon the character of the pasturage and of the stock upon it. This appears to be an excellent plan both for the proprietor and the lessee. It gives liberty to the former to attend to other concerns, or to take a holiday; while the latter, if he be already a proprietor, may thus extend his wool operations *ad libitum*. If a man of small means, he may make a fair profit at small risk; and a young newly arrived would-be squatter may thus

* In one week I observed sales of the following amount of stock by auction in Melbourne:—

A station with 10,630 sheep,	at 12s. 8d. a head.	
Ditto with 15,337 sheep,	at 11s. 6d.	"
Ditto with 10,160 sheep,	at 8s. 0d.	"
Ditto with 6,000 sheep,	at 11s. 9d.	"

learn his business as a tenant before he undertakes it as a purchaser.

One of my fellow-passengers from Melbourne to Sydney—a man of many fleeces, I should think—informed me that he had just leased sheep to the extent of 1,600*l.* a-year to enable him to “take a run” (he spoke professionally) with his family to Europe for three or four years. He told me also that the price he had stipulated for would yield him 12 per cent. on his outlay. “Are you sure he will pay you?” asked I. “I have him tight!” replied he confidently. The *d*—I doubt you, thought I, as I looked in the face of my new acquaintance, for he had a canny, acute look, and his name, if I mistake not, bore a north-British prefix. Another of my fellow-travellers was establishing at Melbourne a commercial house in connexion with England and China; wool from Port Phillip to London; goods from London; tea from Canton;—three good corner-stones for a “house.” Capital would not make a bad fourth!

Melbourne with its splendid harbour is, after all, a wretchedly bad shipping port. There is none of the fine deep-sea wharfage of Sydney. The system of carrying goods by lighters down the river to the anchorage adds greatly to the risk and cost of shipping produce. But with the rapidly increasing wealth and importance of Victoria, efforts will be made to remedy nature's defaults in this respect. A railway, or a ship-canal, with a substantial pier-head at its mouth, could readily be formed across the low land lying between the city and the harbour.

The Anti-transportation Delegates from Tasmania—(let me be more precise)—the Delegates of the Tasmania Branch of the Anti-transportation League—or, as the *Sydney Herald* styles that moral militia, “The Anti-felon Confederation”—were very warmly received at Melbourne; and so readily and liberally did the citizens, or some of them, sympathise with the cause these gentlemen came to advocate, that, at the first public meeting, thirty private individuals and firms, came down with 3,000*l.* in aid of the anti-convict crusade. The snow-ball is gathering volume; for the delegates of Tasmania, having enrolled those of Victoria and South Australia, are to travel onwards to Sydney—where, to pursue the *nivose simile*,

they hope to fall like an avalanche upon the transportation system and to crush it for ever! It seems rather a hard case I dare say I have said as much before—that old Mrs. Mother-Country may not stuff her naughty children into a corner to punish and keep them out of further trouble, and to make them, as she hopes, good boys for the future;—but so it is—England is not to be allowed to keep the little out-of-the-way useless island of Van Diemen's Land as a general penitentiary. Not contented with fending off further convictism from their own shores, the Australian group are obstinately resolved upon the purification of an island they care nothing about,—merely because, through Van Diemen's Land, the criminals of England will “percolate” (as is apprehended) into the adjacent colonies and, as the phrase is, “inundate them with British crime.” Pity that the colonists cannot be persuaded to lay the unction to their souls, that the foul element poured into the dripstone will issue from it pure and sparkling!

The delegates from Tasmania, Messrs. West and Weston, appeared to me to be truly excellent men, warm apostles of the cause, and so anxious to gain converts—albeit not unduly pressing the subject—as to oblige me to shelter myself under my cloth as exempting me from all political partizanship, and finally to take refuge among the squatters of the party by way of diversion. I do not think I ever did, or shall again, take in so much intelligence regarding sheepish affairs as on this occasion—Leicesters and fine-wooled, merino and Saxon rams, hoggets and ewes, wools washed and in the grease, scab and catarrh, tallow, “town and rough fat,” &c. This class were in excellent spirits;—the latest news of the *Mark Lane Express* was good; both articles had been “flat” lately, but colonial tallow was now “looking up” and “lively,” and there was a “steady demand for all kinds of consumable wools.”

January 21st.—Melbourne.—A day of tremendous heat, such as I scarcely remember to have felt in Sydney or even in Calcutta. The hot wind blew all day and night—not in fierce blasts as in New South Wales—but in a steady breeze keeping the glass up at 110° in the shade, without a moment's vacillation. Being unwell from a regular “old English” cold and cough that I had caught in Van Diemen's Land, I could not face the weather, and thereby lost the pleasure of visiting the residence of a fine old soldier, who, having commanded a

regiment for many years in this country, and having subsequently fought and been severely wounded on the banks of the Sutledge, has settled in this country. He possesses a handsome house in Melbourne, and extensive and flourishing grazing concerns in the interior. I rejoice to say there are many army and navy officers doing very well in this province, — a fact that can by no means be predicated of New South Wales. Generally speaking, these gentlemen are but little suited to compete in the race for wealth with persons born, as it were, and bred to business. Perhaps, too, the code of their youth, which taught them—in the words of Sir Lucius O'Trigger's fine sentiment—that their "honour should be as bright as well as keen as their swords," renders them unequal rivals of the keener blades sharpened on the whetstone of traffic. The stratagems which they have been accustomed to consider fair in love or war they are perhaps too scrupulous to extend to business matters.

This evening I had the pleasure of dining with my friend Mr. La Trobe, the present Superintendent of Port Phillip, and the future Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria. He resides in a most picturesque cottage, well sheltered by trees and gardens, and standing on ground sloping pleasantly down to the Yarra—his own property.

Melbourne should take example from Sydney and Hobart Town in regard to her hack carriages. Here they are miserable affairs. A pair of horses, which Mr. Fitz Roy's hounds, however sharp set, would have declined to sit down to, took us to the Government Cottage at the mildest possible jog, and brought us home at a walk. *Ex pede Herculem*, the horse stock of this province must be bad, for I did not see one tolerably fine horse in its capital. They should import horses from England and mares from Van Diemen's Land.

I heard a good deal and should have liked to have seen a sample of the kangaroo hunting with fox-hounds in this district. A day's sport is recorded, in which one of these animals ran thirty miles, and was then pulled down by two and a half couple of hounds out of a large pack. Several horses were killed, and no man was up at the death. This Boomall must have been a descendant of the great fossil *Diprotodon* discovered by Dr. Hobson some sixty miles from Melbourne, whose organic remains prove him to have been as large as an

elephant. Fancy the playful monster hopping over the tallest gum-trees! Fortunately man's era had not arrived, for such a marsupial might have put a couple or two of the lords of the creation into her pouch by mistake for her kids.

January 22d.—Arose at 6 A.M. and paid the hotel bill,—no trifling transaction. The *Shamrock* had gone down to the anchorage at Hobson's Bay, at the top of the tide. We retained two hours' longer lease of our beds, and the mosquitos of our persons, by taking our passage in the *Vesta*, bound for Geelong,—a most thriving town and district, situated at the head of a navigable arm of the harbour, about fifty miles from Melbourne. This town contains about 8,000 inhabitants. The *Vesta* soon put us on board our original vessel; and we piped to breakfast as she ran down the magnificent estuary of Port Phillip. *Shamrock* had deposited the greater part of her original human freight at Melbourne; but she did not fail to take in a fresh supply. We lost the delegates, and gained a batch of ill-bred children,—a race at all times insufferable, but in a small vessel at sea so dire a pest as to inspire feelings fearfully tending towards infanticide. There was an opulent Port Phillip settler, who had evidently risen from the ranks,—the humbler ranks of society,—with a very fine wife, unceasingly sea-sick in black satin during our five days' voyage to Sydney. Her poor, yellow, sickly-looking fingers glittered with rings,—even the index not being exempt; while “on her fair breast” she bore a piece of gold plate, solid and capacious enough to vote the freedom of a city in, wherein was set the “counterfeit presentment” of her very ordinary husband—red whiskers, shirt-plaits, studs, chain and “satin opera-tie at 7s. 6d.,” to the very life, and nearly as large. There were two or three very intelligent, and I may add agreeable commercial men, going to measure their wits with their brethren of Sydney,—and not to be outwitted by them, I'll be sworn. There was a pleasant fellow, a new hand, hovering about the colonies, not quite decided where to abide. Whenever not suffering from the prevailing malady, he talked, and sang songs, and wrote verses,—and, in short, had not yet caught the plodding, plotting, ledger-like look and habits of the colonial man of business “settled down to his running.” His young wife and children remained at Melbourne, awaiting his decision as to where they were eventually to settle and swarm.

Then there were a Port Phillip colonist and his daughter,—he a very gentlemanly widower, she a very pretty and fine girl,—going to Sydney for a passage to England; he to revisit his relatives after twenty years' absence,—she to make their acquaintance, being a native of the colony. This young lady might have been produced at the Great Exhibition of this year as a favourable specimen of the "currency lass" of Australia. The gentleman is one of the many instances of persons realizing good fortunes in this country, and losing them during the finance-quakes that have occasionally convulsed it. For a man retaining an ardent attachment to his native land, and a hope to revisit it, it is a harassing afterthought that at one period he might have returned there with comparative opulence. There are few that can whistle the past down the wind, and set to work, vigorously and unrepinningly, to build up a second fortune; and if I mistook not the prevalent expression of this gentleman's countenance, he is not one of these few.

The hot wind of yesterday was, as a matter of course, succeeded to-day by a rush of cold air from the south to fill up the atmospheric vacuum. The south-east gale got up a "nasty" sea, as the sailors called it, and the sea got up sensations in the bosoms of the passengers equally deserving of that epithet. Myself was the last survivor assisting the captain and first-mate in their attack on a Port Phillip boiled leg of mutton; my attack grew weaker and weaker—a cold sweat gathered on my brow;—at length I laid down my arms in token of surrender to the Sea Fiend, and, with a sickly attempt at a joke, clomb up to my shelf, whence I had the satisfaction of seeing the two nautical gentlemen continuing their operations, in full reliance on their own powers, and without any apparent regret at the gradual desertion of their allies.

January 23d.—Passing through "Kent's Group," with a foul wind, heavy sea, and powerless vessel.

24th.—Cape Howe—a fine, wooded peak, the eastern boundary of the colonies of Victoria and New South Wales. At 3 p.m. we entered Twofold Bay, situated 30 miles from Cape Howe, and 240 south of Sydney. This is a snug little harbour, and, indeed, was originally named Snug Cove by Captain Flinders, the navigator, who doubtless had an eye to

its convenience as a place of refuge for shipping on this shelterless and unindented coast.

Twofold Bay is, or ought to be, the shipping port for the rich pastoral district of Maneroo, lying at its back. These well-grassed and watered and lightly-timbered "Plains,"—as the undulating table-land of the interior is styled—are, however, separated from the harbour by a rough coast-range of sterile hills, very unfavourable for road communication. It was nothing short of nominative insolence and presumption to give the name of "Eden" to the Government township. The "Eden" of "Martin Chuzzlewit" deserved the distinction quite as well; and I do not believe that "at the gate" of such an Eden either "Peri" or Mortal would ever "stand disconsolate,"—unless, indeed, they were within it! The view of the recesses of the bay from the anchorage is, however, singularly lake-like and beautiful; yet we did not see it in its most smiling moments, for the weather was rainy and cloudy.

I saw here for the first time a party of blacks engaged in fishing from canoes. These simple vessels are but sheets of bark crimped up at the ends as one might crimp a child's paper boat, so slender and fragile as to be quite untenable except by themselves. The paddles are bits of bark the size of breakfast saucers held in the fingers. The fishing utensils consist of a wooden reel, line, hook and leaden sinker, a long reed spear with a head of bone or burnt wood, and a waddy or killing stick. Off a rocky point about half a mile distant a party of three, each in his canoe, were catching a vast quantity of small fish. A sailor hooked a young shark from the bows of the steam-boat just as one of these men was passing her; and the fish in his struggles having entangled the line round the chain-cable and become unmanageable, Blacky paddled up to our assistance, and, waiting till the fish became still for a moment, drove his spear through its shoulders and disabled it instantly. Soon afterwards one of our passengers purchased for two shillings the entire outfit of the simple fisherman—canoe, spear, waddy,—all except the line.

The *Shamrock* took in a hundred bales of wool at Eden—a dawdling, dilatory process, which kept a parcel of Englishmen twenty-four hours doing what as many Anglo-Americans would have done in four. As they rolled the bales lazily

down to the wharf through a hot and misty drizzle, I almost fancied I had before me the dreary scene and ague-stricken actors in Dickens' graphic but fictitious Eden. In the evening the mosquitos, rendered hungry by the rain, came off in winged hosts, and exacted from us all a heavy tribute of blood.

January 25th.—At Twofold Bay we only picked up one passenger,—a tall, strong, handsome young man; just such a figure as James would delight to depict. He was clad in a wide drab sombrero, and leathern overalls, with a New Zealand flax mat thrown over his velvet jacket by way of protection from the rain; and had just emerged upon the coast from the broad region of mountain-bush that separates the interior plains from the settlement. With his saddle and valise on his shoulder, he strode on board, and having placed these travelling valuables in a dry and safe place, he made himself comfortable by lighting a cigar and putting himself up to dry with his back to the funnel. "You are a gentleman, by your neat foot," thought I, "in spite of your rough outside;" and we were soon in high talk. He had been riding a tour through the sheep, cattle, and horse stations belonging to a company, with a view to selling them off—stations and stock. He described the country as remarkably fine and well adapted for farming—grassy and naturally open, waving plains or table land, with plenty of water in ordinary seasons. This company possessed 170,000 sheep, divided into forty large flocks. He had seen, he said, in his rambles, one or two spots in the wild bush which would have made a perfect paradise for a homestead. His description almost made me long to be a squatter. I can fancy a young man being greatly smitten with the desire to grapple with a Bush-life in all its peculiar rugosities; not inheriting the "improvements," or following up the already commenced operations of another, but beginning himself fairly at the beginning, selecting the spot in the virgin wilderness, marking where his flocks and herds are to browse, where they are to drink and find shelter; where the first rude hut of bark and slabs should stand, where the stables, the stock-yards, &c.; and where, hereafter, the more ambitious verandahed cottage of stone or weather-boards should be erected, when the original hut, once the squire's hall, should be degraded into servants' offices.

Perhaps a fair partner to share his seclusion may find a place in his aspirations.

Having settled all these points—except the last!—I can fancy the incipient bushman returning to the township full of eager haste to set to work. I see him and two or three rough but experienced hands, with a dray and a team of bullocks and a couple of riding horses, arriving at the chosen locality. A small tent or a preliminary gunneah of boughs is soon put up. The grindstone is fixed upon a fallen tree, for there are as yet no stumps, and the tall gums, and banksias, and acacias, tremble while the axes are being whetted for their fall. The salt meat, and damper, and bush tea, are all charming—for a time. Besides, he has his gun and a brace of kangaroo dogs, and a knowing old stock-horse that stands fire and can do everything but speak. He can bring down his wild-duck, or wood-pigeon, or bustard, mayhap; and can bring home across his pommel a hind quarter of venison—of venison with a tail weighing 20 lbs., to make soup of. Meanwhile his brother, or friend, or agent, (let him beware whom he employs!) in the city, is on the look-out for stock. The newspapers are consulted daily; nor is there much difficulty in finding what is wanted. Messrs. Mort and Brown advertise for sale by public auction “8,000 sheep of very superior character, warranted sound, and from six months to four years old”—just the thing! In a few weeks the new settler has reached the stage in Bush-life, described in the next few lines from a very amusing book called *Tales of the Colonies*. “*April 5th*.—Rose early, according to my custom, and surveyed my new dwelling with a peculiar sort of satisfaction. No rent to pay for you, said I—no taxes, no poor’s rate—that’s a comfort. No one can give me notice to quit; that’s another comfort; and it is my own—thank God; and that’s the greatest comfort of all.”

The next step;—but “my word!” (as they say in Australia and Cheshire,) my word! what has all this to do with the steamer *Shamrock*? and what has an officer of Her Majesty’s general staff, quitting, in a few months, Australia for ever, got to do with it at all? Let us, therefore, make better speed on our voyage. We sailed from Twofold Bay at one P.M. on the 25th, and reached Sydney on the following day, the 26th of January, 1851, the 63d anniversary of the settlement of New South Wales.

A GLIMPSE

OF

THE GOLDFIELD.

“Come unto those yellow sands.”

CH. W. CROFT

CHAPTER XXIII.

[1851.]

THE GOLD DISCOVERY—FIRST FLASH OF THE GOLD STORM—ADVERTISEMENTS—
 OFF TO THE DIGGIN'S—WHOSE THE DISCOVERY—CALIFORNIA—EFFECTS OF THE
 NEWS—NATURAL LAW—HORSE RACING AND GOLD HUNTING—REACTION—
 AUTHOR'S TRIP TO THE MINES—DISPIRITED MINERS—BATHURST "MAD AGAIN"
 —THE KERR GOLD LUMP—THE FINDER REWARDED—UNIQUE SPECIMEN—
 BATHURST OUT OF TOWN—SWALLOW CREEK—THE GOLD COMMISSIONER'S CAMP
 —DODGERS—THE MINES FLOODED.

It was within a few months of the termination of my residence in the colony, that the astounding fact of its being a gold country burst upon the inhabitants of New South Wales. No words can describe the excitement occasioned in all classes of society by the announcement. Those who held the reins of government had no precedent to guide them in their new predicament. The masters and employers of labour, of all ranks, from the lordly squatter of the distant interior, with his battalion of dependents, to the small tradesman of the townships, with his single assistant, trembled at the idea of their deserting for the diggings, and the consequent ruin of flocks and custom. The Government officers and other functionaries living on fixed salaries—the mere consumers of produce, to whom the presence of gold on the western slope of the Blue Mountains promised none for their pockets—shuddered at the prospect of raised prices on articles of subsistence, a prospect quickly realized by the selfish promptitude of speculators and monopolists, a few of whom, getting possession of the main staples of consumption, ran them up to a ruinous amount,—flour reaching, in a few days, 30% to 35% a ton, bread 6*d.*, 7*d.* and 8*d.* the two-pound loaf in Sydney, and in the country ascending to almost starvation prices.

The most extravagant reports of the treasures discovered

reached the capital day after day, and were of course diligently circulated by those who hoped to make a good market of such commodities as they had huddled together at the first flush of speculation. Sydney assumed an entirely new aspect. The shop fronts put on quite new faces. Wares suited to the wants and tastes of general purchasers were thrust ignominiously out of sight, and articles of outfit for gold-mining only were displayed. Blue and red serge shirts, Californian hats, leathern belts, "real gold-digging gloves," mining-boots, blankets white and scarlet, became the show-goods in the fashionable streets. The pavements were lumbered with picks, pans, and pots; and the gold-washing machine, or Virginian "cradle," hitherto a stranger to our eyes, became in two days a familiar household utensil, for scores of them were paraded for purchase, "from 25s. to 40s." in front of stores and stalls, so that a stranger or an absent-minded person, who had not yet heard the gathering cry of "Gold, gold!" might have imagined that a sudden and miraculous influx—a plague, in short—of babies had been poured upon the devoted city.

The newspapers teemed with advertisements pointing the same way: "Waterproof tents for the El Dorado"—"Quick-silver for amalgamating gold-soil"—"Superfine biscuits packed in tins"—"Wines, ales, and spirits, ready for carriage"—"Spring-carts for the diggings"—"Single and double guns and pistols for self-defence"—"Conveyance to Ophir"—"Cradles, prospecting pans, galvanised iron buckets, &c."

"LAYER AND CO'S OPHIR CORDIAL.

"No one who values his health or comfort should proceed to the Gold Field without a supply."

"Soyer's Lilliputian Magic Stove"—"Digger's Handbook, or Gold Digger's Guide, gratis to purchasers of outfit at _____ and _____'s stores."

"TO GOLD DIGGERS.

"THE undersigned will give information on any unknown substance found at the Diggings in the process of washing, free of any charge whatever.

(Signed)

"_____ PRACTICAL CHEMIST."

"CHOCOLATE.

"EVERY miner should provide himself with Peek and Co's superior Flake Chocolate."

"GOLD MINES.

"Two strong, able young gentlemen are desirous of joining some respectable parties in making up a proper number for the Gold Field. They are prepared to contribute a reasonable sum. Address, &c."

In the same paper appeared—

"PARTY FOR THE MINES.

"... Two young men have a good opportunity of joining this party, being provided with every accommodation. Expense, 12*l.* each; three months' provisions. Apply, &c."

"DISSOLVE FRIGUS."

"As the Colony is now advancing to a state of unprecedented richness, and the empire of Australia will yet rival the age called the Golden, Leopold Morgau & Co. offer their recently compounded cordial—the Elixir of Life—which will expand the benumbed veins of the gold washers, &c."

"THE GREAT GOLIAH OF THE AUSTRALIAN DIGGINGS.

"THIS magnificent specimen of virgin gold, just arrived from the Ophir Mines, near Bathurst, weighing above four pounds troy, will be on view this day in the window of Messrs. Brush & Macdonnell, Jewellers, George-Street, prior to its shipment for London for The Great Exhibition of all Nations.

"Sydney, 30th May, 1851."

The conversation of the Sydneyites had resolved itself into one exclusive subject: "Are you going to the diggings? Have you been? Have you seen anybody from the mines? Have you seen the lump of gold? Have your servants run yet? My coachman is off!" &c.

It was curious to mark how the first gold news affected different persons and different temperaments. The cautious smelt a hoax, "a cruel hoax," as some correspondent of a Sydney paper styled it. The suspicious went further, and averred that the hoax was got up by the Bathurst folks, in order to attract custom; that the specimens circulated in Sydney were of Californian origin, and had been planted and found again with a view to tempting crowds of persons inland. The Government, even, was afraid to act on the first rumour with the promptitude and vigour suited to the occasion, lest the whole thing should turn out an "invention of the enemy," and thereby throw an air of ridicule on the edicts, proclamations, and enactments which collective wisdom was prepared to launch at the emergency. The timid predicted scenes of riot and outrage at the diggings, bush-ranging on the high-ways, desertion of families by the men, and starvation to the

wives and children left behind. The sanguine plunged at once into an ocean of golden dreams—some dashing into all kinds of wild speculation—others sacrificing everything in present possession,—homes, trades, appointments, however well paid,—in order to scrape together a sum sufficient to buy or hire a dray, arms, stores, tools for mining—and off to the diggings!

In less than a week the diminution of the street population of Sydney was very visible, while Paramatta, previously half-deserted, became almost depopulated. My coachmaker deplored the loss of ten of his workmen—my tailor of seven; and my stationer and bookseller complained that his trade admitted of no exaltation of prices, while he paid $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ a pound for his bread, 8s. for getting his horse shod, and his people demanded increase of wages to meet the increased expenses of life. So little time or taste was there for lore of any kind, that he considered the gold-find had lost him 50% a-week in his counter-trade alone. My veterinary surgeon averred that the gentlemen of the leathern apron and paper cap had given him the option of raised pay on his part or a trip to the diggings on theirs, and that those who had stuck to their work were “continually flashing their independence in his face,” a graphic figure of speech accurately descriptive of the demeanour pretty generally assumed by those whom actual or anticipated success in the gold field had lifted above their natural sphere. Nothing, indeed, can have a more levelling effect on society than the power of digging gold, for it can be done, for a time at least, without any capital but that of health and strength; and the man inured to toil, however ignorant, is on more than equal terms with the educated and refined in a pursuit involving so much personal hardship.

It was on the 15th of May, 1851, that the *Sydney Morning Herald* announced to the public the discovery by Mr. Hargraves of indigenous gold in the Bathurst district. The Editor gives what he terms a “history of the progress made from time to time in the investigation of the auriferous rocks of the Colony.” An extract from this excellent article will be found in the Appendix; as well as a transcript from *The Bathurst Free Press*, containing a sketch of the proceedings of the above-named indefatigable explorer, who, it appears, made his first “find” in February last. I annex also portions of an article

by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, which appeared on the 24th of May in the same well-conducted and useful journal.*

To my distinguished friend, Mr. Clarke, the scientific theory of the existence of an Australian Gold Field—its geographical position, and its first specimen, are due. To Mr. Hargraves is due the practical opening up of the mines. The reverend geologist may be said to have discovered that the Bathurst Mountains were in labour; and the resolute adventurer brought the glittering offspring into the world! Each disowned, with some emphasis, previous acquaintance with the person and writings of the other; nor can their respective claims to credit possibly clash.†

The extraordinary concentration of the population of New South Wales in and about its capital; the consequent ignorance of the interior regions, and their abandonment to mere pastoral pursuits, doubtless operated to delay the important discovery. It was in repairing the race of a water-mill, I think, that the accidental discovery of gold was made in California. Had that wealthy province remained in the hands of its Aborigines, or even in those of the Mexicans, it had probably retained to this day its treasures within its own bowels. How wonderful the history of that now opulent state! Discovered by the Spaniards in 1543, it was by them colonized in 1769—(Sir Francis Drake having meanwhile nibbled at it 1578.) In 1822, California became a province of revolted Mexico. It was conquered from the Mexicans by the Americans in 1846; “annexed” in 1847; and in February, 1848, the gold was discovered. From 1846 to 1848, the white inhabitants amounted to but 10,000 souls. At the end of 1849, 200,000 persons had congregated there from all parts of the earth. In June 1850, there were 250,000, and 60,000 more were expected from the United States by way of the Rocky

* Appendix B.

† Having admitted in the Appendix extracts from the three sources of information above mentioned on the subject of the discovery of gold in New Holland, as well as on the prediction of its existence in that country; a sense of justice has induced me to recal my manuscript from the printer, for the purpose of stating that, since the work left my hands, my friend Sir Roderick Murchison has favoured me with a communication, which, as a plain narrative of facts, and in the precise form in which it was rendered, I now associate with the other documents; leaving the reader to form his own judgment upon what appears to be a clashing of claims (without controversy, however,) between two distinguished geologists.

London, 3d April, 1852.

G. C. M.

Mountains. In 1851, eighty-three steam-vessels were engaged in the River Trade of California.*

Judging *à priori*, what are now the prospects of New South Wales? If the deposits of the precious metal turn out as prolific as they promise to be, or half as productive as the Californian mines, her prospects should be infinitely more cheering than those of the American state. There—a heterogeneous crowd, rushing from distant countries, with every tie broken, without laws or leaders, without experience, converged madly upon the gold-bearing Thule—producing gold alone to sustain life—a bare wilderness, with a severe climate and a fierce race of aborigines. Here—the gold, as it were, comes to a community already firmly established; the machinery of government, of the law, of social protection complete, with a fair share of agriculture in the golden land itself, and a knot of sister colonies close around, able to assist her augmented population with the necessaries of life

May 20th.—The Government issued a proclamation, claiming all mines of gold, and all gold found in its natural place of deposit, as the property of the Crown; threatening prosecution criminal and civil against all those digging without due authority, and notifying that licences would be issued and regulations published. The licence fee was fixed at 30s. per month, paid in advance; and was expected to cover the expenses of extra police and other exigencies arising out of the gold-fund.† The only regiment serving in New South Wales had just been reduced from 900 to 640 men. The garrison of Sydney amounted to about half the latter number, the residue being stationed in other colonies. Moreover, the Legislative Council had but lately displayed their thrift and foresight by voting and carrying into effect the disbandment of the mounted police—an excellent force of 150 officers and troopers selected from the corps serving in the colony, as described before in this work. The pay of these military constables was merely their army pay, defrayed by the colony instead of by the Queen. The Executive was now compelled to scramble together a force consisting of a score or so of men, chiefly the remnants of the disbanded corps, with the slight difference, however, that the troopers having since got their discharge from the army, and become civilians, their pay would

* Pamphlet on California, by C. H. Chambers, Sydney.

† For the form of the Licence, see Appendix C.

be 3s. 9d. or 4s. a-day, with rations besides. A Commissioner of Crown lands for the gold district was appointed, and immediately started Bathurst, with a small party of the police to enforce, or rather induce order at the mines, and the payment of the licence fee.

There was great croaking in Sydney, to the effect that a magistrate with a dozen troopers, representing the law of the land and the standing army, would be able to do nothing in the way of levying a tax, founded on a new law yet unknown to Britons, upon a motley crowd of three or four thousand men, half of whom carried fire-arms, and especially upon those improvident wretches who, ill supplied with implements and stores, were scarcely earning enough to feed themselves. An active military officer, with a few horsemen, as a sort of movable force, was entrusted with the general guardianship of the Blue Mountain road.

May 24th.—According to the last accounts from Summerhill the miners are all working together with great harmony—only one act of personal violence having occurred, and that merely an instance of the exertion of the natural in the absence of the established law. Two young men, having discovered the roguery of their comrade in appropriating a portion of the general earnings, thrashed him away from the creek with saplings—an act of justice in which they were joined by other indignant diggers. All will go well until drunkenness sets in; for rum and riot go hand in hand; and a drunken man with a loaded musket is no better than a mad dog. There is some risk to life and limb in the mere living in a canvass house or a bough hut, surrounded by neighbours possessing an arsenal of loaded weapons—many of them wholly ignorant of their management.

May 27th.—Mr. Hindson, a Sydney merchant, returned from the gold field with about 1,000*l.* worth, among which was a piece weighing forty-six ounces. This was sent to England for exposition in the Crystal Palace. Its own intrinsic value and the prospects for the colony which it carries with it will make rich amends for the unaccountable neglect by the inhabitants of this colony to take advantage of the ample space allotted by the Commissioners for the display of their produce at the Great National Exhibition.

May 28th and 30th.—Driving on these two days to the

races at Homebush—the Epsom of Sydney, ten miles from the city—I counted nearly sixty drays and carts, heavily laden, proceeding westward with tents, rockers, flour, tea, sugar, mining tools, &c.—each accompanied by from four to eight men, half of whom bore fire-arms. Some looked eager and impatient—some half-ashamed of their errand—others sad and thoughtful. Many, I thought, would never return. They must have thrown all they possessed into the adventure; for most of their equipments were quite new—good stout horses, harness fresh out of the saddler's hands, gay-coloured woollen shirts and comforters, and Californian sombreros of every hue and shape. It was a strange sight—a strange jumble of images. The mind could hardly reconcile a thoroughly English high road, with toll-bars and public-houses—thoroughly English figures travelling on it to a country race-course—stage-coaches-and-four, omnibuses, tandems, scores of neat private equipages and hack carriages, sporting butchers and publicans in “spicy Whitechapels,” Sydney cockneys on square-tailed hacks, “happles and oranges,” “cards of the ’osses,” &c.—with the concurrent stream of oddly loaded drays and other slow-moving vehicles, piled with business-like stores and unfamiliar utensils, and escorted by parties of no less English men, armed to the teeth, clad in a newly adopted dress, utterly indifferent to and apart from the merry scene of the race-course, and carrying with them a dogged, resolute, and abstracted air—as though in a time of profound peace they were bound on some desperate and doubtful deed of war. One's mental obfuscation was hardly cleared up by the reflection that these British men on this British-looking turnpike road were simply journeying some hundred and fifty miles—the distance from London to Manchester—for the purpose of—digging gold!

June 1st.—On this day it was reported there were about two thousand persons at the mines, and about as many more on the road;—average daily earnings stated at from 10s. to 1l. per head;—a correct calculation difficult, because the people were generally silent on the subject of their gains. Rewards advertised at Goulburn, Maitland, and other townships, for the discovery of gold in their vicinity—a stroke of policy intended to prevent the desertion of their operatives to Bathurst, and to bring customers to their own districts; the

leading journal giving excellent advice to agriculturists not to allow the gold mania to make them neglect their crops, and predicting that with the certain influx of consumers the cultivation of their farms will prove more profitable than slavery in the gold creeks. The same paper computed that about this date five hundred families in Sydney had been deserted by their natural protectors, the lust of gold proving stronger than conjugal and paternal love.

June 5th.—Intelligence from the mines that 300 workmen had taken out licences for the first month. The commissioner had allowed some "law" to the poorer and less successful people. In the *Bathurst Free Press* of yesterday, is the following account of parcels of gold purchased by Mr. Austin, a wealthy shopkeeper of that town:—"Murray's party, consisting of five men, four of them teetotallers, who had been at work ten days, received 165*l.* for the proceeds of their labour. The metal consisted of pieces weighing from three ounces downwards. Fitzpatrick's party, 184*l.* 10*s.*, had been a fortnight at work, their earnings averaging 40*l.* a man. This parcel consisted of lumps weighing 11, 9, and 8 oz. and downwards, there being but very little dust amongst it. McGregor's party of five were five days at work and did not clear their expenses, but made up for that lost time in the following five days, their combined earnings amounting to 65*l.*, or 13*l.* per man. Besides the above, he has purchased many small quantities from 1 to 4 ounces, in which the average earnings are considerably lower than those given above."

June 7th.—I saw at Mr. Donaldson's counting-house a parcel of gold weighing one hundred and eleven ounces and a half—which he had just bought for 372*l.* to send home. It was curious to see and handle native gold just fresh from the deposit where it had been concealed for countless centuries, now so strangely come to light. The metal was in atoms from three and a quarter ounces downwards to the minutest dust. An emigrant ship arrived from England to-day, and about 200 impoverished Englishmen jumped ashore, unexpectedly, in a gold country!

June 26th.—The rains and the over-crowding of the Summerhill Creek has produced a reaction among the miners. I was not sorry to see red shirts and Californian hats at the

ordinary operations of daily labour in Sydney; for it proved that fools had got a lesson. I bought an excellent horse for 12*l.* from a cabman hot for the mines at the beginning of the week, and at the end he offered me 16*l.* to get him back, he having cooled down without having even reached the gold field. The miserable appearance of the crowds returning, had been enough to slake his slight attack of gold fever. I sold the beast by auction for 22*l.* 10*s.* when I had done with him—*i.e.* after he had taken *me* to the diggings.

July 1st.—A grand rush to the new-found diggings on the Turon River;—about 1,000 persons at work there. Although for many years past gold in the virgin state had occasionally found its way to Sydney, and been sold to jewellers there, some infatuation appears always to have led them to doubt that it was indigenous. An old prisoner named McGrigor disposed periodically of bits of the precious metal, whilst he was employed as a shepherd in the Wellington District. This man being in prison for debt at Sydney, when the gold-find took place in 1851, a party proceeding to the diggings engaged to pay his debts and to liberate him on condition of his binding himself to them for a term, and giving them the benefit of his gold-hunting experience. He soon disengaged himself, however, from this association, and when I was at the mines, he was supposed to be “lying up” in some “blind gully,” near his old haunts, with a countryman named Stewart for his companion. I have heard that in 1823—so far back—a convict of an ironed gang, working on the roads near Bathurst, was flogged for having in his possession a lump of rough gold, which the officer imagined must have been the product of watches or trinkets stolen and melted down!

TRIP TO THE DIGGINGS.

July 14th.—Having secured my passage for England in the *Mount Stuart Elphinstone*, advertised to sail on the 15th August next, and feeling ashamed to return home without having visited England's Gold Field, this morning I once more faced the Blue Mountains, on my way to the mines of Ophir on Summerhill Creek and of the Turon River.

The roads were in a frightful condition from the late heavy rains and the continual traffic of heavy vehicles laden with stores and materials for the new population of the diggings. The weather, moreover, was by no means propitious to my object. However, having a good, active pair of horses, a servant who was an excellent bush-hand, my own whip, and a friend's light phaëton, ruts, rocks, mud-holes, broken-backed bridges, and sidlings, possessed for me no great terrors. As it turned out, my carriage was the only one of a higher or more fragile order than a bullock-dray—except, indeed, the Bathurst Mail, upon the road in my up-and-down journey;—all were travelling on horseback or afoot. The route had nothing new to me, with the exception of its winter aspect, and the altered character of the wayfarers. The latter were almost exclusively gold-hunters; the former gave me an opportunity of tasting the sweets of an Australian snow-storm on the top of Mount Lambey. This was a novelty, at least; for I had seen no snow for upwards of five years. It was an ill-conditioned, bad style of snow; melting on one's gutta percha as it fell, from want of frost. Small drifts, however, lay on the shady side of the gum-logs, and I found myself admiring them as rare phenomena. With all his despotism, Napoleon could not have established a *nivose* month in the yearly cycle of Australia.

The gold mania, so rabid at the outset, had begun to abate towards the end of June. The weather at the mines had become bitterly cold, wet, and tempestuous; provisions were exorbitantly dear, owing to the difficult transport of stores across the mountains at this season; and the Summerhill Creek was flooded, whereby the working on its bed was put

an end to. In short, gold was not so plentiful as was anticipated,—not to be picked up on the hill-sides in an afternoon's stroll; *nor were nuggets* to be dug up, like potatoes, by the bushel. The privations inseparable from gold-digging were more severe than suited the expectations of the sanguine; the ignorant, and that large class of idle, feckless creatures, known in this colony by the name of Crawlers. In my four days' journey across the Cordillera I met, as I calculate, about 300 men returning, disheartened and disgusted, towards the townships; many having sold for next to nothing the mining equipments, tents, carts, cradles, picks, spades, crows, and washing-dishes, which had probably cost them all they possessed in the world three weeks before. They had nothing left but tin pots, 'possum rugs, and a suit of ragged clothes. A few had gold with them,—“no great things,” they said. Some had drank and gambled away, or had been robbed of their earnings. Mortified, half-starved, and crest-fallen fellows, so able to work and so easily dispirited, these were not the men for winter mining! Some looked so gaunt, savage, ragged, and reckless, that my thoughts turned involuntarily to my pistols as they drew near. They were returning to their deserted homes and families in a state of mind by no means likely to redound to domestic peace and comfort. A good many of this ebbing stream of would-be-gold-miners wore a sort of shy, embarrassed, repellent air, of which I could make nothing, until I found out that they were ticklish on the subject of a cant phrase with which it appeared they had been pelted by the villagers and upward passengers on the road. “Have you sold your cradle?” was a verbal dagger in their bosoms!

The style of weather with which I was favoured on the journey, as well as at the Summerhill Mines, was certainly far from encouraging to gentlemen or shop-boy miners obnoxious to the caprices of the elements, or to persons hesitating between a damp bivouac and a “damper” diet at Ophir, with the distant chance of a nugget, on the one hand, and a comfortable cottage in Sydney, plenty of beef and potatoes, good and sure wages, and indisputable possession of a notable wife, on the other. I did not overtake a single

* The word nugget among farmers signifies a small compact beast—a runt; among gold miners a lump, in contradistinction to the scale or dust gold.

person going westward,—so complete had been the reaction. Its duration was not long; for I met the cause of a second spring-tide of mining mania the very next day.

On the 16th, the third day of my journey, I encountered two gentlemen on horseback, travelling towards Sydney, one of whom, addressing me by name, inquired if I had "heard the news," and proceeded to inform me that a mass of pure gold, weighing upwards of one hundredweight, had been found a few days before on the sheep-run of a gentleman named Kerr. At Binning's Inn, whilst halting to bait, the Bathurst mail came up. The passengers confirmed the golden tidings, and I got a sight of a Bathurst newspaper, of that morning; the second leader of which is introduced below. The details of the discovery of the monster gold mass cannot be better given.*

* "Bathurst is mad again. The delirium of the golden fever has returned with increased intensity. Men meet together, stare stupidly at each other, talk incoherent nonsense, and wonder what will happen next. Everybody has a hundred times seen a hundredweight of flour; a hundredweight of sugar, or potatoes, is an every-day fact; but a hundredweight of gold is a phrase scarcely known in the English language. It is beyond the range of our ordinary ideas, a sort of physical incomprehensibility; but that it is a material existence, our own eyes bore witness on Monday last. Mr. Suttor, a few days previously, threw out a few misty hints about the possibility of a single individual digging *four thousand pounds' worth of gold* in one day; but no one believed him serious. It was thought he was doing a little harmless puffing for his own district and the Taron diggings. On Sunday, it began to be whispered about town, that Dr. Kerr, Mr. Suttor's brother-in-law, had found a *hundredweight of gold*. Some few believed it, but the townspeople generally, and amongst the rest the writer of this article, treated the story as a piece of ridiculous exaggeration, and the bearer of it as a jester, who gave the Bathurstonians unlimited credit for gullibility. The following day, however, set the matter at rest. About two o'clock in the afternoon, two greys, in tandem, driven by W. H. Suttor, Esq. M.C., made their appearance at the bottom of William Street. In a few seconds they were pulled up opposite the 'Free Press' office, and the first indication of the astounding fact which met the view, was two massive pieces of the precious metal, glittering in virgin purity as they leaped from the solid rock. An intimation that the valuable prize was to reach the town on that day having been pretty generally circulated in the early part of the morning, the townspeople were on the *Qui vive*, and in almost as little time as it has taken to write it, 150 people had collected round the gig conveying the time's wonder, eager to catch a glimpse of the monster lump, said to form a portion of it. The two pieces spoken of were freely handed about amongst the assembled throng, for about twenty minutes.

"Astonishment, wonder, incredulity, admiration, and the other kindred sentiments of the human heart were depicted upon the features of all present in a most remarkable manner, and they were by no means diminished in intensity, when a square tin box in the body of the vehicle was pointed out as the repository of the remainder of the *hundredweight of gold*. Having goodnaturedly gratified the curiosity of the people, Mr. Suttor invited us to accompany his party to the Union Bank of Australia, to witness the interesting process of weighing. We complied with alacrity, and the next moment the greys dashed off at a gallant pace, followed

July 17th.—For the last two days I had satisfied myself that, but for the honour of the thing, I might as well have walked afoot ^{as} travelled on wheels over such bottomless roads as those of the Blue Mountains in winter—bottomless as the Irishman's famous sedan. Indeed, I did walk the greater part of the way. At the commencement of the granite region my coachman exclaimed, "My word, Sir, they've been at the rocks here with their picks." The travelling miners, naturally attracted by the glittering of the mica, had indeed been trying some experiments on the tough crags which looked so dazzling in comparison with the dull sandstone of the county of Cumberland.

After halting for breakfast at my old acquaintance's, widow Jones, of Green Swamp, I reached Bathurst at two P.M.; and driving towards Mrs. Black's Inn across the dreary, treeless, herbless flat—which acts the part of esplanade or "Alameda," I met Mr. Suttor, who forthwith conducted me to the Bank, where, in a couple of minutes, I found myself in the presence

by a hearty cheer from the multitude. In a few moments the tin box and its contents were on the table of the board-room of the bank. In the presence of the manager, David Kennedy, W. H. Suttor, T. J. Hawkins, Esq., and the fortunate proprietor, Dr. Kerr, the weighing commenced, Dr. Machatti officiating, and Mr. Farrand acting as clerk. The first two pieces already alluded to weighed severally 4 lbs. 4 oz. 1 dwt., and 6 lbs. 13 dwts., besides which were sixteen drafts of 5 lbs. 4 oz. each, making in all 102 lbs. 9 ozs. 5 dwts.

"From Dr. Kerr we learned that he had retained upwards of 3 lbs. as specimens, so that the total weight found would be 106 lbs. (one hundred and six pounds), all disembowelled from the earth at one time! And now for the particulars of this extraordinary event, which has set the town and district in a whirl of excitement. A few days ago, an educated aboriginal, formerly attached to the Wellington mission, and who has been in the service of W. J. Kerr, Esq., of Wallawa, about seven years, returned home to his employer with the intelligence that he had discovered a large mass of gold amongst a heap of quartz upon the run, whilst tending his sheep. Gold being the universal topic of conversation, the curiosity of this sable son of the forest was excited, and, provided with a tomahawk, he had amused himself with exploring the country adjacent to his employer's land, and had thus made the discovery. His attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of the quartz, upon which he applied his tomahawk and broke off a portion. At that moment the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home and disclose his discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it. As may be supposed, little time was lost by the worthy doctor. Quick as horseflesh could carry him, he was on the ground, and in a very short period the three blocks of quartz containing the *hundredweight of gold* were released from the bed where, charged with unknown wealth, they had rested perhaps for thousands of years, awaiting the hand of civilized man to disturb them. The largest of the blocks was about a foot in diameter, and weighed 75 lbs. gross. Out of this piece 60 lbs. of pure gold were taken. Before separation it was beautifully encased in quartz. The other two were something smaller. The auriferous

of the monster gold-block. The larger pieces looked, I thought, something like the coralline sponges so common on the sea-shores of Australia; the smaller were in rude battered fragments slightly whitened by the admixture of bruised quartz, just as they had been knocked in hot haste from the matrix. I am no worshipper of the golden calf, nor of Mammon generally; but I must confess that, when my eyes surveyed and my hands weighed the shining and ponderous mass of that precious substance which, by universal consent, has become the great purveyor of the enjoyments and the elegancies of life thrown loosely into an ordinary tin box, fresh from its native deposit,—I must confess that visions of pick and spade, pan and rocker, for a moment crossed my mind. I recognised the first symptoms of the mania, and resolved on the first opportunity to apply a strong and early remedy, viz. one day of hard work in “prospecting,”—a remedy which I found occasion to carry into effect with the best result.

mass weighed as nearly as could be guessed from two to three hundredweight. Not being able to move it conveniently, Dr. Kerr broke the pieces into small fragments, and herein committed a very grand error. As specimens, the glittering blocks would have been invaluable. Nothing yet known of would have borne comparison, or, if any, the comparison would have been in our favour. From the description given by him, as seen in their original state, the world has seen nothing like them yet. The heaviest of the two large pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honeycomb or sponge, and consisted of particles of a crystalline form, as did nearly the whole of the gold. The second large piece was smother and the particles more condensed, and seemed as if it had been acted upon by water. The remainder was broken into lumps of from two to three pounds and downwards, and were remarkably free from quartz or earthy matter. When heaped together on the table they presented a splendid appearance, and shone with an effulgence calculated to dazzle the brain of any man not armed with the coldness of stoicism.

“The spot where this mass of treasure was found will be celebrated in the golden annals of these districts, and we shall therefore describe it as minutely as our means of information will allow. In the first place the quartz blocks formed an isolated heap, and were distant about a hundred yards from a quartz vein which stretches up the ridge from the Murroo Creek. The locality is the commencement of an undulating tableland, very fertile, and is contiguous to a never-failing supply of water in the above-named creek. It is distant about fifty-three miles from Bathurst, eighteen from Mudgee, thirty from Wellington, and eighteen to the nearest point of the Macquarie River, and is within eight miles of Dr. Kerr’s head station. The neighbouring country has been pretty well explored since the discovery, but with the exception of dust no further indications have been found.

“In return for his very valuable service Dr. Kerr has presented the black fellow and his brother with two flocks of sheep,* two saddle-horses, and a quantity of rations, and supplied them with a team of bullocks to plough some land in which they are about to sow a crop of maize and potatoes. One of the two brothers, mounted on a serviceable roadster, accompanied the party into town, and appeared not a little proud of his share in the transaction.”

* About 1,500.—G. C. M.]

It was, indeed, impossible to avoid lamenting that this unique specimen of virgin gold—rock and ore—had not been removed in a state of perfect integrity from its native bed to Sydney, and from thence to London. Great Britain could have afforded, it is presumed, to preserve, as a national cabinet curiosity, the finest specimen of gold *in situ* ever yet beheld. If the Emperor of Russia possesses a finer, I am willing to be corrected. The Rev. Mr. Clarke, in a useful pamphlet, published at Sydney soon after the gold-find, states that there is a specimen of native gold in the Imperial School of Mines of that country which weighs seventy-eight English pounds. Looking at the monster lump in a speculative light—Mr. Barnum would have realized 50,000*l.* in a couple of years by exhibiting it round Europe and America with the black fellow who found it, and the saddle-bags in which it was abducted, and would have sold it afterwards for at least twice as much as Dr. Kerr got for it. Mr. Hardy, the gold commissioner, in talking of this gentleman, described him, not as the lucky man who had made 4,000*l.* by a day's ride, but as the luckless individual who had lost 40,000*l.* in failing to constitute himself the travelling showman of his easily acquired treasure. The excitement natural on such a windfall, and, perhaps, the apprehension of robbery and violence, may have induced the fortunate finder to break up and carry away, as quickly and quietly as possible, so precious a freight from those wild regions to a place of safer deposit.

Whilst I was in the Bank at Bathurst, Mr. Suttor lodged there, to the credit of his boys, who had accompanied him to Wallawaugh—the native name of the spot where the block was found—nearly 70*l.*, the price obtained for the crumbs that had fallen from the breakage of the great mass. “Bathurst *was* mad again,” as the newspaper truly said—or, at least, it would have been so, but that it was empty. The townsfolk had with one consent put down their heads, shut their eyes, and run full tilt after the kindred gold lumps with which their ardent imaginations peopled the slate ridges and quartz veins around Wallawaugh. It never rains but it *pours*, and this day gold was actually found in a pebble picked up in the streets of Bathurst, on its being smashed by a blacksmith's hammer. The quarter sessions were going on—as great an epoch as the assizes of an English country town—yet no one

was visible but the chairman and two or three policemen. An unusually large number of Aborigines, male and female, were, indeed, idling and gaping about the tavern doors, picking up, from the usurpers of their native land—now ripping riches from her bowels—scanty scraps of subsistence, tea, sugar, or tobacco, and the certain causes of ruin and death—ardent spirits. The shops and stores seemed generally deserted. Some few were driving a smart trade in slops for the diggings; carpenters were employed on rockers only; shoemakers on mining boots; saddlers were stitching dog-skin bags for the gold-dust. I bought one, determined to fill it by dint of money if not by work—little thinking how much of either it would take to do so—small as the pouch looked! Dropping into Austin's stores for some small article of outfit, I was civilly shown a largish tea-tray, thinly sprinkled with scale gold from the Turon, the first I had seen. The grains were but little coarser than bran, very bright, with convex surfaces, evidently polished by the action of water. I was surprised to find, that trifling as the quantity seemed to be, this "parcel" of gold weighed no less than $11\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—worth about 450*l*.

The inns were helpless, in the American sense of the term. You were at liberty to ring the bells of parlour and chamber as much as you pleased, but there was no response—not even the too delusive "Coming, Sir," of the London waiter as he vanishes from your sight, leaving you to sigh or swear, according to your constitution. But though the comforts were fewer, the charges were no lighter; ten shillings a night being the cost of putting up a pair of horses at Bathurst, and 11*s*. at more than one of the mountain inns. Such is one of the effects of gold! In California, prices were somewhat higher—dollars for shillings, in short.

The Government, as I have said, had appointed Commissioners to reside on the Gold Field, to maintain order, and to enforce the tax. I had letters from the Governor to Mr. Hardy, the Chief Commissioner, who was at present on the Turon; and, fortunately for myself, at Bathurst I made the acquaintance of Mr. Green, the Assistant Commissioner, who, being on his way to Ophir, or Summerhill Creek, from a

licence-issuing trip to the new but not hitherto productive diggings of Havilah, kindly proffered me his company and assistance on the road, with food and shelter at his sheep-station half-way, as well as at his camp on the Summerhill Creek. Swallow Creek, Mr. Green's station, is about seventeen miles from Bathurst, and eighteen from Ophir.

18th July.—Amid torrents of rain, we started for Swallow Creek. Our road led us at first, for some miles, up the course of the Macquarie, and along the rim of the Plains until we had passed the solid-looking brick mansion of General Stewart, one of the oldest and most respected settlers in the colony. From the midst of his verdant meadows, through which the river, fringed with grand swamp-oaks, winds its fertilizing course, we turned abruptly into the hills to the westward, and trotting rapidly over an undulating granite country lightly timbered and traversed with marble veins, we reached the station in time to dine and sleep. This pretty farm is at present under the superintendence of a young relative of the proprietor. The cottage and garden are pleasantly situated on the gentle slope of a hill, looking over a fertile valley, along which the creek meanders. Gold has, by the simple test of the "prospecting" pan, been found along its banks and at its junction with the Macquarie River, but not as yet in remunerative quantities. With some 10,000 sheep and 4 or 500 head of cattle roaming over the mountain pastures in such close proximity to the mining region, the owner of Swallow Creek will henceforth be in no want of a profitable market for his flocks and herds.

19th July.—Still pursued by bad weather, we took horse pretty early for the mines. The country through which we rode, was rather hilly than mountainous, thinly wooded, and occasionally spread out in narrow but fertile alluvial bottoms, hitherto untouched by the hands of man. While plunging through one of the wildest and most lonely of these forest flats up to our horses' knees in mud and water, the rain pouring down in flakes and dashing into our faces from the boughs of the eucalyptus and acacias, my courteous companion informed me that we were at that moment traversing the main street of a large and flourishing town! and, in sufficient proof thereof, I was referred to an advertisement in the papers, the

spirited production of the George Robins of Sydney, which I remembered to have perused before I left that place. I am not about to decry a spot "so romantically beautiful"—the "oasis amid the sterile country which marks the route to the Diggins!"—although I did find myself in the position of Martin Chuzzlewit when he exclaims, on viewing the plan of Eden in Mr. Scadder's office, "why, I had no idea it was a city!" and receives for answer, "hadn't you? Oh! it's a city;"—and when Mark Tapley, from the depth of his simple sagacity, remarks, "the soil being very fruitful, public buildings grows spontaneous, perhaps!" On the contrary, as I cast my eye through the storm pelting across its wild features, and reflected upon its rich black loam, upon its frontage to the Lewis Ponds Creek and its vicinity to the mines, I found myself trotting through imaginary streets and market places, only regretting the vision did not realize itself in the shape of a substantial tavern, where something good for a wet skin might have been procured.

After riding six or eight miles, we crossed, with some little difficulty, the Lewis Ponds Creek—a tributary of the Summerhill and itself a gold-bearing stream, and turning abruptly down its left bank, took it as our guide to the mines. Over granite ranges, and along the flanks of clayslate ridges, we wound our devious way upon a very tolerable bridle track. Here and there a huge vein of quartz-rock shone through the dark trees, its milk-white *débris* scattered in drifts down the declivities, in heavy masses near the summit and running out into atoms not larger than hailstones and much resembling them, towards the bottom. Jagged and vertical flakes of schistose rock jutted up like great saws across our path, presenting a dangerous footing for the horseman but promising full pockets to the gold hunter—for quartz, in combination with clay-slate set on edge, is, as we learn, one of the most important "constants," or geological indications of an auriferous region.

At length, passing over a high flat-topped ridge—selected by a tribe of blacks for their encampment, on which I was surprised to find large waterworn pebbles, as well as some fine crystals of quartz—we came in sight of a bit of hazy distance caused by a more than ordinarily extensive fissure

between the hills, and here we recognised the valley of the Summerhill Creek. Just below us, on a small level space at the head of a steep ravine running down to the river, lay the Gold Commissioner's camp, consisting of that officer's tent with its cook-house of slabs and bark, and the tent and kitchen of the mounted police department—whose horses fed in a small temporary stock-yard hard by, dignified by the name of the Government Paddock. Here the Commissioner, or his assistant, seated like a spider in the corner of his web, is ready to pounce unexpectedly upon different parts of the stream occupied by the diggers, and so to surprise such of them as attempt to evade the Government impost. The country of the mines is eminently unfavourable to the exertions of the tax-collector. Miners of insolvent inclinations easily contrive to dodge the officer as he proceeds down the windings of the creek; the rocks and gullies presenting endless and convenient hiding-places for the sculkers. At Ophir, the simulated croak of the raven was the signal for evasion agreed and acted on by the unlicensed. One fellow shoulders the cradle, and runs to earth, while his comrades disperse themselves among the legitimate workmen, assuming the innocent look of spectators hesitating to commence on the arduous and precarious trade of gold mining. Numbers will, doubtless, always manage to work without payment in sequestered gullies, but when any such spot is found to be profitable it is not long kept secret. The solitary miners *must* go somewhere to obtain supplies; they are watched and followed by others who have been less successful, and the "sly" diggings soon become known to the Commissioner and his myrmidons.

The late heavy rains had inundated the creek and its confluents, which were rushing along in muddy torrents to the dismay and discomfiture of the workmen. The main stream, which had been passable dryshod in places, was now in no spot practicable on foot or on horseback. The people on the Bathurst side of the river were cut off from the township of Ophir, on the Wellington bank. A black man had established a rude and unsafe canoe on the junction of the Lewis Ponds and Summerhill Creeks, and was turning a handsome penny in the character of Charon. Crowds had left Ophir within the last ten days for the later discovered Turon Diggings;

some because the “holes” where they had hitherto successfully worked were flooded and refilled with the heavy stones and gravel they had quarried out with so much labour; others from a mere restless love of change; while not a few, unsuited to a life of privation, had abandoned the pursuit altogether. The waters of the Summerhill River, when once out at this season, do not readily subside, for its sources are in the Conobolas Mountains, whose summits in winter are frequently covered with snow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OPHIR—A GOLD POACHER—A BULLY CHECK-MATED—A MOTLEY COMPANY—DINNER AT THE DIGGINGS—EARNINGS—SLY GROG-SELLING—A WILD LANDSCAPE—NAUTICAL MINERS—THE MACQUARIE FLOODED—THE HUNDREDWEIGHT—DR. KERR'S RIDE—ADVENTURES OF THE HUNDREDWEIGHT—RIDE TO THE TURON—A VOICE OF THE MINES—A GENTLEMAN BUTCHER—CHEERFUL SCENE.

THE aspect of Ophir, viewed from across the creek, although eminently picturesque, was by no means cheering; for two-thirds of the wretched temporary huts and shielings of the miners were deserted and in ruin; many of the fires, in front of the sheds yet tenanted, had been extinguished by the rain, and the people still at work looked as if they had slept all night in a wet ditch. Not far from the Commissioner's camp I fell in with a party of three men more comfortable-looking than the majority, and, attracted by the solid and cozy appearance of their abode, I asked if they intended to remain at Ophir. They told me that they had purchased their domicile, which was built of stones, roofed with bark, a large burning tree forming at once their kitchen range and parlour fire, for five shillings, from a company who had taken ten days to construct it, and had gone off in sudden disgust. They had got their cradle for 3*s.*, other implements as cheaply, and a store of flour at less than Sydney prices. They had not done much as yet, but intended to await with patience and hope the falling of the river. The accompanying plate will save verbal description of the scenery around the diggings. The Commissioner's Creek enters the main stream on the left of my sketch. Under the flattish hill in the distance, called Church Hill, where divine service is performed, and where the Bathurst mail stops, is seen the junction of the Lewis Ponds with the Summerhill Creek, rendered famous as the spot where Mr. Hargraves first discovered gold in Australia, and which, until the floods set in, still continued rich in ore. A company, I understand, is in process of formation, with a view to



attempt the drainage of the pool by pumping; and if the trial succeed, there can be little doubt that an immense deposit of the precious metal will be found in the bed of the stream. The undertaking may be expensive; but it is encouraging for those engaging in it to know that in California many of the dams constructed to lay bare the water courses for mining operations, cost 10 to 20,000 dollars before a single cradle was rocked.

The hill trending downwards from the right of the plate is occupied by the township—so called by courtesy. Scarcely a tree remains on its bald front—every stick having been cut down for building or firewood. This declivity and the precipitous bank immediately facing it present one of the natural features which act as guides to gold-seekers in their choice of a likely location—a tongue of land, sloping gently to the stream opposite a rocky bluff—the two being commonly attended by a sharp bend in its course—rarely failing to be highly productive. Round the entire margin of this bend—the best spot of which is called the Fitz Roy Bar—extends a continuous series of mining works; or rather they did extend before the partial desertion of the miners had taken place. Not only had the whole of the gravelly bed of the stream been turned up and ransacked, but great caves had been worked horizontally into the foot of the hill. The space so treated varies in width from twenty to fifty yards; and looks, on a large scale, precisely as though it had been burrowed by the unringed snouts of a thousand swine searching for some tasty root—“the root, indeed,” observes some penniless moralist,—“the root of all evil!”

In the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Green, I got down among the diggers on the Creek. Very few were actively employed. Many I suspect were suffering every hardship short of actual starvation. Some were groping with their knives among the crevices of the slate rocks, or “pockets,” as they are technically termed by the miners. In this simple manner, the nuggets, pepites, or large waterworn lumps of gold, for which Ophir is famous, have been got out. We came, as it happened, plump upon a hangdog-looking fellow thus engaged, whose averted face proclaimed him as a poacher on Her Majesty’s gold manor. “Have you got a licence?” asked the Assistant Commissioner. “No, Sir,” said he, with a look

of ague and impecuniosity combined. "I have neither health to work, nor money to buy a licence." "Then get out of the creek. You have no business there," was the inexorable rejoinder. The man slowly and unwillingly obeyed the order, but did obey it.

The facile establishment of a new code of regulations among a heterogeneous mob of well-armed men congregated in these wild mountain glens, far from the seat of the law and apparently beyond its reach, struck me as a wonderful proof of the love of order inherent in Englishmen. There is at this moment not a soldier nearer than Sydney, and the force there is barely sufficient for the duties of the capital. The Commissioner and his assistant have no more than fifteen policemen to support them in the execution of their unpopular office, yet no open defiance of their authority has hitherto occurred. The ill-disposed and unruly are well aware that a word from the Government officer could, in case of need, recruit into the service of peace and order a formidable body of gentlemen and respectable persons, fully as resolute, and better armed, than the anarchists. Some time and some revenue have unquestionably been lost by the necessity of collecting the licence fees rather by humouring and even temporising with the workmen, than by the more summary process which comes natural to the collector who knows that he is backed by "the strong arm of the law;"—the strong arm of the military, I, as a soldier, of course assert to be the true meaning of that hackneyed term;—for though the sentence of the law may indeed be fulminated from the bench, trace to its source the power to inflict it,—and will it not be found in the standing army? In New South Wales, at this moment, the civil power, physically considered, is civil impotence;—for the constabulary—land and water police—are throwing down their truncheons at the end of every month, and starting off by dozens to the diggings. One has only to compare the population now assembled at the mines with the amount of licence money collected, to arrive at the conclusion that the impost is not effectually enforced. Nor do I believe it ever will be until a strong military detachment—say half a battalion—shall be stationed at Bathurst, as a fulcrum for the authorities to work upon.

On the night of the first arrival of the Commissioner at

Ophir, the diggers amused themselves—just as a tribe of New Zealanders might have done under similar influences—by squibbing off some thousands of musket-shots. Intimidation could hardly have been intended; but if so, they mistook their men very egregiously. One burly fellow, indeed, confiding in his superior strength and old habits of bullying, refused either to pay his licence or quit his ground; whereupon Mr. Hardy, a man of excellent temper and highly conciliatory manners, thought this opportunity a good one to assert his authority by other means than the soothing system. He jumped, therefore, into the hole where the recusant was working, and putting a pistol to his ear arrested him in the Queen's name, and the blusterer being quietly handcuffed was removed by the tipstaff. I was glad to hear subsequently that the officers had made some successful as well as determined onslaughts upon notorious gangs of illicit diggers. In many cases the enemy escaped, but their baggage, in the shape of cradles, was captured, and these being immediately smashed their means of future gold mining were cut off. The right to carry fire-arms and other offensive weapons so largely exercised by the miners, can hardly at present be interfered with; but this un-English practice is, I think curing itself. Public opinion has hitherto been sufficiently executive and protective at the diggings. It will continue effective so long, and so long only, as the public sense of right is not demoted by the indiscriminate introduction of ardent spirits into a society so questionably constituted as a New South Wales mining multitude.

In strolling down the works—if the term strolling can be applied to scrambling among jagged slate rocks in the river bed and slipping over the loose shale on the hill-side—I found it no easy task to get into conversation with the diggers. Some appeared sullen from disappointment, few communicative on the subject of their gains, and all apparently imbued with that spirit of independence and equality natural in a community where, whatever might be the real distinction in the station and education of individuals, all were now living and labouring on the same terms. If ever there was a pure democracy, it now exists at the Bathurst gold mines—pure as the most penniless possessor of nothing could wish—purer by far than any spouter of socialism, having anything to lose, ever

truly desired; and intuitively too transcendently pure for the views of those who believe that human society, like a regiment, should be a graduated community. The present state of affairs will not last long. In another year or two three-fourths of the men now working on their own account will be the hired labourers of capitalists or companies, and the social equipoise will be again restored. At present, here are merchants and cabmen, magistrates and convicts, amateur gentlemen rocking the cradle merely to say they have done so, fashionable hair-dressers and tailors, cooks, coachmen, lawyers' clerks and their masters, colliers, cobblers, quarrymen, doctors of physic and music, aldermen, an A. D. C. on leave, scavengers, sailors, shorthand-writers, a real live lord on his travels—all levelled by community of pursuit and of costume. The serge shirt, leathern belt, Californian hat, and woollen comforter, with the general absence of ablution and abrasion, leave the stranger continually in doubt as to which of the above classes he may be addressing himself.

"What luck, my good fellow?" said I to a rough unshorn, clay-slate complexioned figure, clad in a zebra-coloured Jersey, with beef boots up to his middle, "What luck?"

"Why, aw!" replied my new friend, with a lisp and a movement as if he were pulling up a supposititious gill, "only tho-tho at prethent. Our claim was tolewably wemunewative owiginally, but it has detewiowated tewibly since the wains set in!"

Diavolo! thought I, what euphuist in a rough husk have we here?

I learnt afterward that this gentleman is a member of the faculty, and was turning over more gold as a miner than he had ever done as a medico. I recognised many familiar faces without being able to put names to them, so much were their owners disguised. Some gave me a knowing smile in return for my inquiring looks; others favoured me with a wink. My peruquier, Mr. R——, was doing well; he had served his time in California. My saddler, Mr. B——, looked half-starved; it was clear he had better have stuck to the pigskin—a thing, by the way, often easier said than done. The Sydney counter-skippers generally made but poor quarrymen; many of them longed, no doubt, to be measuring tape again, and, perhaps, would have long since taken steps for resuming

their old and proper trade, had they not felt sure that the employers, whom they had deserted at a day's notice, would probably refuse to engage them again.

I soon found that in so earnest a quest as that of gold-hunting, those pursuing it are averse to the impertinent interruption of strangers. The Jew speculators and others, who were beginning to traffic at the mines, had however introduced one initiative question, seldom failing to open a dialogue in which some information might be picked up. "Will you sell your gold?" was that query. I resolved, therefore, to become a purchaser on a small scale. Had the idea sooner occurred to me, I might have made an excellent speculation, for the gold rose in price several shillings per ounce soon after my visit to the mines. At Ophir, I could have bought any quantity at 3*l.* to 3*l.* 1*s.* an ounce, and, conveying it myself to Sydney, could have at once sold it for 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.** At present, however, I had made no arrangement for the necessary outlay.

After a long ramble over the ranges I was not sorry to get back to the Commissioner's tent, where, seated at a little table in its entrance, our feet on a carpet spread over sheets of bark, with a huge fire of logs blazing in front, we were ministered to by an old soldier, one of the troopers, in a rough but wholesome and welcome repast. Whilst engaged in the discussion of tea in a tin pot, damper, and grilled mutton seasoned with pickled onions, several men came up to camp for the purpose of getting their gold weighed by Mr. Green, for they distrusted the weights of the storekeepers in the township. In some instances, they had, indeed, been sadly imposed on; but the cheating was not entirely confined to one side, for on a certain occasion a miner, presenting a nugget for sale at the counter of a store, was offered 2*l.* for it, which, after solemn consultation with a comrade, he accepted. The nugget turned out to be a piece of a brass candlestick, battered into a rough form, with bits of quartz intermixed. The imposition was soon discovered, but the seller's position was impregnable—he had never *said* it was gold. The "sold" party could hardly afford to complain

* The standard gold of Great Britain is made of a metal consisting of twenty-two parts of pure gold and two parts of copper. The Mint price of standard gold is 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per oz.

for had it been gold, 5% would have been the lowest equitable offer for it.

The Commissioner, being instructed to receive the tax in dust from parties not possessing coin, has his scales always at hand. It was amusing to watch the painful anxiety of some, and the careless indifference of others as they produced their respective earnings for valuation. It was pleasant to mark the perfect confidence all had in the Government functionary, many requesting him to take charge of their gold unweighed, and leaving it for weeks in his tent, although he was by no means responsible for any loss that might happen. Leathern bags, tobacco pouches, old handkerchiefs and dirty rags, were pulled out, and the glittering ore was poured upon a venerable newspaper for weighing; the common wooden lucifer box, however, seemed to be the favourite receptacle for the gold dust—a penny match-box holding about 40% worth of its new contents.

One man, a poor shoemaker of Sydney, had left in charge of Mr. Green the finest specimen of a “pepite” I had yet seen. I counted on buying it; but he came for it to-day, and refused 39% which I offered him, because, as he said, he wished to show it to his wife before he turned it into cash. The specimen, in form like a thick stick of sealing-wax, and wholly free from quartz, weighed 1 lb. 16 dwt. 12 gs. The little cobbler, who had by no means the appearance of a hardy digger, told me that the day after he had lodged his great nugget with the Commissioner, he had made 20% worth of gold in a few hours’ work. The freshet of the creek had, however, filled up his “claim,” and he resolved to return home with his present gains. He departed this evening accordingly with a comrade—evidently a sleeping partner only—who looked both willing and able to rob him on the road. This man sold me a few smaller pieces; and a party of three, who had made 57% worth since the beginning of the month, let me have a perfect picture of a small nugget at 3% 1s. per ounce. It weighed about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. Another company, who intended to return to the mines when the weather improved, had earned 112% in three weeks. A few days before, they had found a handsome lump of 9 oz. 9 dwts. It was nearly perforated with a blow of the pick. A party of five gentlemen, two, at least, of whom were magistrates, had worked for

a fortnight, and had made 6%, a day each, during that time. One of them, a fine able young man, told me that they had laboured really hard. He was arranging a joint-stock company for the Turon when I saw him, and had purchased tent, cradle, and other materials, from some disappointed party for one-fourth of their value. Such was at this juncture the depreciation of stores at Ophir, that a fine tent 20 feet by 10 constructed at a cost of 35% was sold for two ounces of gold.

The following is a singular instance of success, where success was most improbable: three lads from Sydney, the eldest seventeen, the others many years younger, with that precocious spirit common in "currency" juveniles, had taken leave of their mothers, and, as the respectable parent of one of them told me, had commenced by purchasing for 5s. at Ophir a cradle which had cost 40s. in Sydney. In three weeks they had made and sold 5% 15s. worth of gold each, and had brought back to Sydney 5% worth in dust, all expenses cleared, a fact sufficient to depopulate all the schools and to break all the indentures of 'prenticeship in the capital.

The miners, I observed, looked haggard and weather-worn about the face; but I fancy this jaded look proceeded rather from intense mental excitement than from bodily hardship. More than one almost started when I asked them if they did not dream of gold at night, and admitted with apparent shame, that not only did gold form the main subject of many a troubled nightmare, but that in spite of excessive fatigue, involuntary waking ruminations on the same absorbing theme robbed them of the rest absolutely necessary to recruit their strength for the morrow's labour. The general health, however, of the mining population has been excellent throughout—none of the fever, ague, and dysentery, which decimate the diggers of California, having been heard of at Ophir or the Turon. Morrison's agent in the mining townships is, indeed, said to be "doing a good stroke of business" at 1s. a pill; but excessive health is one of the maladies, perhaps, which the professor professes to cure. The diet is the real promoter of the general salubrity;—a regimen of meat, bread, and water, without vegetables, fruits or fermented liquors, bracing the frame to the utmost pitch of hardy and wiry strength. At the diggings, contrary to the forebodings of the dismalites, supply followed so quickly on the heels of demand, that after

the first fortnight provisions were as cheap as at Sydney. No licences for retailing liquors had been issued, for it was justly apprehended that drunkenness might in a moment convert a well-ordered, though mixed community into a perfect social chaos. Sly grog-selling indeed, was attempted on a large scale, and in the most impudent manner, by one or two of the richest storekeepers; but the Commissioners were on the alert, and contrived to seize and confiscate considerable quantities. An example being required, two policemen, disguised as miners and furnished with a parcel of gold-dust, visited the store of the chief grogseller who traded largely in gold, and offered their dust for sale. The shopkeeper purchased the lot, and at the request of the sellers, supplied them with a dram of rum each at a good round price. The information obtained by this *ruse* enabled the officers to swoop upon the peccant Israelite, carrying off eighty gallons of spirits and inflicting a heavy fine.

In discussing with infinite gusto a tumbler of the Commissioner's cognac, hot and sweet, while the rain rattled upon our tent roof and the wind drove the smoke of the wood fire in our faces—I could not help thinking that the diggers likewise might relish, and, as free men, had a right to their spirituous comforts in their damp bivouacs this cheerless night. I marvelled at their forbearance under so mortifying a restriction; but on reflection I felt satisfied that, despite the Commissioner's vigilance, wherever gold was plentiful grog would be forthcoming. Licences will, of course, in due time be granted to a few respectable persons to lay in and retail wine, beer, &c. It was rumoured that hard drinking, gambling, and fighting, were rife in the recesses of the tents and huts of the nomadic township, and that a noted thimble-rigger had been seen plying the delusive pea on the stump of a tree by the light of the moon, and had plied it to some purpose. All this might very well be, but at any rate it was not apparent to the eye of the mere traveller.

Sunday, 20th July—Ophir.—I had hoped to have attended divine service at the mines, but the inclement weather prevented the arrival of the minister from Carcoar, a distance of about thirty miles. He has generally a numerous congregation under the green gum-tree.

Mr. Green guided me by a short cut across the ranges to a part of the creek called by the diggers Newtown and Paddington; where something like a street had sprung up; and a lodging-house at two guineas a week was in progress of erection; the butcher's shop was doing a smart business, and a crowd of blacks were disputing with the dogs the heads and offal of the slaughtered sheep. Some of the more intelligent of the Aborigines have made themselves very useful at the mines, especially in cutting bark. They got 10s. for forty or fifty sheets. I heard cradles going in some of the secluded gullies, but in general a rest from work seemed to be observed by the diggers. The people were quiet, civil, but singularly—almost unpleasantly—silent. I saw a few instances of contused eyes, suggestive of Saturday night's recreations.

Lang's Point is at a short distance from Paddington: The river here takes a singularly serpentine course, driven as it is from the straight direction by successive bluffs on either bank. The low points opposite these have been found rich in ore, a fact attested by the knots of miners gathered upon them, and the numerous little rough-and-ready hamlets erected on their slopes. In this wild recess of the sterile mountain region, where the eye of the spectator is lost in folds beyond folds of the hitherto unpeopled hills—where a few weeks ago the aboriginal black and his quarry, the kangaroo and wallabi, alone disturbed the solitude of the desert—it was strange to see crowds of white men, many of them educated persons and nurtured amid the comforts and amenities of life, thronging the dreary ravines, burrowing among the dismal rocks, and enduring, not only without murmur but with all the zest of intense excitement, the rigours of winter and every hardship short of actual starvation. What wonder! the ardent sportsman courts cold and wet, fatigue and hunger, or the chance of a broken neck in pursuit of the grouse, the stag or the fox. Here GOLD is the game!

Many marvellous stories of the earnings of the miners were current, and found their way into the papers;—I believe most of them had no foundation. Their effect was to unsettle the minds of credulous hearers and readers, who, believing that Aladdin's lamp was only waiting for them to rub it, gave up steady employments for gold-hunting, and thereby too often

abandoned solid substance for a vain shadow. It is impossible to form a correct idea of the earnings at Ophir. Ten shillings a-day was pretty generally named as the average, which I cannot but think much too low. The search for nuggets is detrimental to steady work, causing a less careful washing for the smaller atoms, which after all pay better. At the Turon, pepites are less common ;—it is this, perhaps, that renders the gains there more uniform, and the instances of complete failure less frequent than on the Summerhill. A few days after I left this latter place a lump of pure gold, weighing fifty-one ounces, was dug up by a party of sailors, and sold by them to Captain Erskine, of H.M.S. *Havannah*, who will have the pleasure of displaying in England, for which place he sailed shortly afterwards, the largest waterworn piece yet discovered in Australia. The “spree” of gold-hunting became very popular among seafaring men ; and the papers teemed with trials of runaways from the shipping at Sydney. Most of them made a bad business, some never even reaching the mines, others losing all they had got by their own carelessness and the roguery of their neighbours. A friend of mine fell in with one of these fish out of water, who had been pillaged on the mountain road whilst lying asleep ; and was trying in vain to mount a sorry nag he had bought for the journey. The poor seaman was fairly “took aback, for,” said he, “they’ve robbed me of a one pun’ note, my ’stifficate of discharge from the ship, three weeks’ grub, and my port stirrup, and I’m blowed if I can get upon this beast without it !” My informant suggested the expedient of unrigging the starboard stirrup and shipping it on the port side ; and, moreover, performed this transfer for him ; upon which Jack, delighted with this somewhat obvious “dodge,” “shinned” up to his Rosinante’s back, and proceeded on his journey with renewed spirits.

Late in August a nugget of fifty-seven ounces was dug up, and sold in Sydney. The general form of these lumps is flattish, with the edges, whether of metal or stone, smoothed off as though they had been battered by harder substances and polished by the torrents of centuries. I brought home a nugget of about forty ounces, of a more spherical shape than common—not unlike the knob of a drum-major’s stick. The gold was thinly veined with pinkish quartz. The dust is

nothing more than the smaller particles broken from the larger and worn by trituration into miniature nuggets.

20th July.—In the afternoon, I took leave of my kind and hospitable friend Mr. Green, who furnished me with a mounted policeman as a guide and escort, and rode back to Swallow Creek, overtaking on the road a continuous line of travelling miners, proceeding, like myself, to the Turon. Poor people! they had to wade the several roaring torrents through which I rode up to my saddle-girths.

21st July.—A bright hoar frost covered the face of the country when I arose this morning. The milk that was served at breakfast was frozen in the pitcher. I left Swallow Creek early, having there resumed my carriage. It was a beautiful sunny day, highly cheering after a week of rain and gloom. In Australia damp and cloudy weather is intolerable; it seems a kind of breach of promise; and you feel inclined to sue the seasons for damages. In dear old England you are thankful for sunshine, and have nothing to urge in the way of complaint against so common an event as a rainy day, a cold or cough, or a wet skin!

The Summerhill and Turon rivers are alike tributaries of the Macquarie. Across the mountain region between the two gold-fields the distance is probably not more than thirty miles; and a track available for baggage-animals will doubtless shortly be made to unite them. My route took me round by Bathurst—the arc making the distance about sixty miles. In this town I had to wait three or four hours for the swollen Macquarie (that capricious stream, which sometimes does not run at all for years)—to run down; and by 4 P.M. I found it fordable on wheels. My kind friend, Mr. W. Suttor of Brucevale, had invited me to his beautiful place, which lies in the direct route to the Turon diggings, whether from Bathurst or Sydney,—so direct, indeed, that for the last fortnight the road in front of his windows has exhibited the appearance of the line of march of a large army's baggage. The cavalcade was still passing during my stay there;—a considerable sprinkling of scarlet serge-shirts and blankets, with a strong force of musketeers at the “slope” and “trail,” giving a martial feature to the movement. My worthy host might not quite relish the liberties taken with his property by the strangers; for they made their halts and their fires where

they listed, and turned out their beasts where it suited them. Perhaps, however, on putting two and two together, the sagacious proprietor might compound with their trespasses in consideration of the famous market this roving population was bringing him for his flocks and herds on the neighbouring hills;—for he has sheep-runs absolutely astride on the Turon.

The discovery of the Gold Field on this river is due to a superintendent of Mr. Suttor, who found the precious ore on the first search, and on every spot where he tested the alluvium by the tin-dish. The discovery was promptly made public by Mr. Suttor; and in a few days the cabalistic word "Gold" had conjured into existence, among the wild fastnesses of these mountain pastures, a population at the least equal to that of the town of Bathurst itself. At Brucedale I met the fortunate possessor of the monster lump, Dr. Kerr, who is connected by marriage with Mr. Suttor. It would have been wonderful indeed had not gold, and this particular morsel of gold, formed the main subject of discourse. The spot of the find, it appears, was by no means rocky, precipitous, or remarkably sterile; it was a gentle slope, in the midst of a favourite sheep-walk; the unconscious flocks must have a thousand times nibbled the herbage sprouting around the precious mass; the shepherd had, perhaps, used it as a pillow for his noontide doze, or as a prop for his back while he awakened the echoes with his oaten, or soothed his solitude with his clay pipe. But the destined day had arrived; the swarthy Corydon, sauntering with hands behind him and eyes bent on the ground, was suddenly attracted by the glitter of a yellow speck like the head of a pin on a lump of rock; and his thoughts naturally turning to the bilious-looking dross about which the white men had been for some weeks past in such a rabid state, he drew from his belt his tomahawk and struck off a fragment from the block. What was his surprise to find it not only thickly veined with gold, but a mass of gold nearly pure! Away went this second Man Friday, over hill and dale, until he had found his master,—and the rest has been told. It is not unimportant to know that Dr. Kerr owes his good fortune to the uniform kindness of himself and his amiable lady towards the aborigines; the latter having been especially earnest in her endeavours to ameliorate the condition of this abject race. I heard somewhere that another

intelligent black had stated that he remembered having seen, as a child, large quantities of the substance about which so much stir was now made. In vain he tasked his memory as to the spot where he asserted that many years back he had seen a block similar to those just found;—it might possibly be the same, but his recollections pointed rather to some distant part of the mountain region.

The hundredweight was found, it appears, in three pieces, situated triagonally a few paces apart, and detached from any vein of rock. Mr. Suttor took the trouble to convey down to the creek and to wash some pans of the surrounding earth, but not the smallest indication of gold was perceptible therein, although particles of the metal were readily found on the banks of the stream. I believe this instance of a heavy mass of gold found *in situ* and removable without the labour of the miner, to be quite unparalleled in mineralogical history. What wonder that such a discovery should cause uncommon—even undue—excitement amongst a people all classes of whom may be styled industrial, for all are labouring by mind or muscle for their daily bread, and none can afford to be idle! It is impossible to argue others, or indeed to persuade oneself into the belief that this particular mass, picked up within the first three months of Australia's golden era, is—in the language of sentimental poetry—"the lonely one." Science cannot assert it. There is no precedent to guide probability. Everybody *may* find a similar jetsom; and the Bathurst Mountains will accordingly be rummaged for kindred lumps—to the discovery of others perhaps, but to the certain disappointment of hundreds of "tall fellows" who might well be more profitably employed for the good of themselves, their families, and the public.

The ladies at Bruceedale were obliging enough to make up, as a present for my wife, a packet of specimens of the different ores found in this richly metalliferous district—Mrs. Kerr contributing some beautiful atoms of the monster block which had been scattered from it by the sledge-hammer. They were all more or less intermixed with white quartz. Some grand combustion had evidently fused the metal and the rock, the soft and the hard, the precious and the worthless, into one common mass. The gold, thus released from, or exposed in its birthplace, was crystallized into innumerable sharp

spiracles, and looked as though it had just come from under the chasing tool of some cunning sculptor. Cellini himself could not have produced more exquisite forms. The Kerr Hundredweight had become, as I have hinted, a classical subject. Every detail connected with it was interesting to a stranger, and had, of course, become a household word at Brucedale. Even the little saddle-bags into which it had, in its fragmental form, been with difficulty crammed, were dignified into objects of curiosity worthy of a museum. It was amusing to hear that the worthy doctor, on his long ride homewards with the gold across his saddle, being compelled to halt at some human habitation for refreshment, had, in order to avert suspicion from his precious freight, lifted it with assumed ease from the horse's back, and flung it with forced indifference over a rail fence;—"it seems heavy," remarked a bystander. "Full of gold, of course!" replied the owner, with a smile, and with more truth than he desired to get credit for.

July 22d.—Brucedale. Another specimen was added to my collection—as interesting to me as the others, although not so pleasing in its association;—a jagged spear-head about six inches long, just cut by Dr. Kerr out of the breast of one of Mr. Suttor's blacks. He was the bully of the tribe, it appears, but unluckily getting drunk, a rival took advantage of his weak moment, and, challenging him to a duel, transfixed him with his lance. The rude weapon had passed along the breastbone under the pectoral muscles, which the operator was compelled to lay open in order to release the serrated wood. No indication of pain was manifested by the manly patient under the surgical knife. He was a fine powerful-looking fellow.

This morning Mr. Suttor went into Bathurst to conclude the sale of the Kerr gold; and I, having entered into temporary partnership with one of his sons, proceeded to carry into effect the cold water cure I had resolved to throw upon the nascent symptoms of the gold epidemic which I felt creeping in my veins. A day's "prospecting" was the prescription. By dint of a rough pony, a cold day, six quartz ridges jagged with slate, two or three flooded creeks, a pickaxe, a sledge-hammer, a tin dish, and—a total absence of gold, even the minutest speck, in reward of our united labours—the remedy

was effectuated in five hours, and the disease eradicated for ever! In the evening Mr. Suttor returned, having sold, after brisk competition, his brother-in-law's *trouvaille*—1,233 oz. 9 dwts.—for 4,160*l.* (being 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per oz.) to a firm in Sydney, the head of which had all along predicted, and did not the less continue to predict that the discovery of gold would be the ruin of the colony! I mention this fact merely to add that this gentleman was not singular in his opinion; for scores of persons were speculating deeply in the ore, who looked with doubt and even with dismay to the result it might produce on the other interests of the country—especially on its paramount export, wool. The public mind was indeed utterly upset by the novel and startling crisis; and the keenest calculators could not look an inch into futurity. The history of the Hundredweight continued to be eventful. A libation of champagne was poured out between the parties concerned in the sale; the purchasing partner of the Sydney firm had got his gold safe in the bank at Bathurst, and had resolved, in order to save the one per cent. charged by Government for escort, to take his treasure under his own personal charge to the capital;—the risk was small, for he had taken his place as a passenger in the mail, which travels in charge of a strong guard for the protection of the gold belonging to the Government and to persons willing to pay the per-centage;—his foot was on the step—when lo! the Commissioner demanded the gold in the Queen's name! The astounded merchant refused to “deliver,” unless force was used. Force *was* used. Eventually, on the purchaser signing a bond to pay such royalty as might hereafter be demanded on behalf of Her Majesty, the gold was restored to him. The escort fee was, however, exacted; the Hundredweight reached Sydney in safety; was for some hours obligingly exhibited to the public by the new proprietor, and was, I believe, shipped the same evening, *per Bondicar*, for England. I cannot tell what might have been the intention of the purchaser of the mass in its mutilated state, had he obtained tranquil possession of it; but harassed and justly irritated by the delays and difficulties and conditions attached to his acquisition, I have it from his own lips that the Hundredweight of Gold should go to the melting-pot an hour after it reached London. Additional gold regulations were early in August issued

by Government, limiting the privilege conferred by the licence to operations in the alluvium or beds of creeks, and instituting a royalty of ten per cent. on crown land and five per cent. on private property, upon gold found in the matrix or original place of deposit.

July 23d.—Mr. Suttor having kindly offered to accompany me on a two days' trip to the Turon Diggings, we started on horseback this morning on that expedition, with our "swag" at the saddle-bow. The distance might be from eighteen to twenty miles, which it took us four hours to perform. The country through which we passed was by no means rugged; there was no scarcity of well-wooded and well-grassed hills of easy acclivity, on the tops and sides of which were scattered at long intervals fine flocks of sheep; and here and there the dappled hides of great herds of cattle shone through the eternal olive grey of the gum forests, in cheerful contrast. Nor were there wanting—although these were scarce—occasional open alluvial flats, apparently of the richest soil. The road, or rather dray-track from Bathurst to Mudgee leads directly to the scene of the present mining operations. Indeed the position of the works was probably dictated by the existence of this sole path through the mountain region; and I mention it because it leads me to the conclusion that the Turon gold field is not confined to the twelve or fourteen miles on either hand of the point where the Mudgee road crosses the stream; but that, on the contrary, the ore will be found equally plentiful, perhaps more so, in other parts of the river and its tributaries hitherto inaccessible to wheels or even pack-horses.

About halfway we came upon Wyagden—a grazing station belonging to the Suttor family, well situated on a fertile level with fine pasturing hills on every side. We overtook several formidable companies bound for the diggings; found others encamped or baiting where water was plentiful; and met a very few coming towards Bathurst on foot or mounted, in twos and threes, with a certain conscious expression on their countenances, which to a "prospecting" bush-ranger would have been a sure indication of gold "in pockets." The road to the Turon—or Sofala, as it has since my visit, not happily I think, been called, (for the native appellations are surely the best,)—the road to the Turon will be the grave of many an

overtasked bullock and horse; for, although the hills are not generally of extraordinarily steep ascent, the passage of Lewis's Mountain is a tremendous obstacle for a laden dray. It has been overcome, however; and in time may be remedied or avoided. Just beyond this hill we crossed a ridge of fine limestone; which must be very scarce in this country, for I do not remember noticing that species of rock before. In the Sydney district there is none of this valuable stone; the lime used in building being obtained entirely from sea-shells, of which fortunately there exist enormous banks.

At length the main features of the country became more decided in character. Amid a chaos of minor swells it was easy to trace two leading sierras, dominating and marking the direction of a long and tortuous valley, forming the bed of the river Turon—the Pactolus of the Antipodes. Thin wreaths of bluish smoke indicated the position of the mines, far below us and as yet invisible. As we topped a ridge, the last of a series I thought interminable, my companion suddenly said, "Stop and listen." I pulled up my horse, and heard as I imagined the rushing of some mighty cataract. "It is the cradles," said he; and so it was—the grating of the gravel or rubble on the metal sifters of five hundred rockers! I shall not easily forget the impression made on me by this singular acoustic effect. Looking down into that wild mountain glen, it seemed almost incredible that this uniform and ceaseless crash could be produced by the agency of a crowd of human beings, not one of whom was visible, nor any sign of their existence. There was no pause nor the slightest variation in the cadence as it floated up to us on the still air; and, doubtless, had we listened for an hour not the smallest check in the monotonous roar would have been detected. Presently as we descended upon the creek, tents and huts and every other kind of temporary tabernacle were descried dotting the slopes and levels up and down and on either bank of the stream, in indiscriminate confusion. We came upon the Turon at a spot where there is amply sufficient space for a considerable town, with frontage to the river,—indeed, the character of the country immediately bordering this river is less rugged and confined than that of the Summerhill Creek, the bed of the stream itself much wider, and infinitely more so than the present state of its waters, albeit flooded, requires. The torrents which brought the gold down

must have been greater than any that have lately occurred ; yet, that there has been a modern downflux of the metal is proved by fine dust having been found in tufts of grass on the banks.

A tolerable road runs for several miles along the course, winding among the beautiful swamp-oaks that fringe it, and crossing frequently from one bank to the other in spots where steeps impinge upon the creek. In most places this track is passable for drays—an immense advantage over Ophir ; or rather it would have been passable, but that some of the more unscrupulous diggers have burrowed across it in all directions, in many instances finding the most lucrative spots where the dray-wheels had passed over for years before, no one suspecting that the road was paved with gold ! The Commissioners will, of course, put a stop to this practice.

The Turon—in summer often quite dry or merely a meagre chain of ponds—was now pouring along in a turbid, eddying torrent, far up the stems of the casuarinas, whose bark showed a still higher water-mark. Numberless were the flooded excavations and deserted diggings occasioned by the late rains. Crossing the stream, as we had to do half-a-dozen times, it was about two to one against our avoiding a dive into one of the submerged pits. We took the odds and the brook, however, without hesitation, and luck favoured us. Our first visit on attaining the opposite bank, a long sloping hill lightly timbered and sprinkled over with various camps, was made to a gentleman—a relative of my host, who, having tried digging for a time and left that pursuit to be carried on by the rest of his party, had struck out the, perhaps, more remunerative one of wholesale and retail butcher. A fine handsome young man, with manners and address particularly pleasing, one might be tempted to doubt his taste in the choice of a profession. At the present juncture, however, no one could doubt the wisdom of the speculation, nor the sagacity of the family combination, by which Mr. — slaughters (by proxy, of course) and sells the mutton which, in flocks of fifty or a hundred, is driven to his shambles from his relative's pastures, each thus getting a handsome profit. I heard that the fat wethers which, before the gold discovery, were selling for three or four shillings, were now fetching on the Turon eight or ten shillings ; and yet meat was not more than threepence per pound. The shop consisted of an open

shed with a bark roof and a rank-entire of fat sheep depending from the eaves. Twenty or thirty others were biding their time in a rude pen; and a fine flock browsed, or would have done so had there been a blade of grass left, on the hill-side above. Behind the shed the assistant was cutting innocent throats as fast as he could.

Hurrying hungry and thirsty to Mr. —'s tent, which was just such an one as a gipsy tinker might inhabit at the corner of an English common, we were promptly supplied by the proprietor—in whom the amateur butcher does not extinguish the gentleman—with the ordinary breakfast, dinner, and supper of the miner and the bushman, viz. damper, grilled mutton, and tea boiled in a tin-pot with brown sugar and without milk. This is, undoubtedly, the best method of making tea; the boiling without a lid on the pot effectually destroying the astringency of the beverage, so nauseous when there is no milk to soften it. Attacking these viands with our pocket-knives, our appetites were soon appeased. The horses got nothing, for there was nothing for them; they had to feed upon the promise of hay and corn, which I made them conditionally upon our reaching the quarters of my old friends, the sergeant and troopers of the mounted police. Meanwhile we hung their despondent heads to a stump, and went down to the creek to inspect the operations of the miners. The weather was sunny and mild, the works were going on earnestly on all sides; and taking the state of the atmosphere into account, the scene was a much more cheering one than that presented at Ophir. I was not sorry to have viewed gold-digging under the opposite influences of tempestuous and fine weather. Nothing, surely, could have been more dispiriting and damping to mining ardour than the soaking showers, deep mud, and boisterous torrents of Summerhill;—few things and scenes more agreeable and enlivening than the beautiful and tranquil vale of the Turon under a beaming sun and refreshing breeze, with the busy, healthy, and steadfast throng labouring along its banks. The camps were not entirely deserted, for one of every company remains at the hut cooking, washing, and keeping guard in the absence of his mates. I saw no women, except a few “gins,” at the mines,—one of the most odious peculiarities of the gold-digging population.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOLDEN HORN—A FORTNIGHT'S EARNINGS—DEVIL'S DUST—QUARTERS FOR THE NIGHT—MORN AMONG THE MINES—A RIDE DOWN THE TURON—DRY DIGGINGS—MY "TRANSACTION"—ROCKING THE CRADLE—GOLD LICENCE—THE WALLABI ROCKS—QUARTZ CRUSHING AND QUICKSILVER—CONSEQUENCES TO THE COLONY—A MODERN DANAE—BACK TO SYDNEY—A CHANCE FOR A BUSHRANGER—AN "AMPLUSH"—GOLD CIRCULAR—POSTSCRIPT—CONCLUSION.

IN my descent to the creek, as it happened, I hit upon the very richest spot of the present works—namely, the "Golden Point," and, moreover, the first group I approached chanced to be the most fortunate party on that fortunate spot—known as Hall's party. Two brothers of that name, smart little fellows from the neighbourhood of Bathurst, were rocking the cradle, whilst a couple of their comrades were delving in a hole, worked partly downwards in the dry bed of the creek, partly horizontally into the alluvial bank. Two more were carrying the soil in buckets from the excavation to the rocker. They were just preparing to wash out a cradle, ten or eleven buckets of earth and gravel having been sifted through it. The manipulation of the brothers seemed particularly quick and skilful. Instead of removing the residuum, consisting of sand, emery, gold, &c., from the floor of the cradle to a tin dish for washing, they took off the "hopper" or perforated metal plate; gathered with the point of a knife any larger lumps that were visible on the cross-bars or stops at the bottom; then, after washing the grosser particles of the dust &c. in the dish, they scraped up the finer residue, and placing it on the inclined plane or sliding-board of the rocker, gently poured a thin stream of water over it until the materials took on the wet board the shape of a well defined cone,—the lighter particles, sand, emery, and the like, being washed down so as to form its base, whilst the fine gold dust remained at the apex. Thus were preserved the minutest

atoms, which by the tilting action of the tin dish are usually lost. The product of these ten or eleven little zinc buckets just washed out, was 1 oz. 3 dwt. 13 grs. On my congratulating the brothers on their having realized about 3*l.* 10*s.* in half an hour, one of them replied with exultation, "Oh, that's nothing; see what we have done since dinner,"—and he pointed to a pint pannikin, standing at the root of a tree. They had dined about one o'clock, and it was now about four. There was gold to the amount of eighteen ounces in the pot, a few of the pieces being about the size of a kidney bean.

On Mr. Hardy's last visit to Bathurst he had lodged in the Bank for these men fourteen pounds' weight of gold.* In a fortnight this lucky company had worked out twenty-four pounds, and I afterwards read in the papers that early in August they had paid a visit to Bathurst, leaving one man in charge of their "claim," when their entire gains, in something more than five weeks, amounted to forty-three pounds' weight of the finest gold. A party of nine, rather lower down the creek, had produced 147 ounces in four weeks, and deserted their allotment when it deteriorated to three ounces per diem—a day's wages at the rate of 22*s.* per man not satisfying these cormorants. They probably went further and fared worse,—and deserved to do so.

A company of eight, headed by a person named Lee, washed forty ounces this day, at a spot a little higher up than the Golden Point. The following journal of a fortnight's work was furnished by him to the editor of the *Bathurst Free Press*, and was published in that paper:—"We first commenced work at the Wallabi Rocks, and for the first three weeks averaged from one to two ounces a-day. This being very unsatisfactory we resolved upon a prospecting trip, and after beating about for a time, fixed on a promising spot, about eight miles higher up the river. Owing to the scarcity of water at that time we had to carry our earth a distance of three hundred yards in buckets. After digging to a depth of seven feet without any success, we abandoned that spot, and tried the land immediately adjoining, which we had previously secured by licence. And now our tide of good fortune flowed

* From a pound troy of standard gold are coined 46½ sovereigns.

in upon us. The quantities of gold were procured by us in the order given.

Wednesday . . . 4 oz. Thursday . . . 13 oz.

Friday being wet, we only worked till breakfast time. 2 oz. :—

Saturday . . . 16 oz.	Monday . . . 21½ oz.
Tuesday . . . 22 „	Wednesday . . . 40 „
Thursday . . . 30 „	Friday . . . 20 „
Saturday . . . 4 „	Monday . . . 3 „

“As our earnings were now reduced to 1*l.* per day, each man, we did not think it worth while to pursue our labours any further ; our previous good fortune had spoiled us. Even extraordinary wages were unsatisfactory. So we determined, after a little consultation, to dissolve partnership. Taking good and bad together, our month's earnings averaged about 100*l.* a man. In some parts the gold was so plentiful that the dust could be picked out with the point of a knife. On one occasion Mr. Lee got a quarter of an ounce out of a pint pannikin of earth. Forty shovelsful of earth yielded three ounces ; and great quantities of dust were brushed from the sides of stones to which the particles were attached.”

Surprising as are the gains of this party, I met on the 4th of August in the shop of Mr. Hale, jeweller, Sydney, to whom they were offering their gold for sale, four men, inhabitants of Wollongong, whose earnings on the *Turon* had been yet more considerable. Three miles above the Golden Point, at a water-hole where two large rocks mark the spot, they had procured 18 lb. weight in one week, yielding them 150*l.* per man. It was the finest parcel of gold dust, in rather larger particles than common, that I had seen. The same party showed me, *per contra*, one ounce of very small dust, as the result of three weeks' previous labour, so complete a lottery is gold hunting. If I understood correctly a sort of “aside,” muttered with a gesture of exultation and defiance, all their gains had been acquired without payment of the mining tax. At the time of my visit the population of the *Turon* and its affluents was calculated at 3,000, and at Ophir 500 ;—yet not more than 1,400 or 1,500 licences had been issued. It must, however, be remembered that hut-keepers and others not actually mining, pay no tax ; but I hardly know on what

principle, except on that of extreme indulgence, whole hordes of settlers and hucksters, sly grog-sellers, thimblerriggers and others preying on their kind, are permitted to trespass on the Crown Lands without contribution to the public revenue.

There were three or four neighbours of the Halls, on or near the Golden Horn, doing pretty nearly as profitable a business as themselves. I asked one of the diggers, whose head and shoulders just protruded from the grave-like hole he was digging, whether the ore was visible to the eye in the soil. "Get in," said he, laconically,—for the miners have no breath to waste in chatting. I turned in with him accordingly, and my black-bearded friend made me observe a delicate layer or stratum of yellow dust, like flour, in one corner of the hole. Without further ado he shovelled dirt, gravel and gold together into a sort of canvas hand-barrow, and two or three spadeful seemed to have exhausted the precious vein, for it ceased to be perceptible. This was the only occasion on which I succeeded in detecting with the naked eye gold in its deposit, except, indeed, on the following day, when I saw a man pick a piece the size of a pea out of an old root in a dry gully.

In the vicinity of Golden Point, the stream was about twenty feet wide. Opposite the works the bank was formed of nearly perpendicular bluffs. The old or dry bed of the stream on the right shore varied from 20 to 100 feet in width from the water-edge to the bank whereon the camps were erected. The upper stratum of the ground they were working upon was of gravel of every size, from a pumpkin to a pea, and of various materials—volcanic, siliceous, slaty, &c. Then came a rich brownish soil; and in many spots a thick layer of clay was spread above the rock that formed the true bed or trough of the creek. All the superstrata are composed of mere detritus, washed down together with the gold by the mountain storms. The very finest atoms of the ore frequently find lodgment among the lighter soil or gravel. The medium grains are caught and retained by the clay; whilst the heaviest particles work their way down to the rock. The people at the Point were not anxious to sell to-day; perhaps they had parted with as much gold as they could spare to a business-like individual on horse-back with a leathern case strapped to his saddle, whom I observed in active conference

with the diggers, up and down the creek. I resolved, however, to "transact" on the morrow.

It was growing late. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains an hour earlier than he would have done from Bathurst Plains, and a broad shadow, deepened by the gloom of the cypress-like casuarinas, was thrown across the creek. The dusk of evening fell upon the mines as in a moment. The diggers, one by one, as the light failed them, retired slowly from the bed of the stream and the working-holes to their huts on the slope above their respective "claims;" the hut-keepers had prepared for the return of their more active partners; the cheerful log-fire blazed in front of every camp; the mutton was hissing on every frying-pan or gridiron; the tea smoking in the tin-pot. Dampers as big as the top of a hand-box were keeping themselves warm on the embers; the blankets, which had been drying in the sun, were huddled into the rude and lowly "bunks." Supper and sleep, in order to early rising for another day's exciting labour, were in course of preparation.

My friend and I took the hint. The Commissioner, whose guest I hoped to be for the night, had not arrived from Bathurst. We sought his quarters, and those of his constabulary, and were directed to an incipient slab-hut, without roof or other more advanced symbol of hospitality. There was not a living being near it. Where were the troopers? "Cutting *slabs* and bark, up there," replied a Jew from his gunyah, pointing to the moon, as it seemed. We pushed our horses up a nearly perpendicular ascent, and on the opposite flank of a deep gully I recognised the red-striped pantaloons of a mounted policeman. "Where is Serjeant Giles?" shouted I to the pantaloons, proud to claim the acquaintance of that old soldier in the time of my trouble. "Up at Two Mile Creek," responded the voice from the gully. Mr. Suttor knew "Two Mile Creek" to be the sheep station of an acquaintance, Mr. Richards; and, scrambling that distance over a succession of ranges, we soon came upon a pretty cottage picturesquely situated on a running brook, with some good level land under cultivation around it, and a background of fine swelling hills. Mr. Richards' house is the only residence of a tolerably permanent nature in all the region round about. The proprietor was not residing there, but had

permitted Mr. Hardy to make it his head-quarters, whilst his own cottage on the creek was in course of erection. The old soldiers rushed out to welcome "the colonel" and his friend with a degree of hearty courtesy highly refreshing after the liberty and equality roughness of the "diggings," where not much civility is cut to waste. Our starved and jaded horses (mine, old grey "Badger," looked like a superannuated polar bear in the last agonies of famine,) were lugged off to the stable and astonished with a real feed of hay and corn; ourselves sat down to a capital boiled leg of mutton and turnips, to help in discussing which our host arrived just in time. The Commissioner and his assistant cannot justly be accused of pampering themselves, any more than the Government can be twitted with having unduly ministered to the comfort and convenience of these important officers; who, living up to their knees in gold, get but little of it in the shape of salary—little in proportion to the responsibility of their posts. They are forbidden to traffic in it themselves, and have but small advantage in domestic outfit and appliances over the lowest miner. The pastrycook's apprentice, it is true, contemplates jam tartlets with a stoical indifference incomprehensible to the schoolboy; but then he is permitted a surfeit of such delicacies early in his career. The gold-officers are not "entered at" gold in a like manner, and, in a post of such high trust high payment is good policy, as well as mere justice.

July 24th.—The 'Turon. Our plan for the day was to take a strolling ride of seven or eight miles down the creek, visiting the works as far as the grand feature of the diggings, the Wallabi Rocks, and in the afternoon to return to Bruce-dale, partly by another route. The morning broke calm and cloudless over the gold-bearing hills, the early sun darting its sidelong beams through every aperture in the ranges, and glinting, doubtless, on many a gem of *golden* ray serene for ever doomed to waste its sweetness on the desert air, and on many another that shall sooner or later be ravished from its native bed by the restless cupidity of man. Mounting soon after breakfast and accompanied by the Commissioner, we soon reached the crest of a lofty eminence overlooking at some distance the course of the 'Turon and the mines; where a singular and most beautiful spectacle awaited us. As I

despaired of preserving the shadow of an impression of it by effort of pencil, so do I feel my pen equally powerless to delineate the scene. A first-rate colourist who had passed a life in the close study of nature could have produced but a faint image of the swelling sea of mountain-forest lying before and below us, hill beyond hill interlacing each other as far as sight could range; the devious course of the invisible Turon distinctly traced by a motionless wreath of smoke from the bivouacs, sleeping on the mists of the river like a huge torpid serpent, and carrying the eye of the spectator along its convolutions until it rested upon the giant face of the Wallabi Rocks, just illumined by the morning sun, which threw over it a veil of golden gauze. The landscape was truly lovely—an epithet, I fancy, rarely applicable to gold mining regions—which are generally found on the most barren, ill-favoured and inaccessible parts of the earth; as though Providence had purposely placed the “glistening sorrow” beyond the familiar reach of man, and doomed the soil prolific in gold to unfruitfulness in any productions necessary for the support of life.

We were soon among the diggers; most of them were already hard at work. Some few were idling and yawning round the tents and booths; a night of drinking and gambling having probably rendered them indisposed and unfit for labour. On the other hand, I was particularly struck with the neat, clean, cheerful and healthy appearance of a large majority of the men. I had heard and read in the newspapers various accounts of the desperate hard labour of mining; but I do not believe that gold digging and washing, in tolerable weather, is harder or more injurious work than any other out-door labour. It is the interest of many to assert the contrary; and of course, those inapt at muscular exertion find it irksome at first. The hardest part of Australian mining, as at present conducted, is the hard fare, hard lying, and bad lodging hitherto provided; all which drawbacks are easily remedied. I am speaking merely of the superficial digging at present carried on; when the term “mining” means grappling with the earth’s rocky ribs, 100 or 150 fathoms beneath its surface, as is the case in the Brazils, none but a class inured to it—indeed, bred to it—can pretend to exercise the craft of miner. The salubrity of the gold mines in New South Wales has been truly astonish-

ing. In spite of rain and wintry weather, there has scarcely been a case of serious sickness at either of the diggings. The absence of strong drinks, the plainest of food, physical activity combined with a healthy degree of mental excitement, seem to render drugs and doctors useless. A few of the latter, well supplied with the former, early repaired to the gold-field with an eye to practice. They soon, however, found more profit in tormenting earth's bowels than those of their fellow-men; and they, who came to drug, remained to dig. A broken arm and a dislocated shoulder were all the medical cases I heard of. One poor fellow, at Ophir, is said to have fallen down in a fit, when, like little Jack Horner, "he put in his thumb and pulled out a" nugget of 46 ounces from a clay-slate "pocket;" but I believe he had always been an epileptic subject. I can well imagine, however, that ~~the sudden~~ acquisition of such a treasure by an indigent person, who had besides long worked without success, might act hurtfully on the nerves. There is, moreover, a fascination about gold in its birth-place, the raw material, pure, native virgin gold—(I felt it myself)—which it is far from possessing when sophisticated into the shape of a sovereign.

So near the end of the current month, the Commissioner had little to do this day in the way of collecting licence fees, which are paid in advance. Two or three individuals, however, came up and tendered payment, having been only a day or two at work. Others honestly cashed up balances which he had considerably allowed them time to earn, instead of driving them from their diggings. His slightest word in the adjustment of "claims" was law. Some attempts had been originally got up to procure a diminution of the 30s. monthly impost. A few threatened non-payment, a few pleaded poverty. I consider the charge most moderate; for a labourer can well afford to pay one shilling a day for the privilege of earning from twelve to twenty shillings which, by comparison of accounts, would appear to be the average wages on the Turon. For various reasons I consider this a very low estimate of the real profits. Four or five individuals did indeed assure me that they were "not making their rations;" and one man, a cooper, announced his intention of returning immediately to Sydney, where he could realize his present gains, ten shillings a-day, in his proper trade and live at half

the cost. The fear of the Government augmenting the tax, the apprehension of robbery, the desire to deter others from coming to the mines, are some of the reasons for the concealment of the amount of their gains by the miners. A computation of the yield of gold at the ratio above stated will hardly give the amount of gold openly shipped for England, not counting a vast quantity whose destination no one knows.

Driven by the height of the waters to ascend the side of a ravine, in order to cross it at its head, we stumbled upon two or three parties working in its bed, three or four hundred yards from the river;—an important and novel feature in the mining operations of New South Wales. It was the first attempt Mr. Hardy had seen of working in the “blind gulleys,” as they are called here—“gulches,” as they are styled in California. Two stout African blacks, who spoke English perfectly, and had been in that country, were doing very well in the hole they had quarried among rocks and roots of trees, in the dry channel of the steep water-course. They were making from one ounce to an ounce and a half a day. Just above them, a party of respectable-looking men, with a two-horse cart, had opened a vein tolerably prolific, and were carting the soil down to the river, for washing. None of the gully miners had hit upon the simple expedient of drawing a dam across the ravine to catch the water of the next thunder-storm; yet a small puddle at hand, however muddy, is better for gold-washing than two torrents in “the Bush,” half-a-mile off.

On coming down once more upon the creek, I opened a brisk trade with the most accessible of the diggers. It has been mentioned that I had purchased a dog-skin bag at Bathurst; I also drew some money there. If I had neither time nor vocation for digging, at any rate I might buy on a small scale. One fellow asked me five pounds and half profits to let me wash out a cradle. I declined, and he only obtained an ounce and a half, which, however, was more than he had got in the previous two days. Displaying my leather pouch, and taking care to proclaim that it was not a Bathurst gold-monger who was dealing with them, but an army officer travelling from curiosity, no sooner did the miners comprehend my mixed military and marsupial character, than they relaxed their reserved air and became both colloquial and



Original by W. C. Waller

From a sketch by Capt. Mandy

TURON RIVER, ROCKING THE CRADLE.

Printed by Hallman & Co.

commercial. Some sold gold because they wanted "a little cash for subsistence," others merely "to oblige me;" one or two because they had become satiated with the sight of "dust," and were dazzled by a handful of bran-new notes, the mere old-rag representatives of the precious specie. Suffice it to say, that I soon got rid of 60*l.* at 3*l.* 3*s.* per ounce, and was disgusted to see how lean and hungry my dingo-skin bag still looked. Subsequently, however, I found means to fill a more capacious one, though on somewhat less favourable terms; for in addition to two or three nuggets, 155 ounces of well-washed dust made me a pouch plethoric enough to have pleased a much more ardent chrysophilite than myself.*

The ride down the river—now along its bed under the shadow of the swamp oaks—now across the frequent ridges ~~which~~, steep or gentle in their declivity, trend down to the stream—was most beautiful and enjoyable. We witnessed gold digging and washing in all its stages and phases—the pick-and-spade-men toiling in the deepening hole; in the hard relentless slate which they were splitting into endless laminæ and piling aside; in the soft damp alluvium; in the rattling gravel;—the cradle-men in every gradation of the process of washing, from the rough rocking to throw from the "hopper" the coarse rubble; the anxious but, at the Turon, almost hopeless search for pepites too large to pass the sifter; to the final and exciting investigation of the last lees of the cradle on the plane or in the pan. The finishing operation put me in mind of a hand at whist—sometimes "four by honours," at others not a trumph! Here was a party deserting an excavation because they had reached the rock, where the heaviest gold usually lodges, and had found truth at the bottom in the shape of "nil!"—There another group were huddled together like crows upon carrion, having just

* In the Appendix, marked D, will be found an account of the writer's little gold transaction. It will suffice to show how profitable this mode of investment might be made; for, in his case, it was adopted merely as a means of remitting to England the proceeds of the sale of his effects on quitting the colony. The reader will observe that the handsome profit on the outlay accrued in five months.

The author takes this opportunity to acknowledge the great kindness and courtesy of Messrs. Johnson and Matthey, in exhibiting to him the entire process of melting and refining the gold, as well as other curious details belonging to their extensive and interesting establishment.

hit upon a rich "bunch" in the stiff clay two or three feet below the surface, and a pocket of small nuggets in a cleft of the schist six inches deeper. Nothing struck me more than the extreme diversity of neighbouring claims—some highly lucrative, others utterly unprofitable, with no apparent cause for the difference. Here two newly arrived strangers, with shining patent leather belts and picks and shovels fresh from the store, were only opening up their claim. They had been digging for forty-eight hours, and had made but little impression on the hard earth. Their tools appeared foreign to their hands;—the tailor's shears perhaps would have been more familiar; they looked flushed, fatigued, and angry; and had evidently fallen out because they had not already fallen in with gold.

"You must get deeper, my friends!" said the Commissioner, cheerily—"down to the rock, down to the rock!"

"What's this, please, Sir?" demanded one, holding up with anxious face some glittering object.

"Only mica—worth nothing, my lad!"

"And this?" asked another.

"Iron pyrites," replied the officer, handing back the curious little cubes which this substance, often coloured like gold, assumes to itself.

"Have you a licence—you in the straw gaiters?"

"No, your honour! I found no goold yet, and the divil a copper I've got in the world."

"Well, this is the 24th. I won't disturb you now; but recollect I shall be with you on the 1st., Friday next, remember!"

"Aye, aye, your honour, never fear, and many thanks to your honour!" responded the half seaman, half bog-trotter—relieved from all fears past, present, and future, after the manner of his kind.

"Well, what have you been doing, my friend, since I saw you last?"

"Doing nothing," replied the man sullenly. "You took half my month's earnings for the licence. Thirty shillings is too much—a d—d deal."

"Ha, yes, yes, you think so, do you? then you won't take it as a personal offence if I don't pay my respects to you again before the 1st of August. Expect me punctually, my friend."

The greater number of the miners were both civil and good-tempered, not to say courteous towards the Commissioner, although a few scowled at him as he passed. I believe him to possess the qualities likely to make him both feared and liked by the motley population under his rule. I am of opinion that this officer ought not to be compelled to hunt up the miners in person in order to exact the tax; he should have his regular office hours at his quarters, for the transaction of business, the adjustment of claims, and the distribution of justice; and the collection of the impost should be performed by subordinate officers. His afternoons might be profitably spent in riding along the works, visiting the distant points, assisting the inexperienced by his advice, measuring off "claims," and maintaining a general sharp look-out after the interests of the revenue. Ophir and the Turon have lately been made places at which petty sessions may be held. The Commissioner will have no difficulty in forming a quorum. He has only to send a message down to the creek, and request one or more J. P.s to wash their faces and attend the court!

About one o'clock we reached the Wallabi Rocks, where the scenery assumes a wilder and grander character than any I saw at Ophir or the Turon elsewhere. The crag called the Lower Wallabi appears to be about 500 feet high, and dominates the river with a sheer precipice, on whose rugged face the agile animal after which it is called can scarcely find foothold. We saw two or three of them hopping about near the summit. The atoms of shale they displaced fell plumb into the stream beneath. Not long ago the miners were witnesses, as I was told, of a fearful occurrence on the spot. A black, hunting the wallabi on a ledge of the precipice, missed his hold, and bounding from crag to crag dropt a mangled corpse into the river.

The Turon makes many singular meanderings in the vicinity of the Wallabi Rocks; and some of the tongues of low land within the tortuous loops of the river are rich not only in beautiful bits of scenery, but in gold deposits. All the banks and "bars," for miles round these points, had been already upturned, ransacked, and in a great degree deserted—because the creek, nearer its sources, had been found or suspected to be more fruitful. About eight miles down the river we were not sorry to reach a hut belonging to Mr. Suttor—whose

occupant soon prepared a plentiful feed for ourselves and horses. While the chops were broiling I went in search of a mining party, who were reported to have found a pepite of several ounces—the only one I heard of on the Turon. The leader of the company, however, who always carried it about his person, was absent prospecting—so I had to content myself with a couple of ounces of dust from his partners. These four men were Sydney stonemasons, who, recognising me, were very civil; they had done well, they said; that is, realized about thirty shillings a-day each for three weeks; and were about to return to Sydney to fulfil a contract for building churches. One of them showed me some specimens—the first I had seen except those of the monster block—of crystallized gold in the quartz, which he said he had found while prospecting in the vicinity, as he believed, of Wallawaugh—the spot of the Kerr Eureka. This man obligingly gave me a very curious piece of the stone, beautifully white like spar with two or three bright beads of the precious metal standing prominently out of it. He hinted that when, on his next visit to the diggings, he should be driven by want of water or excess of it from the works in the bed of the river, he should repair with proper implements to the “dry diggings” where these bits came from, and he expected to do well there. He will meet disappointment, I think. An individual or two may indeed possibly succeed in this branch of gold hunting, but I believe that with the yield of gold in the alluvium will cease the profitable labour of single workmen, and indeed of all mere manual mining.

The Australian good-seeker is now on the threshold of his trade only. He is doing what the Peruvians and the Spaniards in Brazil did hundreds of years ago—gathering the crumbs that fall from the auriferous sierras. Ere long, science and machinery will have pierced their crust, and will have torn from the deep-seated matrix the masses of ore, whose dust—mere wastings as it were—have been washed down their faces by the thunder-storms of ages. I believe that in no gold-bearing country has the production of gold by washing in the beds of creeks extended over more than a few years. The good spots soon get worked out. In New South Wales, however, the introduction of the system of amalgamation by mercury, already commencing, will so far augment and protract

the yield from the alluvial lands, that most of the diggings will afford a second profitable washing—so much of the finer dust being lost by the clumsy operation of the common rocker. Mr. Bush, an American, was practising the Virginian rocker, assisted by quicksilver, on the 'Turon during my visit; but I did not fall in with him. Mercury at this moment is very scarce in the colony; and such has been the demand for it that all the antiquated mirrors have been bought up at good prices and their backs scarified for the sake of their quicksilver. This valuable, indeed indispensable aid to gold-getting, has been found in California in the near neighbourhood of the mines; and a strict search will doubtless bring it to light ere long, in a country so richly metalliferous as New Holland. The quartz veins of the Australian gold fields have been found, when particles have been crushed and treated with mercury, to contain a high percentage of gold, even though no traces of the ore were observable through the most powerful microscope.

It is safe to conclude that all the mountain tributaries of the Macquarie will prove more or less auriferous. These will afford amusement to the gold-hunting population of all classes for a time. Meanwhile a campaign against the gold *in situ* will be concocted and matured. An association of capitalists, already in embryo, will offer themselves as tenants of the Government, on terms favourable to individual enterprise as well as to the public revenue. Blocks of waste land, selected by responsible persons, will be secured to the company; buildings will be erected, machines for "stamping" the rock and amalgamating the metal be conveyed to the spot; and the golden mountains will be compelled to yield up their riches by wholesale, instead of doling them out in dribblets of "dust," for the requirements of mankind. Companies organized for the scientific working of the Australian gold mines, will, it is to be feared, suffer disadvantage if not serious obstruction on the score of labour. In the Brazils, I believe, the mines—even those belonging to English companies—are worked by slaves; in Mexico by natives whose wages are almost nominal. No white man will probably be found to put a pick in the ground under five shillings a-day, and few at that pay; and gold-mining, as is well known, is more precarious than mining for other metals, because the more noble ore is seldom found in regular veins. How would a "free and enlightened"

Cornstalk, hired as a miner, relish being stripped, searched, and washed, every time he emerges from the bowels of the earth, lest he should secrete the "dust?" yet half an ounce has been washed out of a negro's woolly pate! Coolies or Chinese will probably be imported and employed as operatives.

A scientific gentleman long resident in the colony, has boldly declared that the Gold Field of Australia extends over an area of 14,000 square miles! There is no want of elbow-room, therefore, for ploughing it up. If there be but few persons versed in the arcana of gold-facture at present in the colony, more will come. If the lack of labour has for years past been ruinous to New South Wales as a pastoral and agricultural country, rely on it there will be no want of labourers in the Gold Field! She will get back from California all her aliens—many more of them than will be welcome; * besides crowds of the natives of other lands, who having mined in that country under the slight drawbacks of fever, and ague, and dysentery, and Lynch law, will flock to a colony where they may follow the pursuit which has unfitted them for any other, under a stable government and salubrious skies. But Australia will acquire still better things from her new God-send—however she may suffer under "temporary derangement" from its first effects. She pines and frets for proofs of maternal care and affection from the Mother Country; she will have them *now*—for she is England's heiress daughter! She clamours for a population, and has long been willing to pay for an influx; she will get it *gratis now*! She has begged on bended knees for steam communication with Europe, and offered her utmost contribution towards effecting that object for her excommunicated people;—scores of steamers will come puffing in hot haste to the new Dorado! Australia demands, finally, and might have long in vain demanded, freedom from convictism. No convicts will be sent to England's gold colony!

The gold discovery occurred most opportunely for New South Wales. The severance of Port Phillip was as the amputation of her right hand; the loss of her left impended in the menaced separation of Moreton Bay and of the great pastoral province whereof it is the outlet. Port Phillip, rejoicing

* It is singular enough that from the 1st January, 1851, to the date of the gold discovery, no less than 1,684 persons had left Sydney for California.

in its new title of Victoria, had squibbed off all her spare powder in pyrotechnical merry-makings at her freedom from the apron-strings of her old convict mother. The wealthy northern squatters talked big of their readiness for independence. South Australia chuckled over her pockets full of "coppers!" The poor "Middle District," shorn of her members and with a limited and unproductive interior, would have lain helpless, gaping with her huge port towards the Pacific, waiting for the commerce to which she could no longer help herself—for the food which she could no longer raise within her own frontiers. Even the most sanguine of the Sydney press and politicians seemed to argue against their own convictions, when they suggested possible sources of future prosperity for New South Wales. She was evidently on the road to the workhouse!—when plump into her lap—as into that of the God-favoured nymph of mythology—fell a shower of gold!

July 25th.—Left Bruceale for Sydney. On my journey downwards I overtook, at the outside, a score of men; nearly all of whom were merely going to the capital to sell their gold, see their friends and fulfil contracts, with the intention of returning to the mines in the spring. On the other hand, I computed the number of men equipped for the diggings and travelling westward at not less than 500. All expected, of course, to find a hundredweight! Two helpless looking fellows who had "done well" at the Turon, and who were going to Sydney in a wreck of a gig and horse which they had purchased at Bathurst, asked to be permitted to travel under my convoy, as they feared robbery on the road. It was ludicrous to see their pitifully anxious faces, as they sat in company with three or four very questionable-looking customers round the kitchen fire of the gloomy little forest tavern where we passed the first night; and I could not but feel compassion for them, when on the following day they gradually dropped out of sight of my faster vehicle. A looker-on might have had a laugh at myself not long afterwards. Having more gold with me than I cared to lose, I was quite alive to the chance of being stopped on the mountain road. My coachman and I had some talk on the subject of bush-ranging—he adding some appropriate if not consolatory anecdotes which had come within his experience.

"I don't intend to give up without a fight," said I, in order to feel his pulse as to pugnacity.

"Hope not, Sir—think we could manage a couple on 'em, Sir—they're soon cowed, them coves are, for they fight with a rope round their necks. But you must not expect fair play from them. They will take you at an *amplush* if they can."

Whether this signified an ambush or a nonplus I could not tell! however our plan of action was arranged. I had a double-barrelled pistol; he had a stout sword-stick. "Recollect to fight at the face, John," was my last, and very good bit of counsel. "All right, Sir," replied he cheerfully—and I really believe he would have enjoyed a brush with a couple of bandits—for he had won his pardon from his late Majesty by the capture of a notorious bush-ranger.

We were ploughing our way through the mud and the dusk of twilight, within half a mile of our destination for the night, when, at a narrow part of the road where the tall trees on either hand added to the gloom of the evening, my ear caught the sound of a horse's foot behind. Turning my head I espied a mounted man, with his face blackened and some weapon in his hand, within twenty paces of the carriage. He turned quickly out of the road, and in a minute or two reappeared from the bush ahead of us. "Now, John," said I, my heart beating a trifle quicker. "Now, Sir," said he, coolly. I drew and cocked my pistol: he loosened the sword in its sheath. The horseman rode towards us. "Stand and deliver!" was the salutation I expected—for doubtless he had comrades at hand. "Masser, make a light * of a black bull down dis way?" was however the actual address of the stranger, who turned out to be an aboriginal stockman in search of a truant beast: nature, not crape, had blackened his face—our unjust suspicions his character, poor fellow!

Among the cavalcade of miners travelling towards Bathurst I was pleased to see several parties with excellent outfits, their wives and children sitting comfortably under the canvass tilts of the carts and drays—the latter a novel and ameliorating feature in Australian gold-hunting. My last journey in New South Wales was otherwise uneventful; and I reached Sydney after a fortnight's "trip to the gold field," on the 28th of July.

* "Make a light," means merely "to see," in Australian patois.

Early in August gold was discovered on the lands of a private individual, Mr. Wentworth, not far from Summerhill. The specimen I saw was imbedded in an indurated red clay, which could scarcely have been its original deposit, although the sight was an elevated plateau. I was informed that this gentleman had seen a cubic yard of earth from this spot yield after eight hours' washing five ounces of gold. The present regulations admit of Mr. Wentworth's issuing gold-digging licences on his own account, on his payment of five per cent. royalty to Government. New diggings had also been discovered on the Moroo Creek, north of the Turon, and in other localities.

The latest copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald* issued before my departure, namely, that of the 23d August, contains the first number of a "Gold Circular,"—an interesting and useful document, whereby it appears that, up to that date, the following quantities of gold had been exported by the undernamed ships, bound to England.

1851.			oz.	dwt.
June	3d.	Thomas Arbuthnot	253	10
"	6th.	Fanny Fisher	14	0
"	12th.	Lady Clarke	655	10
"	15th.	Lady Margaret	53	9
"	22d.	Catherine	162	0
"	22d.	Achilles	371	12
July	24th.	Mary Baunatine	3,540	1
Aug.	9th.	Bondicar	8,263	12
	18th.	H.M.S. Havannah	1,298	0
Total			14,611	14
Which at 65s. per oz. amounts to			£47,488	3 9
Add gold by Elphinstone			25,000	0 0
			£72,488	3 9

The fact of such an amount of gold dust being imported into Great Britain is a political and financial bagatelle. But the fact that 72,000*l.* worth of indigenous gold has been shipped within two and a half months from a colony whose population is under 200,000 souls, whose exports, exclusive of this new source but including the grand one of wool, are estimated at but 2,400,000*l.*, (enormous as that is in comparison with the population!) and whose total revenue, general and territorial, amounts to no more than 570,000*l.*—is indeed a very wonderful and important fact.

POSTSCRIPT.

London, February 27th, 1852.

THE London journals of the 16th January contain the intelligence, by the Overland Mail, that gold had been discovered in great profusion at Beninyong, or Ballarat, near Melbourne, in the colony of Victoria. The deposits appear to be at the least as rich as those in the Bathurst gold district. One digger at Bathurst had made twenty pounds of gold in one day, and another had turned up thirteen pounds before breakfast! The clipper *Phœnician*, one of the most beautiful ships I ever saw, reached Plymouth on the 3d instant, having made the unprecedently quick passage of eighty-three days from Sydney. She brought news up to the 11th November last, and 81,000*l.* worth of gold,—making the total amount shipped from Sydney up that date (according to the *Australian and New Zealand Gazette*, 7th February) 219,000*l.*, and (according to the Money-market and City Intelligence of the *Times*, 6th February) 340,000*l.*—either of which sums is enormous, considering the small number of miners engaged and the fact that the gold discovery was at that date only five months old. Fresh mines had been discovered and opened at Braidwood and Lake Bathurst, in New South Wales, 150 miles south-west of Sydney,—quite a new direction; and 400 licences had been taken out there.

10th April.—The *Morning Herald* of yesterday brings the news of the Victoria mines up to the 22d December. The Melbourne merchant-ship, just arrived, had on board 200,000*l.* worth of gold, which added to 178,000*l.* worth brought by the *Alert*, *Blackfriar*, and *Bolivar* from Sydney, makes a total of 370,000*l.* received within a few days; while the *Hero*, which sailed previously, is hourly expected with a further sum of 100,000*l.* The following is the account of gold brought into Melbourne by the Government escort during four weeks:—

"On Wednesday, November the 9th, the weekly escort brought down from Mount Alexander 6,486 ounces; from Ballarat, 2,117; 619 ounces for Geelong; and 916 ounces for Government;—making a total of 10,138 ounces. On the following Wednesday, 10,428 ounces arrived from Mount Alexander; 1,500 ounces from Ballarat; and 178 ounces were left at Geelong; making a total of 12,106 ounces,—1,008 pounds, or rather more than half a ton. The next Wednesday brought 13,783 ounces from Mount Alexander; 2,550 ounces from Ballarat; and 336 ounces for Geelong;—a total of 16,669 ounces, or 1,389 pounds' weight. "But still this astonishing yield went on increasing, and on the following Wednesday the cart conveying the enormous treasure fairly broke down with its load, and the escort did not arrive until the day after its time. That week's yield was, from Mount Alexander, 23,750 ounces; from Ballarat, 2,224 ounces; for Geelong 682 ounces;—making the astounding sum of 26,656 ounces, or 1 ton 221 lbs. 4 ounces!"

A correspondent from Melbourne, moreover, states that "it is estimated by competent judges that the sum brought in by escort forms about one-third of the whole, weekly received in that city." Between 20 and 30,000 diggers were supposed to be congregated at Mount Alexander and Ballarat. The towns and the rural districts were almost depopulated of the labouring classes, and wages, especially of seamen, had reached an unheard-of rate. "The shopkeepers," however, it is added, "are making a rich harvest at present, particularly the haberdashers, as there are no dresses or other articles of female costume too costly or too good for the "diggers' wives."

The Victorian herald of the above golden details, thus delivers himself to the penniless, pinchbeck, stay-at-homes of the Old Country. "To the good people of Great Britain we commit the consideration of these statements. We beg to remind them that even before this discovery burst upon us, this was one of the finest and most prosperous of British colonies. Let the gold fields cease their yield to-morrow, and we still retain all the elements of national wealth and national greatness. Those who venture to share our wealth, may venture boldly, for boundless plenty smiles side by side with countless wealth. Our splendid harvests are now whitening for the sickle, with no men to reap them. The same land

which is thus pouring forth its mineral treasures is still feeding the finest sheep and cattle that ever were fattened upon natural grasses. Their fate has hitherto been that shameful waste—the melting pot.”*

I am happy to add that, by one of the last ships, I have heard a very cheering account from an influential squatter of New South Wales, wherein he states that he had got through all the important operations of washing, shearing, &c. of his flocks, and had shipped a fine clip of wool for England—without having suffered materially by the desertion or extortion of his labouring men. The truth is, that gold-mining, although a fascinating and sometimes lucrative pursuit, is no child’s-play; and plenty of old, indolent, weakly, or quietly inclined persons will be found willing and able to perform, on ordinary wages, the simple and regular services of the grazier and wool-grower.

CONCLUSION.

August 9th.—The vessel in which I had taken a passage for my family and myself being advertised to sail on the 15th instant, I repaired on board this morning with some of the luggage. What was my dismay, to find that there was not a single able-bodied seaman on board!—all had deserted, or were believed to have deserted for the diggings. I had broken up my establishment, sold off furniture, horses, &c., closed my accounts, and was ill-disposed to await for an indefinite period the subsidence of the gold-fever, in order to obtain a passage to England. Our great round-ribbed vessel was loaded up to her hatches with a few bales of wool, and an “intolerable deal” of tallow, hides, horns and hoofs, and such-like abominations, the usual exports at this time of the year. The passengers’ baggage was on board, and some of the passengers themselves. The Captain was at his wit’s end. Three mates and as many cabin-boys to work a ship of eight or nine hundred tons! In vain he moved land police and water police to recover his runaways. A few of them indeed came dragging in, from

* Within the twelve months following the discovery of gold in Victoria, the largest amount of that metal ever yet collected within such a period, was brought to the surface.

sheer satiety of Sydney back-slums—yet there was not even a nucleus to form a crew upon. By a happy accident one resource was left to us. “If I can’t get my men by dint of stimulating the local authorities”—exclaimed the worthy Captain in a transport of inspiration—“*Acheronte movebo*, I will try the Acheron!”

H. M. Steamer of that name was in the act of being paid off at Sydney, or rather she was to remain in this port for orders, and that the officers and crew were to be disposed of in such manner as the senior naval officer might appoint—a great piece of luck, for Sir Everard Home, in compassion to our distress, allotted fifteen or sixteen good hands to the *Mount Stuart Elphinstone*. These men, as well as the merchant seamen whom the master was enabled to pick up, stipulated for the high rate of wages of 4*l.* 10*s.* a-month, or three shillings a-day; with a double allowance of grog. Thus did the gold find affect certain interests. On Sunday, the 24th August, the vessel got under weigh; on the following day we lost sight of the coasts of New Holland; and on the 11th January, 1852, we reached England, *viâ* Cape Horn, after a protracted and tedious passage;—the author, a some-what slower fellow than Ariel—having “put a girdle round about the earth in” rather less than six years.

I have had enough of colonics! Glad am I to exchange a country—replete indeed with grand natural qualities, wonderful, it is true, in its crude, infantine strength; but a country without a yesterday—for a “land of old renown,” whose every corner has its story, its hero, or its victim, its memories of glory or of guilt;—where the dim traditions of successive generations, through endless centuries, arrest the sympathies of the passer-by, chaining them to the time-honoured spots;—a land of “cloud-capp’d towers, and gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples,” where the hoary ruin, standing grandly aloft and aloof amid modern innovations, reminds the votary of Progress, that there were days of wealth and power and splendour and enjoyment before Steam and Reform and the Crystal Palace had ever been dreamt of; before the extravagance of one order and the skill and energy of another had housed the cotton-spinner and the clothier in the ancestral halls of the baron and the squire, and when the yeoman and the retainer were to the full as happy and twice as contented

as the farmer and cottier of to-day ;—the land of the oak and the holly, and the “ clustering filberds ”—a land of statues and pictures—of French cooks and Italian singers !—of parks and plaisances and gardens, of lakes and rivers and railways ; the land of the fleet foxhound, the feathery gorse covert, the flying fence and the echoing woodland—of the gun and the grouse, the moor and the marsh, the deep dark salmon-hole and the rippling trout-stream, the emerald meadow and the fresh springy down, where elf and fairy (or legends lie !) still “ dance their ringlets to the whistling wind ; ”—and, to contract the scene of my aspirations—to draw nearer home and to grow warmer as I draw nearer—the land, where, with a rapture tempered by pious sorrow, I shall stand once again on the family hearth, whose circle, alas ! has been narrowed by more than one grievous loss since I last sat within it, but in which there yet remain loving hearts and open arms to welcome back the wayworn traveller to his native home.

This journal may find its way to the country of my late sojourn. I feel pleasure in devoting its latest paragraph to the acknowledgment of how many happy hours I passed and how many kind friends I possessed within the boundaries of New South Wales. If I could think that in ever so slight a degree these my humble and desultory volumes may tend to modify any impressions imbibed to her prejudice, and may heighten the favourable aspect in which she is viewed at Home—the reflection would afford me the highest gratification. Whether or not it may be my destiny to revisit the Colony, it is impossible for me to foresee ;—but, so long as I live, I shall watch her progress with interest and solicitude ; and while predicting for her a prosperous, I shall be disappointed if she achieve not a brilliant Future.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[A.—p. 428.]

METEOROLOGY.

1847. MONTHS.	REGISTER.		1849. MONTHS.	REGISTER.	
	Highest.	Lowest.		Highest.	Lowest.
January . . .	102	64	January . . .	86	59
February . .	85	64	February . .	80	56
March . . .	88	59	March . . .	97	56
April . . .	79	54	April . . .	75	47
May	76	45	May	69	42
June	65	39	June	65	40
July	65	38	July	70	39
August . . .	70	38	August . . .	74	38
September . .	78	40	September . .	74	43
October . . .	78	43	October . . .	90	46
November . .	99	50	November . .	85	50
December . .	78	50	December . .	85	48

Meteorological Report, South Head, from 11th to 17th February, 1851.

Date.	Moon's Age.	Barometer.				Attached Thermometer.				Detached Thermometer.				Register Thermometer.		Rain Fallen.
		8 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.	Sunset.	9 P.M.	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.	Sunset.	9 P.M.	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.	Sunset.	9 P.M.	Maxim.	Minim.	
11, Tuesday	9	30.034	30.020	30.003	30.033	73	75	73	73	74	78	71	70	78	70	—
12, Wednes.	10	30.051	30.007	29.076	29.990	73	75	73	73	72	78	73	71	78	69	0.32
13, Thurs.	11	29.933	29.873	29.844	29.840	77	76	73	75	75	78	72	71	78	70	—
14, Friday.	12	29.851	29.844	29.840	29.840	72	74	74	74	72	76	73	71	76	70	—
15, Sat.	13	29.813	29.800	29.722	29.710	76	77	76	76	76	78	73	72	78	70	—
16, Sunday	14.33 P.M.	29.656	29.611	29.610	29.702	75	75	74	73	76	79	73	68	79	68	0.02
17, Monday.	15	29.914	29.943	29.973	29.966	68	70	69	68	68	69	67	66	69	66	0.01



